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THE NEW ALLELUIA



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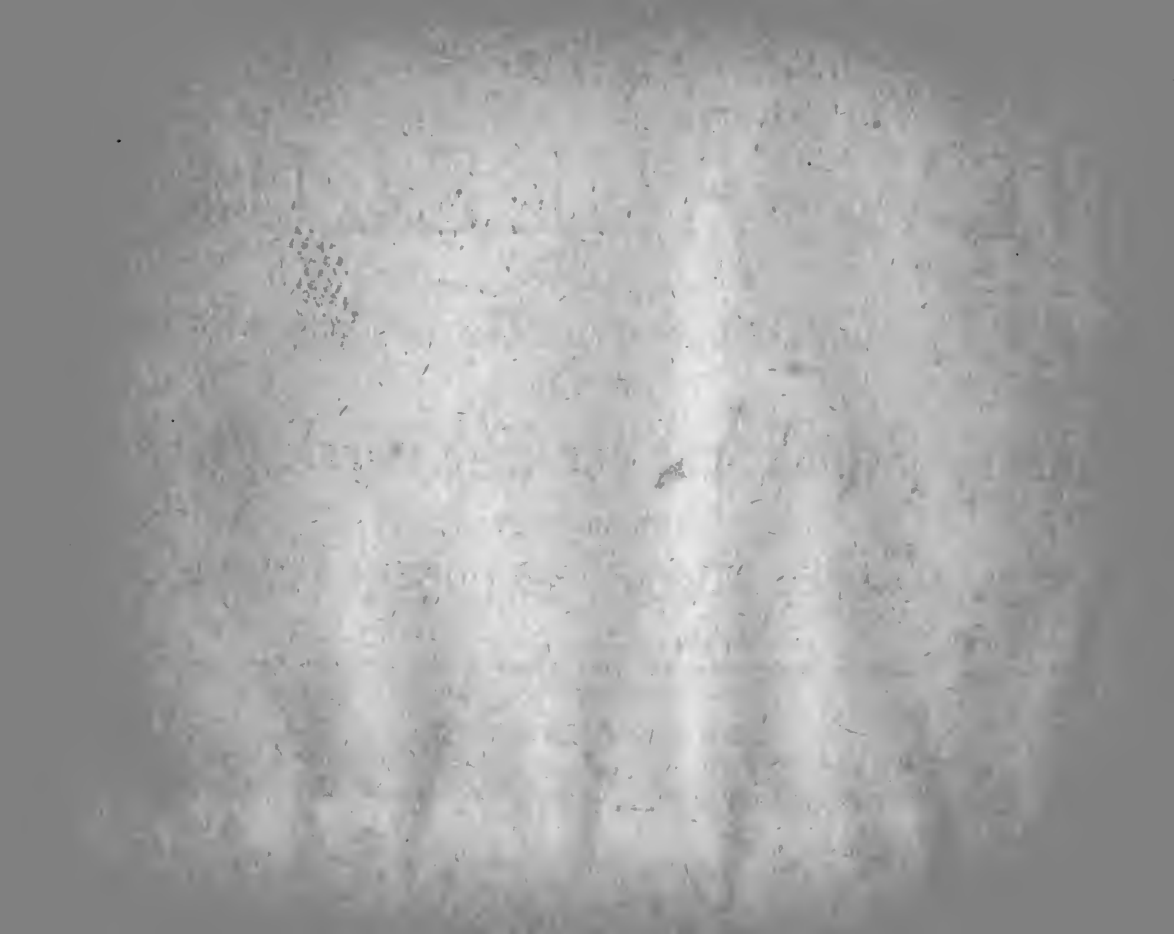
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THE
NEW ALLELUIA:

A COLLECTION OF HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR THE

Church School, and the Mid-Week Meeting,

PREPARED BY

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER AND HUBERT P. MAIN.

"Alleluia, Salvation, and Glory, and Honor, and Power unto the Lord our God!"

BIGLOW & MAIN.

76 East Ninth St., New York.

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81 Randolph St., Chicago.

THE NEW ALLELUIA MAY BE OBTAINED THRO ANY BOOK OR MUSIC DEALER.

PREFACE.

THE NEW ALLELUIA, in this its enlarged and final form, represents *a growth*. The 176 pages, of six years ago, are increased to 224. Under the tests of practical use many of its former tunes have given place to those more desirable, and the book, as it now appears, *is better than new*.

The changes and enlargements have kept with the first intent, namely,—to furnish, from all sources, a selection worthy both to educate the Sunday School in truer sacred praise, and to encourage richer and more thoughtful song in the devotions of the Church Prayer Meeting.

The favor the ALLELUIA has found has been the encouragement to extend and still improve it.

It has great variety, with adaptation to all ages and special occasions, and with (as we trust) nothing that is trivial or dull.

It is compact with sturdy and tender hymns, set to music whose strength, width and buoyancy urges more than mere languid attention, and which will, under any thoro leading, transform listlessness into enthusiasm.

Whatever things have seemed “pure, lovely and of good report,”—American, English or German,—we have gladly consorted. We put forth THE NEW ALLELUIA with renewed thanks to many friends for contributions, permissions, and suggestions; and with the hope that it will, wherever it is used, make more ardent and earnest all the praises of the house of God.

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

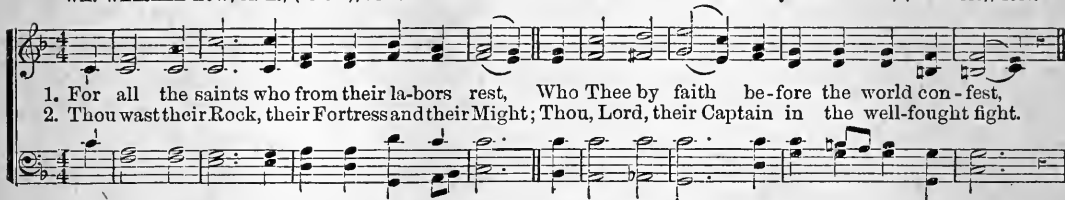
April 5th, 1886.

THE NEW ALLELUIA.

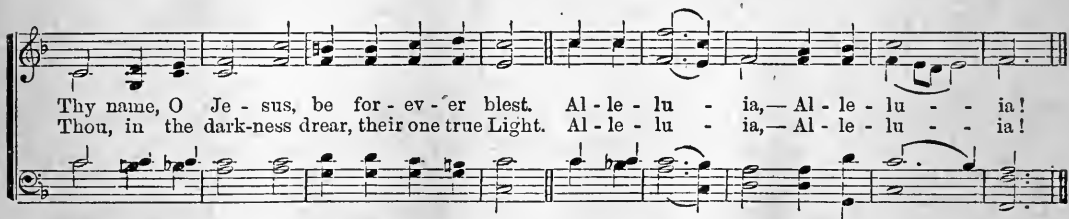
FOR ALL THE SAINTS,

WM. WALSHAM HOW, M. A., (1823—), 1864.

Written for this Work by MAX PIUTTI, (1852-1885), 1880.



1. For all the saints who from their labors rest, Who Thee by faith be-fore the world con-fest,
2. Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress and their Might; Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight.



Thy name, O Je-sus, be for-ev-er blest. Al-le-lu-ia,—Al-le-lu-ia!
Thou, in the dark-ness drear, their one true Light. Al-le-lu-ia,—Al-le-lu-ia!

3 O blest Communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia.

4 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes the rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia.

5 But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of glory passes on His way. Alleluia.

6 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Alleluia.

NOT WORTHY TO GATHER THE CRUMBS.

Rev. EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH, M. A. (1825—).

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY, (1809—1847).

1. Not worthy, Lord ! to gath-er up the crumbs, With trembling hand, that from Thy table fall,

A wea-ry, heav-y - lad - en sin - ner comes To plead Thy promise, and o - bey Thy call.

2 I am not worthy to be thought Thy child,
Nor sit the last and lowest at Thy board;
Too long a wanderer and too oft beguiled,
I only ask one reconciling word.

3 And is not mercy Thy prerogative—
Free mercy, boundless, fathomless, divine?
Me, Lord !—the chief of sinners,—me forgive,
And Thine the greater glory,—only Thine.

4 I hear Thy voice ; Thou bid'st me come and rest ;
I come, I kneel, I clasp Thy piercéed feet ;
Thou bid'st me take my place, a welcome guest,
Among Thy saints, and of Thy banquet eat.

5 My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,
My prayer can only lose itself in Thee,
Dwell Thou forever in my heart, and there,
Lord ! let me sup with Thee : sup Thou with me.

YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

5

W. T. SLEEPER.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.



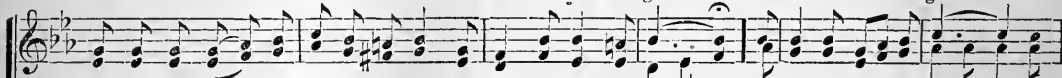
1. A rul - er once came to Je - sus by night, To ask Him the way of sal - va - tion and light; The
2. Ye children of men, at - tend to the word So sol - emn - ly ut - tered by Je - sus, the Lord, And
3. O ye who would en - ter that glo - ri - ous rest, And sing with the ransom'd the song of the blest; The
4. A dear one in heav - en thy heart yearns to see, At the beau - ti - ful gate may be watching for thee; Then



a - gain.....

CHORUS.

a - gain.....



Master made an - swer in words true and plain, "Ye must be born again, again." "Ye must be born again, again," Ye
let not this message to you be in vain, "Ye must be born again, again."
life ev - er - lasting if ye would obtain, "Ye must be born again, again."
list to the note of this solemn refrain, "Ye must be born again, again."



a - gain.....

a - gain.....



must be born a - gain, a - gain, I ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly say un - to thee, Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain.



AT THE CROSS THERE'S ROOM.

FANNY J. CROSBY, (1823—), 1871.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Mourn - er, where - so - e'er thou art, At the cross there's room; Tell the bur - den
 2. Thoughtless sin - ner, come to - day; At the cross there's room; Hark! the Bride and
 3. Bless - ed thought! for ev - ery one, At the cross there's room; Love's a - ton - ing

of thy heart; At the cross there's room; Tell it in thy Sav - iour's ear, Cast a -
 Spir - it say, At the cross there's room; Now a liv - ing foun - tain see, O - pened
 work is done; At the cross there's room; Streams of boundless mer - cy flow, Free to

way thy ev - ery fear, On - ly speak, and He will hear; At the cross there's room.
 there for you and me, Rich and poor, for bond and free; At the cross there's room.
 all who thith - er go, O that all the world might know; At the cross there's room.

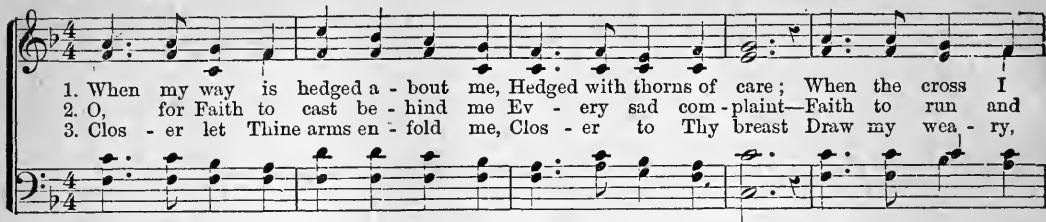
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LET ME LEAN ON THEE.

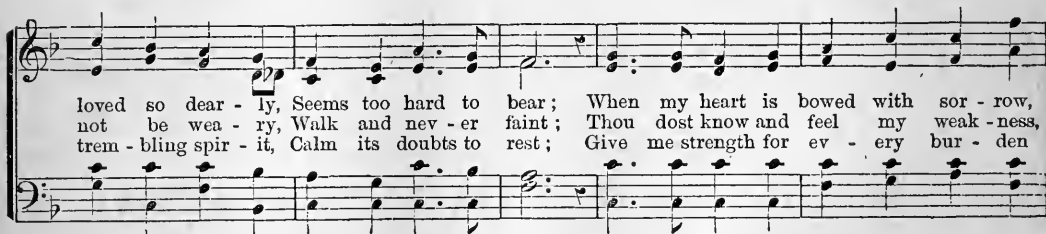
7

FANNY J. CROSBY.

HUBERT P. MAIN, (1839—), 1877.



1. When my way is hedged a - bout me, Hedged with thorns of care ; When the cross I
 2. O, for Faith to cast be - hind me Ev - ery sad com - plaint—Faith to run and
 3. Clos - er let Thine arms en - fold me, Clos - er to Thy breast Draw my wea - ry,



loved so dear - ly, Seems too hard to bear ; When my heart is bowed with sor - row,
 not be wea - ry, Walk and nev - er faint ; Thou dost know and feel my weak - ness,
 trem - bling spir - it, Calm its doubts to rest ; Give me strength for ev - ery bur - den



And no light I see— Lord, Thy ten - der mer - cy plead - ing, Let me lean on Thee.
 Sav - iour, look on me ; Now Thy ten - der mer - cy plead - ing, Let me lean on Thee.
 Thou hast borne for me ; Lord, Thy ten - der mer - cy plead - ing, Let me lean on Thee.

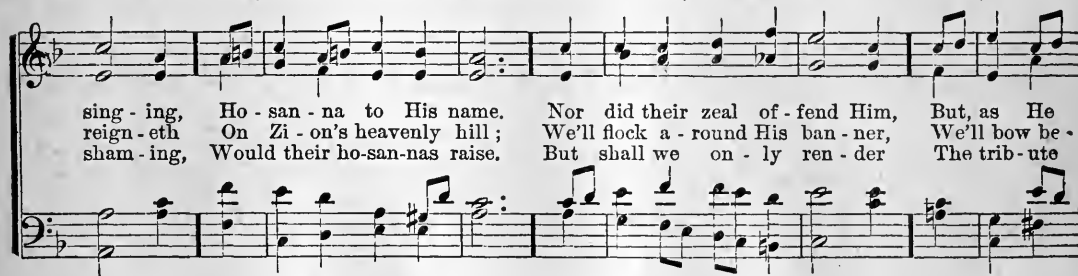
WHEN, HIS SALVATION BRINGING.

REV. JOHN KING, (1789—1858), 1830.

BERTHOLD TOURS. (1838—)



1. When, His sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came, The children all stood
 2. And since the Lord re - tain - eth His love to children still, Though now as King He
 3. For should we fail pro - claim - ing Our great Redeemer's praise, The stones, our silence



sing - ing, Ho - san - na to His name. Nor did their zeal of - fend Him, But, as He
 reign - eth On Zi - on's heavenly hill; We'll flock a - round His ban - ner, We'll bow be -
 sham - ing, Would their ho - san - nas raise. But shall we on - ly ren - der The trib - ute



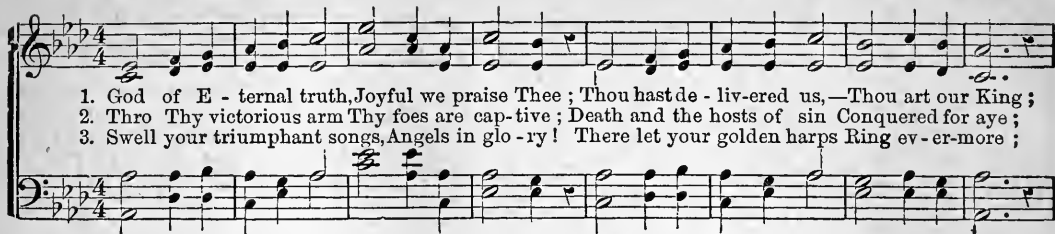
rode a - long, He let them still at - tend Him, And smiled to hear their song.
 fore His throne, And cry a - loud, Ho - san - na To Dav - id's roy - al Son.
 of our words? No; while our hearts are ten - der, They too shall be the Lord's. A - men.

ZION, THY KING BEHOLD.

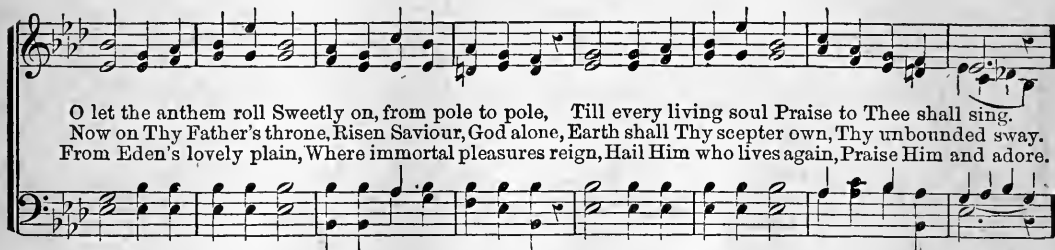
9

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1872.

CHESTER G. ALLEN, (1838—1878), 1873.



1. God of E - ternal truth, Joyful we praise Thee ; Thou hast de - liv-ered us, —Thou art our King ;
 2. Thro Thy victorious arm Thy foes are cap-tive ; Death and the hosts of sin Conquered for aye ;
 3. Swell your triumphant songs, Angels in glo-ry ! There let your golden harps Ring ev-er-more ;



O let the anthem roll Sweetly on, from pole to pole, Till every living soul Praise to Thee shall sing.
 Now on Thy Father's throne, Risen Saviour, God alone, Earth shall Thy scepter own, Thy unbounded sway.
 From Eden's lovely plain, Where immortal pleasures reign, Hail Him who lives again, Praise Him and adore.

CHORUS.



Zi - on ! thy King be-hold, Rise in thy beau-ty ; Sing ! for the night is past ; Thy light has come.

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NEAR THE CROSS.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Je - sus keep me near the cross, There a precious foun - tain, Free to all, a healing stream,
 2. Near the Cross, a trembling soul, Love and mer - cy found me ; There the bright and morning star

CHORUS.

Flows from Calvary's mountain. In the Cross, In the Cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er ;
 Shed its beams a - round me.

Till my raptured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

3 Near the Cross ! oh, Lamb of God,
 Bring its scenes before me ;
 Help me walk from day to day
 With its shadow o'er me.

4 Near the Cross I'll watch and wait
 Hoping, trusting ever,
 Till I reach the heavenly land,
 Just beyond the river.

THERE IS A LAND IMMORTAL.

11

THOMAS MACKELLAR, (1812—), 1845.

JOHN HENRY CORNELL, (1828—), 1865.

1. There is a land im - mor - tal, The beau - ti - ful of lands; Be - side its an - cient
2. Tho' dark and drear the pas - sage That leadeth to the gate, Yet grace comes with the
3. Their sighs are lost in sing - ing, They're bless - ed in their tears; Their journey heav'nward

port - al A si - lent sen - try stands; He on - ly can un - do it, And o - pen
mes - sage To souls that watch and wait; And at the time ap - point - ed A mes - sen -
wing - ing, They leave on earth their fears: Death like an an - gel seem - eth; "We wel - come

wide the door; And mor - tals who pass thro' it Are mor - tal nev - er - more.
ger comes down, And leads the Lord's a - noint - ed From cross to glo - ry's crown.
thee," they cry; Their face with glo - ry beam - eth— "Tis life for them to die! A - men.

BATTLING FOR THE LORD.

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER, alt.

SOLO.

CHORUS.

THEODORE EDSON PERKINS, (1831—), 1864.

SOLO.

1. We've list - ed in a ho - ly war, Bat - tling for the Lord! E - ter - nal life, e -
2. We wres - tle not with flesh and blood, Bat - tling for the Lord! We wield the Spir - it's

CHORUS.

FULL CHORUS.

ter - nal joy, Bat - tling for the Lord! We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll
might - y sword, Bat - tling for the Lord!

Rit.

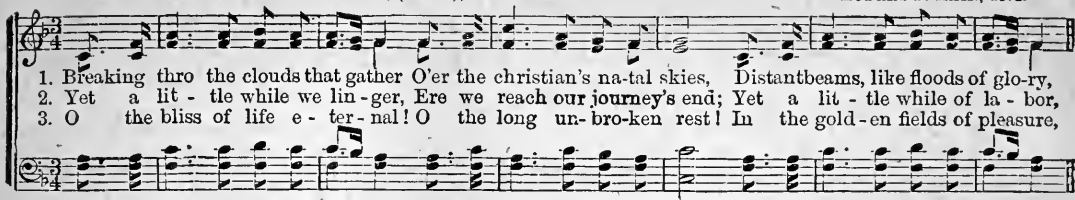
work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes, And then we'll rest at home.

THE BRIGHT FOREVER.

13

FRANCES JANE CROSBY VAN ALSTYNE, (1823—), 1871.

HUBERT P. MAIN, 1871.



1. Breaking thro the clouds that gather O'er the christian's na-tal skies, Distant beams, like floods of glo-ry,
 2. Yet a lit - tle while we lin - ger, Ere we reach our journey's end; Yet a lit - tle while of la - bor,
 3. O the bliss of life e - ter - nal! O the long un - bro - ken rest! In the gold - en fields of pleasure,

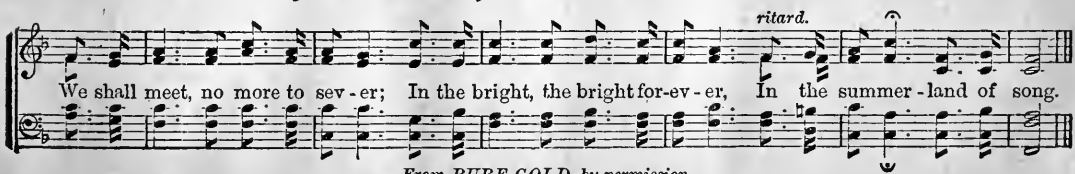


Fill the soul with glad surprise; And we al - most hear the e - cho Of the pure and ho - ly throng,
 Ere the evening shades descend; Then we'll lay us down to slumber, But the night will soon be o'er;
 In the re - gion of the blest; But, to see our dear Re - deem - er, And be - fore His throne to fall,

CHORUS.



In the bright, the bright for-ev - er, In the summer - land of song. On the banks beyond the riv - er,
 In the bright, the bright for-ev - er, We shall wake, to weep no more.
 There to hear His gracious welcome—Will be sweeter far than all.

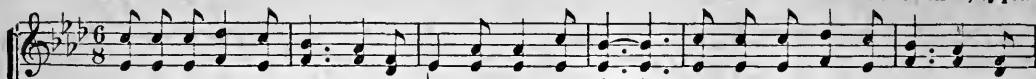


ritard.
 We shall meet, no more to sev - er; In the bright, the bright for-ev - er, In the summer - land of song.

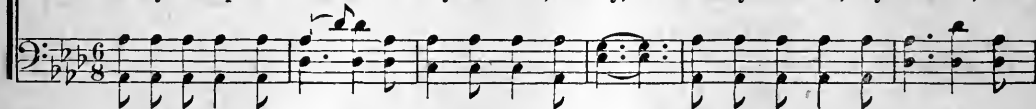
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FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.



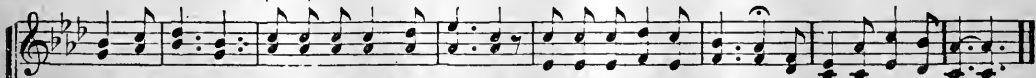
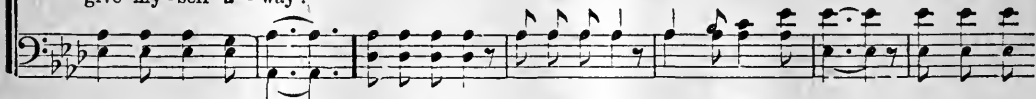
1. On-ly a step to Je-sus! Then why not take it now? Come, and, thy sin con-fess-ing, To
2. On-ly a step to Je-sus! Believe, and thou shalt live; Lov-ing-ly now he's wait-ing, And
3. On-ly a step to Je-sus! A step from sin to grace; What hast thy heart de-cided? The
4. On-ly a step to Je-sus! O why not come, and say, Glad-ly to thee, my Sav-iour, I



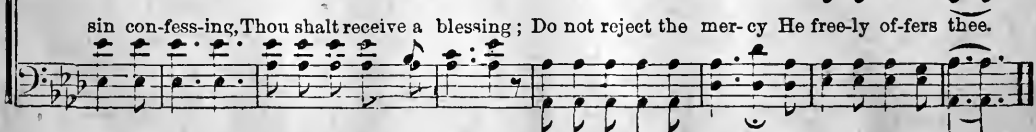
REFRAIN.



Him thy Saviour bow. On-ly a step, On-ly a step; Come, he waits for thee; Come, and, thy
 read-y to for-give.
 moments fly a - pace.
 give my-self a - way?



sin con-fess-ing, Thou shalt receive a blessing; Do not reject the mer-cy He free-ly of-fers thee.

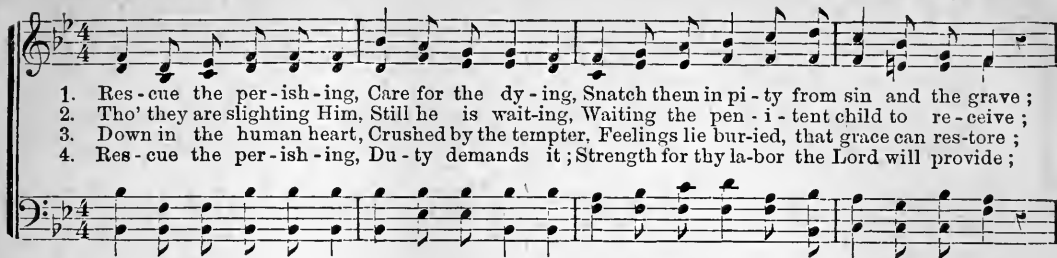


RESCUE THE PERISHING.

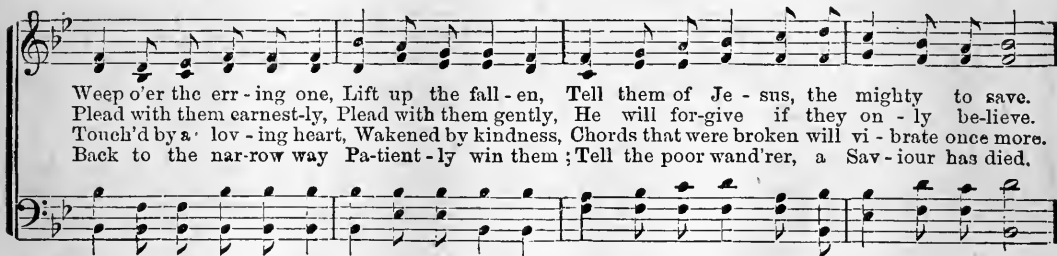
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FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

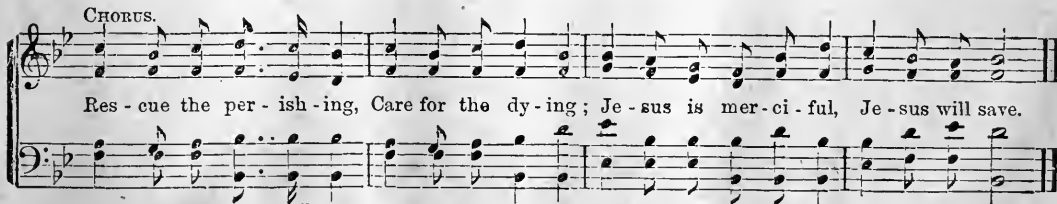


1. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pi-ty from sin and the grave ;
 2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still he is wait-ing, Waiting the pen-i-tent child to re-ceive ;
 3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie bur-ied, that grace can re-store ;
 4. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Du-ty demands it ; Strength for thy la-bor the Lord will provide ;



Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fall-en, Tell them of Je-sus, the mighty to save.
 Plead with them earnest-ly, Plead with them gently, He will for-give if they on-ly be-lieve.
 Touch'd by a lov-ing heart, Wakened by kindness, Chords that were broken will vi-brate once more.
 Back to the nar-row way Pa-tient-ly win them ; Tell the poor wand'rer, a Sav-iour has died.

CHORUS.



Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing ; Je-sus is mer-ci-ful, Je-sus will save.

JOHN H. HOPKINS, 1840.

JOHN H. HOPKINS, 1840.

1. God hath made the moon, whose beam Shimmers soft o'er hill and stream, Light-ing with her
 2. God hath made the glor - ious sun, Thro His dai - ly course to run; From the dawn till
 3. God hath sent me here be - low, In my dai - ly life to show, Con-stant love to

silv' - ry gleam All our lone-ly way, She with star-com-panions bright, Sil - vers all the
 day is done Brightly shin-eth he, When his circling round is o'er, And we see him
 friend and foe, As He showed for me. When we here have closed our eyes, Sunk where death's dark

hours of night; Then fades in o - ver - whelming light, Lost in per - fect day.
 here no more, He ris - es on a bright-er shore, Far be - yond the sea.
 o - cean lies, To worlds of glo - ry may we rise, Light-ed, Lord, by Thee!

THRO THE DAY.

17

Rev. THOMAS KELLY, (1769—1855), 1806.

JOHN HENRY CORNELL, (1828—), 1865.

1. Thro the day Thy love has spared us, Now we lay us down to rest
2. Pil - grims here on earth, and stran - gers, Dwell - ing in the midst of foes,

Thro the si - lent watch - es guard us, Let no foe our peace mo - lest;
Us and ours pre - serve from dan - gers, In Thine arms may we re - pose;

Je - sus, Thou our Guar - dian be; Sweet it is to trust in Thee.
And, when life's sad day is past, Rest with Thee in heav'n at last.

FATHER, WHILE THE SHADOWS FALL.

Mrs. EMILY H. MILLER. (1833—), 1868.

WILLIAM H. MONK, 1881.

1. Fa - ther, while the shadows fall, With the twi - light, o - ver all, Deign to hear my
 2. 'Twas Thy hand that all the day Scattered joys a - long my way, Crown'd my life with
 3. Like Thy pa - tient love to me, May my love to oth - ers be; All the wrong my

CHORUS.

eve - ning prayer, Make a lit - tle child Thy care. Take me in Thy ho - ly keep - ing
 blessings sweet, Kept from snares my care - less feet.
 hands have done, Par - don, Lord, thro Christ, Thy Son.

Till the morning break; Guard me thro the darkness sleeping, Bless me when I wake.

THOU CHIEF AMONG TEN THOUSAND.

19

Arranged.

SIGISMOND THALBERG, (1812—1871), arr.

1. Thou chief a-mong ten thousand, Who can with Thee compare? Thou hast my soul's de - vo - tion, —
 2. O hold Thou up my go - ings, And lead from strength to strength, That unto Thee in Zi - on

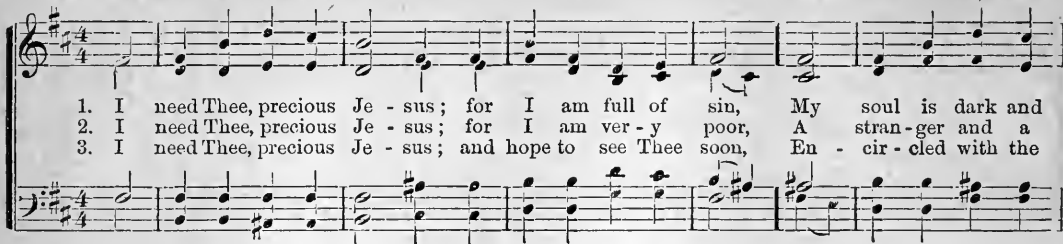
Supreme, Thou reignest there: I know no life di - vid - ed O bless - ed Lord, from Thee; In
 I may appear at length: O make my spir - it wor - thy To join the ransomed throng; O

Rit.
 3 O give that last, best blessing
 That even saints can know,
 To follow in Thy footsteps
 Wherever Thou dost go:
 Not wisdom, might, or glory
 I ask to win above;
 I ask for Thee, Thee only,
 O Thou Eternal Love!

I NEED THEE, PRECIOUS JESUS.

FEEDERICK WHITFIELD, 1855, abr.

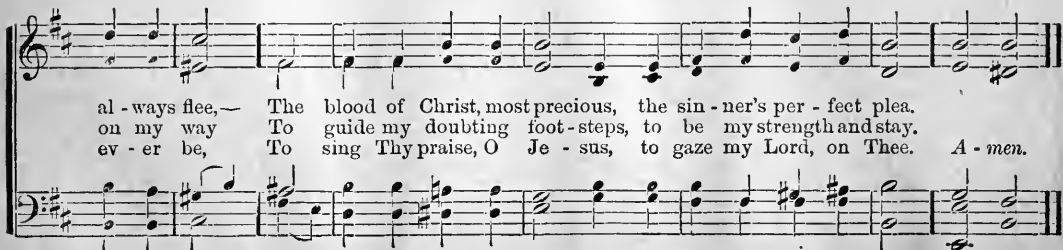
EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS, 1885.



1. I need Thee, precious Je - sus; for I am full of sin, My soul is dark and
 2. I need Thee, precious Je - sus; for I am ver - y poor, A stran - ger and a
 3. I need Thee, precious Je - sus; and hope to see Thee soon, En - cir - cled with the



guilt - y, my heart is dead with - in, I need the cleansing Fountain, where I can
 pil - grim, I have no earth - ly store, I need the love of Je - sus to cheer me
 rain - bow and seat - ed on Thy throne. There, with Thy blood-bought children, my joy shall



al - ways flee, — The blood of Christ, most precious, the sin - ner's per - fect plea.
 on my way To guide my doubting foot - steps, to be my strength and stay.
 ev - er be, To sing Thy praise, O Je - sus, to gaze my Lord, on Thee. A - men.

BE JOYFUL IN GOD.

21

JAS. MONTGOMERY, 1822.

WM. B. BRADBURY, (1816—1868).

Allegro.

1. Be joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth; Oh, serve Him with gladness and fear; Exult in His presence with music and mirth,
 2. Oh! enter His gates with thanksgiving and song, Your vows in His temple proclaim; His praise in melodious accord prolong,

With love and de-vot-ion draw near: Jehovah is God, and Je - ho - vah a - lone, Cre - a - tor and Ru - ler o'er all;.....
 And bless His a-dor - a - ble name: For good is the Lord, in - ex - press - i - bly good, And we are the work of His hand;.....

GIRLS.

And we are His people, His sceptre we own, His sheep, and we follow His call; we follow His call, we follow His call.
 His mercy and truth from e-ter-ni-ty stood, And shall to e-ter-ni-ty stand, to o-ter-ni-ty stand, to e-ter-ni-ty stand.

From FRESH LAURELS, by permission.

TO GOD ON HIGH.

NICHOLAS DECIUS, 1529.

N. DECIUS, 1529, arr.

1. To God on high, be thanks and praise For mer - cy ceas - ing nev - er, Where -
 2. The hon - ors paid Thy ho - ly name, To hear Thou ev - er deign - est! Then,
 3. O Je - sus Christ, our God and Lord, Son of Thy heav'n - ly Fath - er, O

by no foe a hand can raise, Nor harm can reach us ev - er! With joy to Him our
 God the Fath - er, still the same, Un - shak - en ev - er reign - est! Un - meas - ured stands Thy
 Thou who hast our peace restored, And the lost sheep doth gath - er, Thou Lamb of God, to

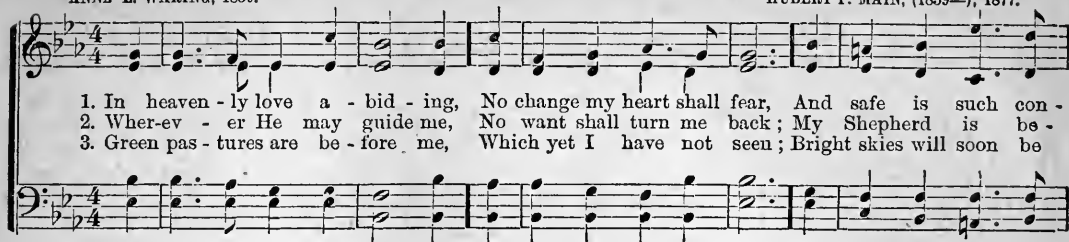
hearts as - cend, The Source of peace, that knows no end A peace that none can sev - er!
 glo - rious might! Thy thoughts, Thy deeds outstrip the light! Our heav'n Thou, Lord, re - main - est!
 Thee on high From out our depths we sin - ners cry, Have mer - cy on us, Je - sus!

IN HEAVENLY LOVE ABIDING.

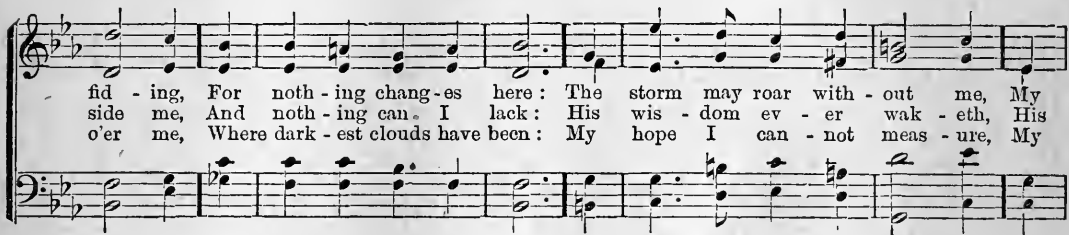
23

ANNA L. WARING, 1850.

HUBERT P. MAIN, (1839—), 1877.



1. In heav - en - ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear, And safe is such con -
 2. Wher - ev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My Shepherd is be -
 3. Green pas - tures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen; Bright skies will soon be



fid - ing, For noth - ing chang - es here: The storm may roar with - out me, My
 side me, And noth - ing can. I lack: His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His
 o'er me, Where dark - est clouds have been: My hope I can - not meas - ure, My



heart may low be laid, But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dismayed?
 sight is nev - er dim; He knows the way He tak - eth, And I will walk with Him.
 path to life is free; My Sav - iour has my treas - ure, And He will walk with me.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE, 1804.

HENRY LAHEE, 1861.

1. When, marshaled on the night-ly plain, The glittering host be- stud the sky, One star a - lone of
 2. Once on the rag - ing seas I rode; The storm was loud, the night was dark; The ocean yawned, and
 3. It was my guide, my light, my all; It bade my dark fore-bodings cease; And, thro' the storm, and

Marcato.

all the train, Can fix the sinner's wandering eye: Hark! hark! to God the cho- rus breaks, From
 rudely blowed The wind, that toss'd my foundering bark: Deep hor-ror then my vi - tals froze; Death-
 danger's thrall, It led me to the port of peace: Now, safe-ly moored, my per - il's o'er, I'll

f

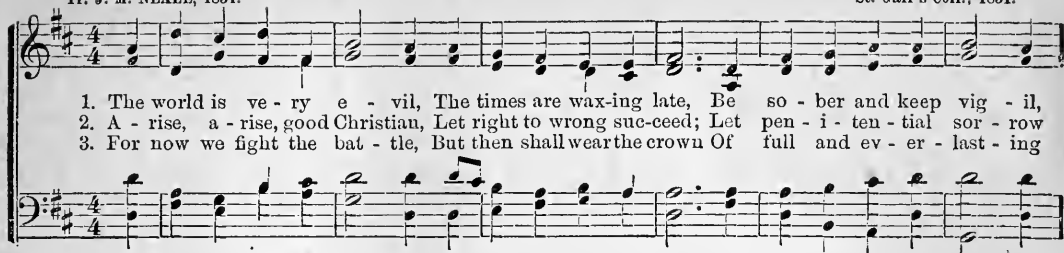
ev - ery host, from ev - ery gem; But one a - lone the Saviour speaks;—It is the Star of Bethlehem.
 struck, I ceased the tide to stem; When suddenly a star a - rose;—It was the Star of Bethlehem.
 sing, first in night's di - a - dem, For ev - er and for ev - er - more, The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

THE WORLD IS VERY EVIL

25

Tr. J. M. NEALE, 1851.

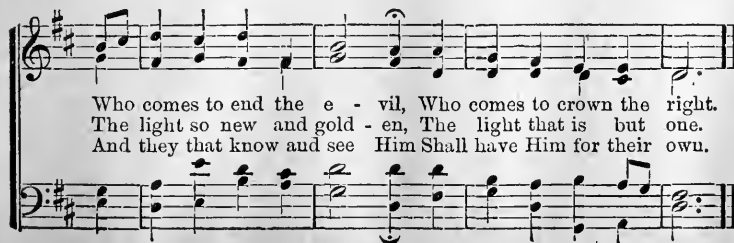
St. Gall's Coll., 1851.



1. The world is ve - ry e - vil, The times are wax-ing late, Be so - ber and keep vig - il,
 2. A - rise, a - rise, good Christian, Let right to wrong suc-ceed; Let pen - i - ten - tial sor - row
 3. For now we fight the bat - tle, But then shall wear the crown Of full and ev - er - last - ing



The Judge is at the gate; The Judge Who comes in mer - cy, The Judge Who comes with might.
 To heavenly glad-ness lead, To light that has no eve - ning, That knows nor moon nor sun,
 And passion-less re - nown. And He whom now we trust in Shall then be seen and known;



Who comes to end the e - vil, Who comes to crown the right.
 The light so new and gold - en, The light that is but one.
 And they that know and see Him Shall have Him for their own.

4.
 Behold the morn shall waken,
 And shadows shall decay,
 And each true-hearted servant
 Shall shine as doth the day,
 And God, our King and Portion,
 In fullness of His grace,
 Shall we behold for ever,
 And worship face to face.

O PARADISE, O PARADISE.

F. W. FABER, 1849.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1863.

mf *p*

1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the hap - py land
 2. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, The world is growing old; Who would not be at rest and free
 3. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, I want to sin no more, I want to be as pure on earth
 4. Lord Je - sus, King of Par - a - dise, O keep me in Thy love, And guide me to that hap - py land

p *f* CHORUS.

Where they that loved are blest? Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the
 Where love is nev - er cold?
 As on Thy spot - less shore;
 Of per - fect rest a - bove; hearts..... and true,

Rit. *pp*

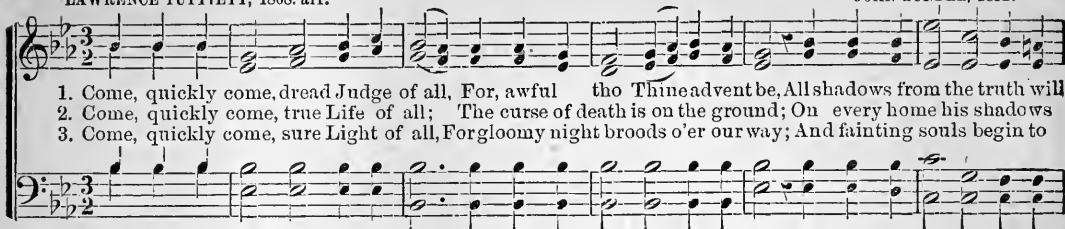
light: All rap - ture thro and thro, In God's most ho - - ly sight. A - - men.

COME, QUICKLY COME.

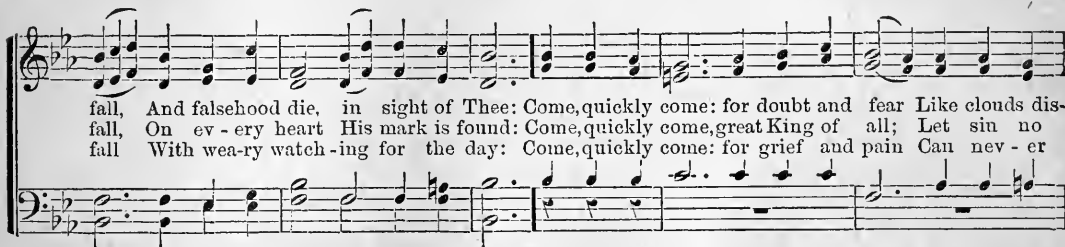
27

LAWRENCE TUTTIETT, 1868. arr.

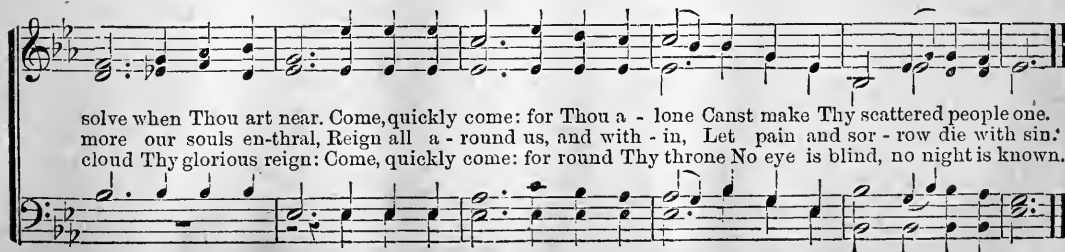
JOHN ZUNDEL, 1852.



1. Come, quickly come, dread Judge of all, For, awful tho Thine advent be, All shadows from the truth will
 2. Come, quickly come, true Life of all; The curse of death is on the ground; On every home his shadows
 3. Come, quickly come, sure Light of all, For gloomy night broods o'er our way; And fainting souls begin to



fall, And falsehood die, in sight of Thee: Come, quickly come: for doubt and fear Like clouds dis-
 fall, On ev-ery heart His mark is found: Come, quickly come, great King of all; Let sin no
 fall With wear-y watch-ing for the day: Come, quickly come: for grief and pain Can nev-er



solve when Thou art near. Come, quickly come: for Thou a - lone Canst make Thy scattered people one.
 more our souls en-thral, Reign all a - round us, and with - in, Let pain and sor - row die with sin:
 cloud Thy glorious reign: Come, quickly come: for round Thy throne No eye is blind, no night is known.

DEPTH OF MERCY.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, (1708—1788), 1740, ab.

Ad. from JACQUES BLUMENTHAL, (1829—), 1849.

1. Depth of mer - cy, can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me? Can my God His
 2. Kin - dled, His re - lent-ings are; Me, He now de - lights to spare; Cries, how shall I

wrath for-bear? Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare? I have long withstood His grace, Long pro-
 give thee up?— Let the lift - ed thun-der drop. There for me the Sav-iour stands; Shows His

voked Him to His face, Would not hearken to His calls, Grieved Him by a thou-sand falls.
 wounds, and spreads His hands; God is love! I know, I feel; Je - sus weeps, but loves me still.

COME IN AND DWELL WITH ME.

29

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.



1. Come in, come in, O Sav-iour mine, Come in and dwell with me; My heart, my life, hence-
 2. My soul from ruin Thou hast brought; Come in and dwell with me; I've found the rest that
 3. The bolt-ed door is o - pen wide; Come in and dwell with me; For - ev - er here my

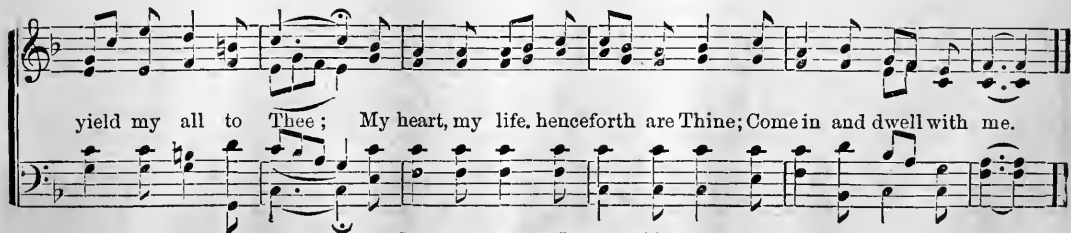
REFRAIN.

Come in.....



forth are Thine; Come in and dwell with me. Come in, come in and dwell with me, I
 long I've sought; Come in and dwell with me.
 guest a - bid; Come in and dwell with me.

Come in.....

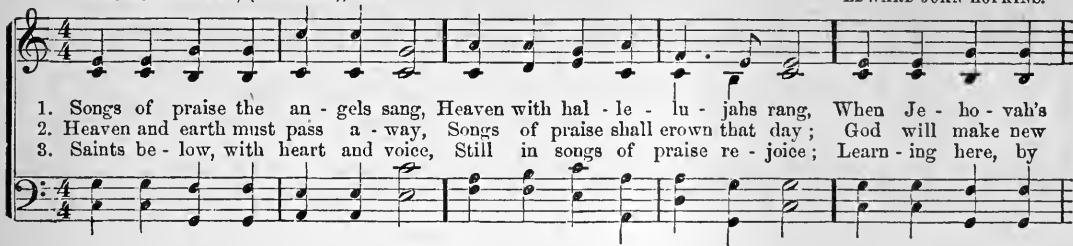


yield my all to Thee; My heart, my life, henceforth are Thine; Come in and dwell with me.

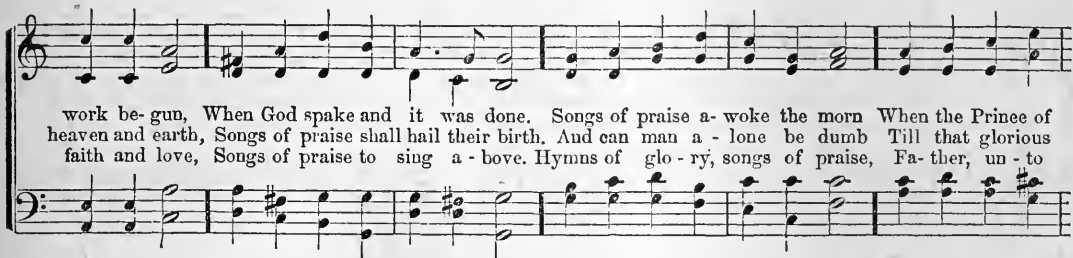
SONGS OF PRAISE THE ANGELS SANG.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, (1771—1854), 1819.

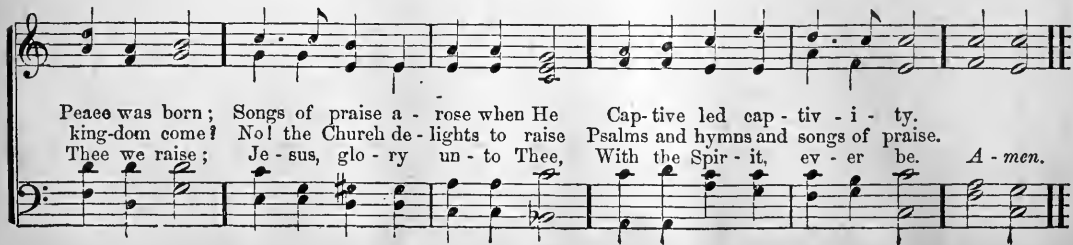
EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS.



1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heaven with hal - le - lu - jahs rang, When Je - ho - vah's
 2. Heaven and earth must pass a - way, Songs of praise shall crown that day; God will make new
 3. Saints be - low, with heart and voice, Still in songs of praise re - joice; Learn - ing here, by



work be - gun, When God spake and it was done. Songs of praise a - woke the morn When the Prince of
 heaven and earth, Songs of praise shall hail their birth. And can man a - lone be dumb Till that glorious
 faith and love, Songs of praise to sing a - bove. Hymns of glo - ry, songs of praise, Fa - ther, un - to



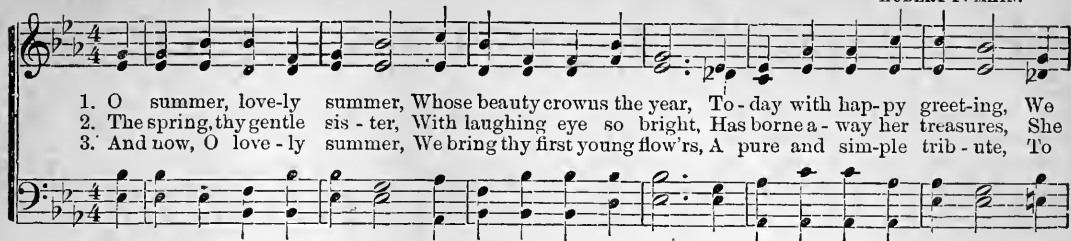
Peace was born; Songs of praise a - rose when He Cap - tive led cap - tiv - i - ty.
 king - dom come! No! the Church de - lights to raise Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.
 Thee we raise; Je - sus, glo - ry un - to Thee, With the Spir - it, ev - er be. A - men.

O SUMMER, LOVELY SUMMER.

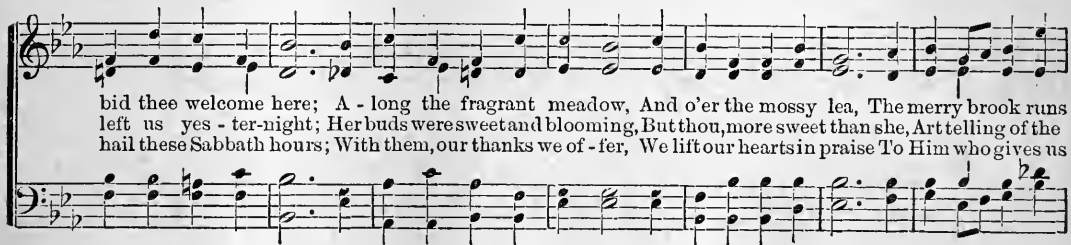
31

GRACE J. FRANCES.

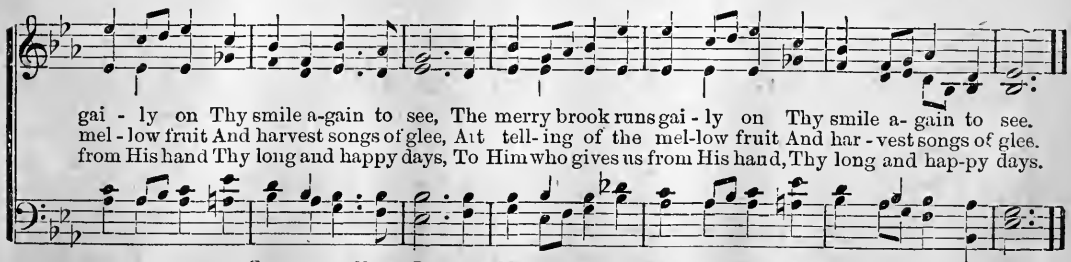
HUBERT P. MAIN.



1. O summer, love-ly summer, Whose beauty crowns the year, To-day with hap-py greet-ing, We
 2. The spring, thy gentle sis-ter, With laugh-ing eye so bright, Has borne a-way her treasures, She
 3. And now, O love-ly summer, We bring thy first young flow'rs, A pure and sim-ple trib-ute, To



bid thee welcome here; A-long the fragrant meadow, And o'er the mossy lea, The merry brook runs
 left us yes-ter-night; Her buds were sweet and blooming, But thou, more sweet than she, Art telling of the
 hail these Sabbath hours; With them, our thanks we of-fer, We lift our hearts in praise To Him who gives us



gai-ly on Thy smile a-gain to see, The merry brook runs gai-ly on Thy smile a-gain to see.
 mel-low fruit And harvest songs of glee, Art tell-ing of the mel-low fruit And har-vest songs of glee.
 from His hand Thy long and happy days, To Him who gives us from His hand, Thy long and hap-py days.

JESUS, TEACH ME HOW TO PRAY.

Anon.

JNO. HENRY CORNELL.

1. Je - sus, teach me how to pray, Suf - fer not my thoughts to stray, Send distractions
 2. When I work or when I play, Be Thou with me through the day; Teach me what to

far a - way, O Son of God! Let me not be rude or wild, Make me humble
 do and say, O Son of God! Make me love my Sav - iour blest, Safe beneath His

meek and mild, Pure as an - gels un - de - filed, O Son of God.
 care to rest, As a bird with - in its nest, O Son of God. A - men.

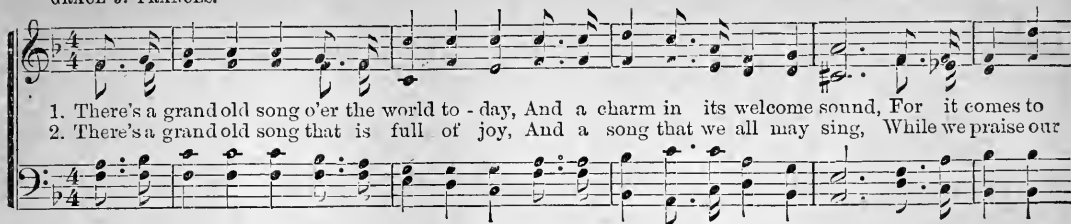
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THERE'S A GRAND OLD SONG.

33

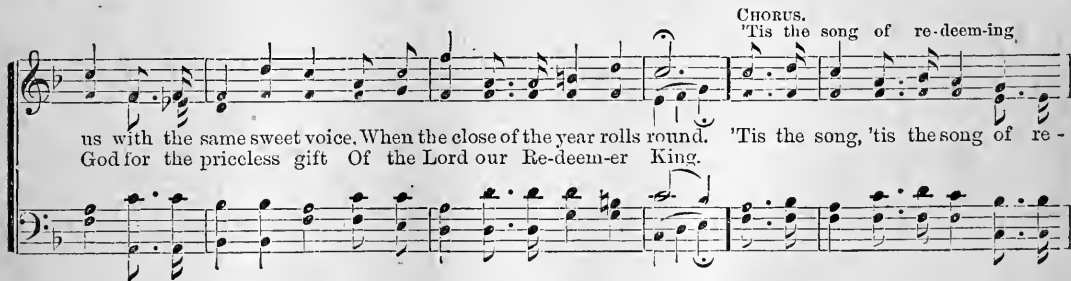
GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.



1. There's a grand old song o'er the world to - day, And a charm in its welcome sound, For it comes to
 2. There's a grand old song that is full of joy, And a song that we all may sing, While we praise our

CHORUS.
 'Tis the song of re-deem-ing,



us with the same sweet voice, When the close of the year rolls round. 'Tis the song, 'tis the song of re -
 God for the priceless gift Of the Lord our Re-deem-er King.

love,



deeming love, That on Judah's plains be-gan: Glory to God, glory to God, Peace on earth, good-will to man.

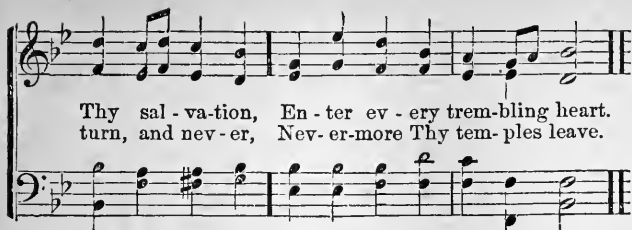
Rev. CHAS. WESLEY, (1708—1788), 1747.

JOHN ZUNDEL, (1815—1882), 1870.

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heaven and earth come down! Fix in
 2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - ery troub - led breast! Let us

us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown. Je - sus, Thou art
 all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find Thy prom - ised rest. Come, Al - might - y

all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love Thou art; Vis - it us with
 to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy grace re - ceive; Sud - den - ly re -



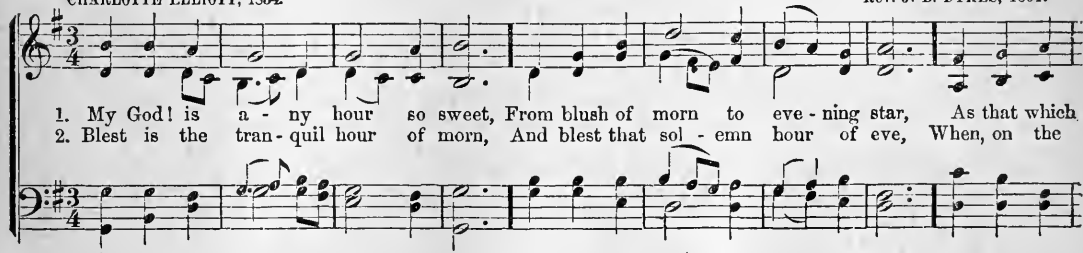
Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - ery trem - bling heart.
turn, and nev - er, Nev - er - more Thy tem - ples leave.

3 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by Thee.
Changed from glory into glory
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1864.



1. My God! is a - ny hour so sweet, From blush of morn to eve - ning star, As that which
2. Blest is the tran - quil hour of morn, And blest that sol - emn hour of eve, When, on the



calls me to Thy feet— The hour of prayer?
wings of prayer up - borne, The world I leave.

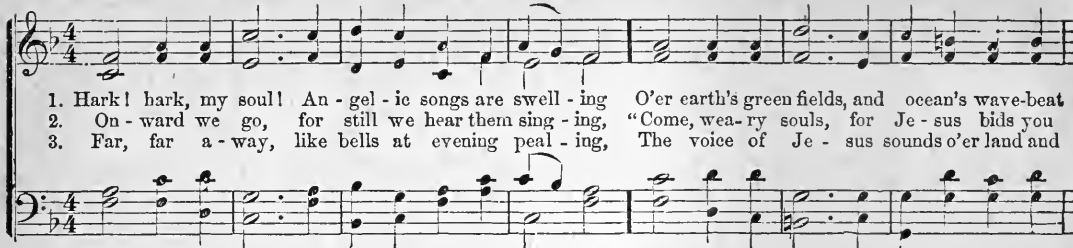
3 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

4 Lord, till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

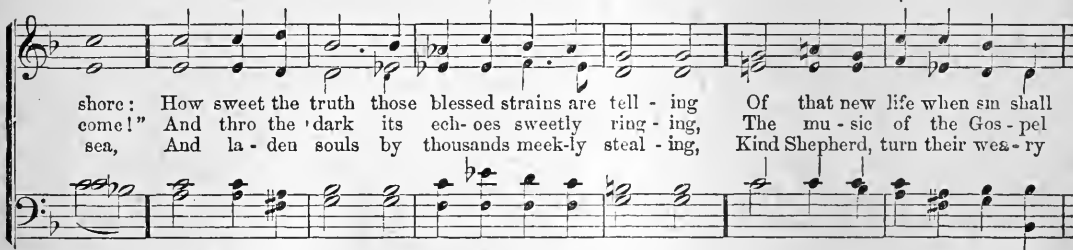
HARK! HARK, MY SOUL!

Rev. FREDERICK W. FABER, D. D., (1814—1863), 1862.

Rev. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, M. A. Mus. Doc., (1823—1876), 1874.



1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat
 2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry souls, for Je - sus bids you
 3. Far, far a - way, like bells at evening peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus sounds o'er land and



shore: How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall
 come!" And thro' the 'dark its ech - oes sweetly ring - ing, The mu - sic of the Gos - pel
 sen, And la - den souls by thousands meek - ly steal - ing, Kind Shepherd, turn their wea - ry



be no more. An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the
 leads us home. An - gels of Je - sus, &c.
 steps to Thee. An - gels of Je - sus, &c.

night sing - ing.
pilgrims of the night, Sing - ing to wel - come the pilgrims, the pil - grims of the night.

4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

COME, COME TO JESUS!

Rev. GEO. B. PECK, 1864.

HUBERT P. MAIN, (1839—), 1864.

1. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to welcome thee, O wand'rer, ea - ger-ly Come, come to Je - sus!
2. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to ransom thee O slave! so willing-ly; Come, come to Je - sus!
3. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to lighten thee, O burdened! trustingly Come, come to Je - sus!

4 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to give to thee,
O blind! a vision free;
Come, come to Jesus!

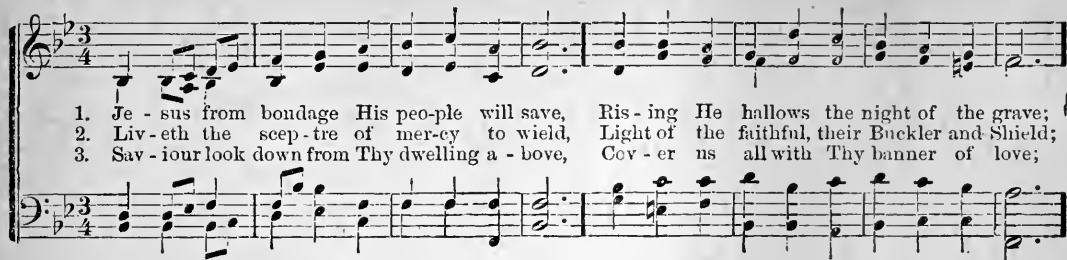
5 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to shelter thee,
O weary! blessedly
Come, come to Jesus!

6th Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to carry thee,
O lamb! so lovingly,
Come, come to Jesus!

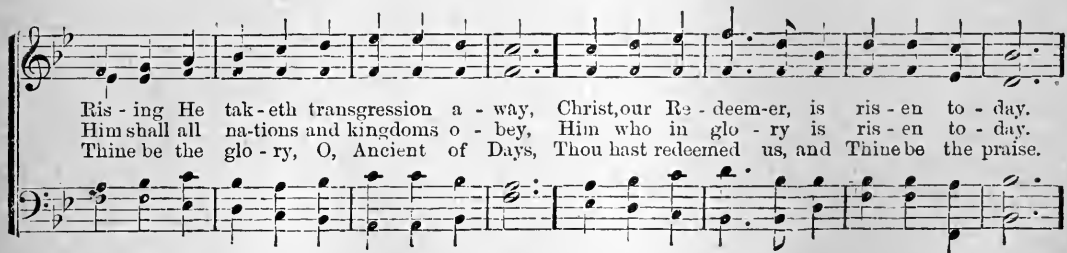
From HALLOWED SONGS, by per.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.



1. Je - sus from bondage His peo-ple will save, Ris - ing He hallows the night of the grave;
 2. Liv - eth the scep - tre of mer - cy to wield, Light of the faithful, their Buckler and Shield;
 3. Sav - iour look down from Thy dwelling a - bove, Cov - er us all with Thy banner of love;



Ris - ing He tak - eth transgression a - way, Christ, our Re - deem - er, is ris - en to - day.
 Him shall all na - tions and kingdoms o - bey, Him who in glo - ry is ris - en to - day.
 Thine be the glo - ry, O, Ancient of Days, Thou hast redeemed us, and Thine be the praise.

REFRAIN.



Seraph and Cher - u - bim, wake the glad strain, Je - sus the Cru - ci - fied liv - eth a - gain,

Seraph and Cher - u - bim, wake the glad strain, Je - sus the Cru - ci - fied liv - eth a - gain.

CHRIST IS COMING.

J. R. MACDUFF, 1851.

German Choral, 1698.

mf

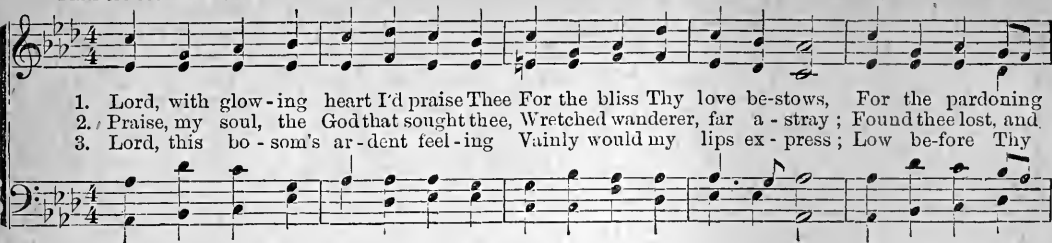
1. Christ is coming! let cre - a - tion Bid her groans and travail cease: Let the glorious proc-la - mation
2. Earth can now but tell the sto - ry Of the bit - ter cross and pain; She shall yet be-hold Thy glo-ry
3. Long Thy ex - iles have been pining, Far from rest, and home, and Thee: But, in heavenly vesture shining

Hope restore and faith increase; Christ is coming! Christ is coming! Come, Thou blessed Prince of peace!
 When Thou comest back to reign; Christ is coming! Christ is coming! Let each heart re - peat the strain.
 Soon they shall Thy glo - ry see; Christ is coming! Christ is coming! Haste the joy-ous ju - bi - lee.

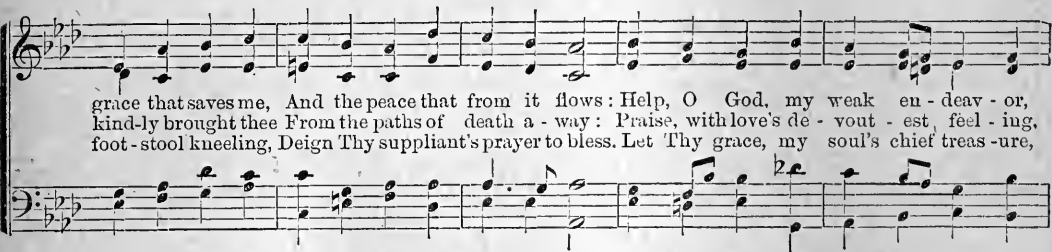
LORD, WITH GLOWING HEART.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, 1824.

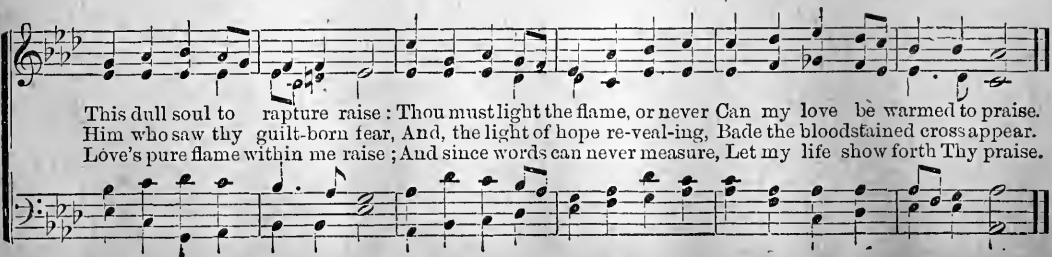
JAMES ANTHONY JOHNSON, 1820—1884), 1857.



1. Lord, with glow-ing heart I'd praise Thee For the bliss Thy love be-stows, For the pardoning
2. Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee, Wretched wanderer, far a-stray; Found thee lost, and
3. Lord, this bo-som's ar-dent feel-ing Vainly would my lips ex-press; Low be-fore Thy



grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows: Help, O God, my weak en-deav-or,
kind-ly brought thee From the paths of death a-way: Praise, with love's de-vout-est, feel-ing,
foot-stool kneeling, Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless. Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treas-ure,



This dull soul to rapture raise: Thou must light the flame, or never Can my love be warmed to praise.
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear, And, the light of hope re-veal-ing, Bade the bloodstained cross appear.
Love's pure flame within me raise; And since words can never measure, Let my life show forth Thy praise.

GOD'S LOVE TO ME.

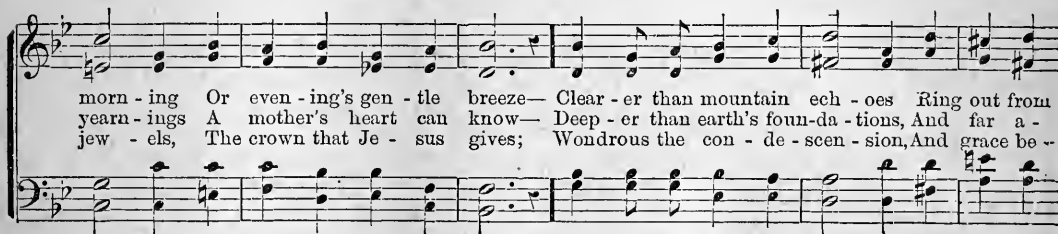
41

W. F. S.

W. F. SHERWIN, 1872.



1. Grand-er than o - cean's sto - ry Or songs of for - est trees— Pur - er than breath of
 2. Dear-er than a - ny lov - ings The tru - est friends be - stow— Strong-er than all the
 3. Rich-er than all earth's treasure, The wealth my soul re - ceives; Bright-er than roy - al



morn - ing Or even - ing's gen - tle breeze— Clear - er than mountain ech - oes Ring out from
 yearn - ings A mother's heart can know— Deep - er than earth's foun - da - tions, And far a -
 jew - els, The crown that Je - sus gives; Wondrous the con - de - scen - sion, And grace be -



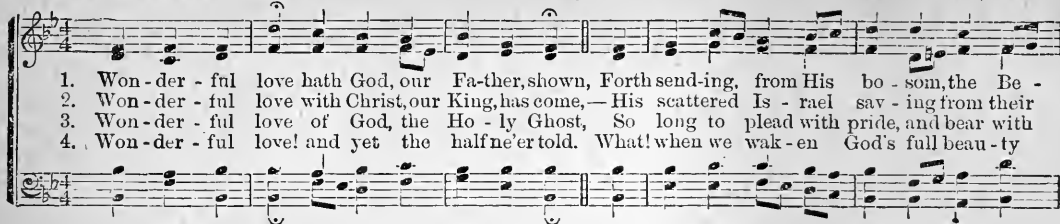
peaks a - bove— Rolls on the glo - rious an - them Of God's e - ter - nal love.
 bove all thought— Broader than heav'n's high arch - es, The love that Christ has brought.
 yond de - gree! I would be ev - er sing - ing The love of Christ to me.

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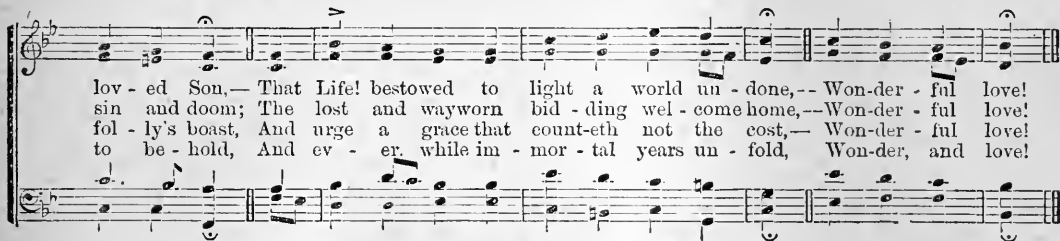
WONDERFUL LOVE.

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1883.

CONRAD KOCHER, 1844.



1. Won-der-ful love hath God, our Fa-ther, shown, Forth send-ing, from His bo-som, the Be-
 2. Won-der-ful love with Christ, our King, has come, - His scat-tered Is - rael sav-ing from their
 3. Won-der-ful love of God, the Ho-ly Ghost, So long to plead with pride, and bear with
 4. Won-der-ful love! and yet the half ne'er told. What! when we wak-en God's full beau-ty

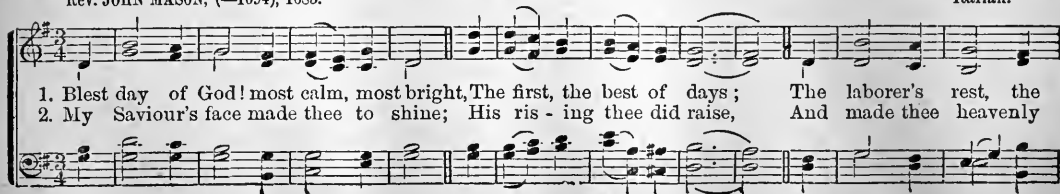


lov-ed Son, - That Life! bestowed to light a world un-done, -- Won-der-ful love!
 sin and doom; The lost and wayworn bid-ding wel-come home, -- Won-der-ful love!
 fol-ly's boast, And urge a grace that count-eth not the cost, - Won-der-ful love!
 to be-hold, And ev-er while im-mor-tal years un-fold, Won-der, and love!

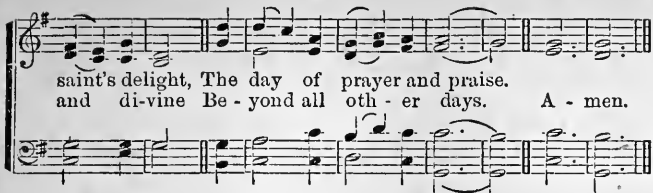
BLEST DAY OF GOD! MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT.

Rev. JOHN MASON, (-1694), 1683.

Italian.



1. Blest day of God! most calm, most bright, The first, the best of days; The laborer's rest, the
 2. My Saviour's face made thee to shine; His ris-ing thee did raise, And made thee heavenly



saint's delight, The day of prayer and praise.
and di-vine Be - yond all oth - er days. A - men.

- 3 The first fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;
And they the day of Christ who love,
A happy week shall find.
- 4 This day I must with God appear;
For Lord, the day is Thine;
Help me to spend it in Thy fear,
And thus to make it mine. Amen.

WEARY OF EARTH, AND LADEN WITH MY SIN.

Rev. SAMUEL JOHN STONE, M. A. (1839—), 1865.

JAMES LANGRAN, (1835—), 1863.



1. Wea - ry of earth, and la - den with my sin, I look at heav'n, and long to en - ter in,



But there no e - vil thing may find a home: And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come." A-men.

- 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretch'd out to draw me near.
- 3 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne

- 4 'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.
- 5 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord:
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down. Amen.

WHEREFORE SHOULD OUR HEART

GRACE J. FRANCES, 1881.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Wherefore should our heart be troubled, If with Je - sus we are one? Let us think of
 2. He may test our faith and try us, He may scourge us in His love; But the balm of
 3. O let not our heart be troubled; If our hope on Him is stayed, We shall hear Him

CHORUS.

all His goodness, And the work His love has done. O let not our heart be troubled,
 con - so - la - tion Comes with heal - ing from a - bove.
 gen - tly say - ing, "It is I, be not a - fraid."

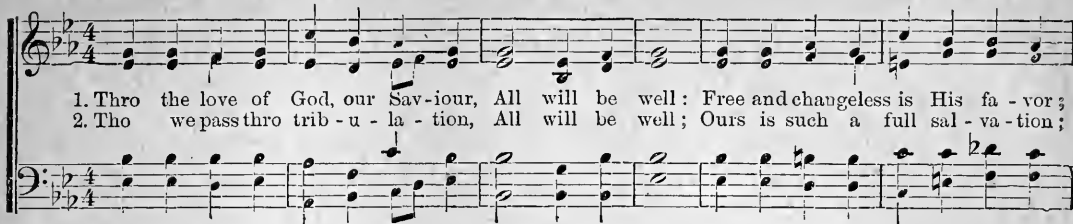
If our all on Him is cast, Let us trust Him for the fu - ture, While we praise Him for the past.

ALL WILL BE WELL.

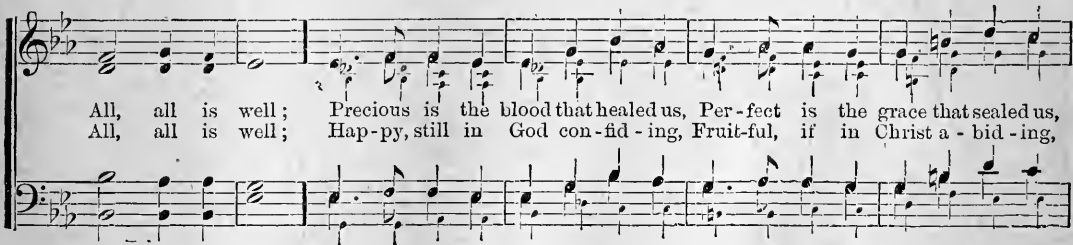
43

Mrs. MARY BOWLY PETERS. (—1856), 1846.

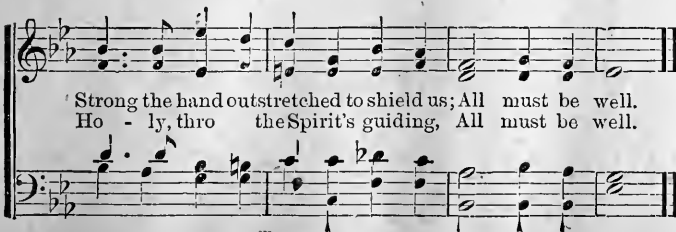
JOSEPH BARNBY.



1. Thro the love of God, our Sav-iour, All will be well: Free and changeless is His fa-vor;
 2. Tho we pass thro trib-u-la-tion, All will be well; Ours is such a full sal-va-tion;



All, all is well; Precious is the blood that healed us, Per-fect is the grace that sealed us,
 All, all is well; Hap-py, still in God con-fid-ing, Fruit-ful, if in Christ a-bid-ing,



Strong the hand outstretched to shield us; All must be well.
 Ho-ly, thro the Spirit's guiding, All must be well.

3.

We expect a bright to-morrow,
 All will be well;
 Fath can sing thro days of sorrow,
 All, all is well.
 On our Father's love relying,
 Jesus every need supplying,
 Or in living, or in dying,
 All must be well.

WE LIFT OUR HEARTY CRY.

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1883.

BENJAMIN MILGROVE, 1781.

Marcato.

1. We lift our heart - y cry, To Thee, O Lord, on high, For our dear land; No oth - er
 2. Plead Thou the righteous cause, Write Thou the na - tion's laws, Our peace main-tain; Oh, make us
 3. Lord, break oppres-sion's rod, Pro-claim the truce of God To all man-kind: If Thou our

king have we, Thou must our ref - uge be, Up - hold our lib - er - ty, Stretch forth Thine hand.
 wise and good, In ho - ly grat - i - tude, And hap - py broth - er-hood, Be - neath Thy reign.
 bor - ders bless, Save us from self - ish-ness To bear the world's dis-tress, And share Thy mind.

Tho en - vy mock, We are Thy flock! God save A-mer - i - ca! Be Thou her Rock!
 From Sea to Sea, In Christ made free, God save A-mer - i - ca Her u - ni - ty!
 Oh! con - de-scend! Be Thou our Friend! God save A-mer - i - ca Till time shall end!

NOW BE THE GOSPEL BANNER.

47

THOMAS HASTINGS, (1784—1872), 1830.

TIMOTHY R. MATTHEWS.

1. Now be the gos - pel ban - ner In ev - ery land un - furled; And be the shout "Ho -
 2. What tho th' em - bat - tled le - gions Of earth and hell com - bine? His, power thro - ut their
 3. Yes, Thou shalt reign for ev - er, O Je - sus, King of kings! Thy light, Thy love, Thy

san - na!" Re - ech - oed thro the world, Till ev - ery isle and na - tion, Till
 re - gions Shall soon re - splen - dent shine; Ride on, O Lord vic - to - ri - ous, Im -
 fa - vor, Each ran - somed cap - tive sings; The isle for Thee are wait - ing, The

ev - ery tribe and tongue, Re - ceive the great sal - va - tion, And join the hap - py throng.
 man - nel, Prince of peace! Thy tri - umph shall be glo - rious, Thine em - pire still in - crease.
 des - erts learn Thy praise, The hills and val - leys, greet - ing, The song re - spon - sive raise.

RING ON, GLAD EASTER BELLS.

GRACE J. FRANCES,

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Ring on, ring on, glad East-er bells, Your sweet and tune-ful lay ; While lov - ing hearts take
 2. Ring on, ring on, glad East-er bells, And thou, O morning bright, Un - veil thy beams till
 3. Ring on, ring on, glad East-er bells, Your wel - come tones so clear, The winds and waves shall

up the strain Your mu - sic brings to - day. Be - hold the powers of death o'er-thrown, Be -
 all the world Shall see their glo - rious light.
 bear the sound, And ev - ery soul shall hear.

hold our Sav-iour slain; To - day the might-y Conqu'ror lives, And King of kings shall reign.

THE DAY OF RESURRECTION.

49

Greek, JOHN OF DAMASCUS, *cir.*, 780.
Trans. JOHN MASON NEALE, 1862.

BERTHOLD TOURS, 1875.



1. The Day of Re-sur-rec-tion! Earth, tell it out a-broad; The Pass-o-ver of
2. Our hearts be pure from e-vil, That we may see a-right The Lord in rays e-
3. Now let the Heavens be joy-ful, Let Earth her song be-gin, Let the round world keep



glad-ness, The Pass-o-ver of God. From Death to Life E-ter-nal, From
ter-nal Of Re-sur-rec-tion Light: And, list-'ning to His ac-cents, May
tri-umph, And all that is there-in; In-vis-i-ble and vis-i-ble Their



earth un-to the sky, Our Christ has brought us o-ver With hymns of vic-to-ry.
hear so calm and plain His own "All hail," and hear-ing May raise the vic-tor strain.
notes let all things blend, For Christ the Lord is ris-en, Our Joy that hath no end.

BEAUTIFUL MORNING STAR.

Rev. A. A. G.

Rev. ALFRED ARTHUR GRALEY, (1813—), 1874.

1. Beau-ti - ful morn-ing star, Beau-ti - ful morn-ing star, Be-fore thy fires The night retires,
 2. Beau-ti - ful morn-ing star, Beau-ti - ful morn-ing star, Thy glories shine, O Christ divine,
 3. Beau-ti - ful morn-ing star, Beau-ti - ful morn-ing star, When fears control My trembling soul,
 4. Beau-ti - ful morn-ing star, Beau-ti - ful morn-ing star, Thy glo-ry bright Shall fill with light

CHORUS. *Ritard.*

And gates of morn un - bar. Beau-ti - ful morn-ing star, Beau-ti - ful morn-ing star;
 Like yon bright orb a - far.
 Thy beams my com- fort are.
 The shin-ing land a - far.

The prophets of old Thy ris - ing fore - told, Beau - ti - ful morn-ing star.

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REJOICE, BELIEVERS!

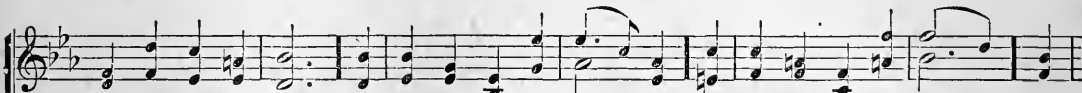
51

LAURENTI, 1690. Trans. by Miss JANE BORTHWICK.

HENRY SMART, (1812—1879).



1. Re-joyce, re-joyce, be - liev - ers! And let your lights ap - pear; The shades of eve are thick'n'g. And
2. See that your lamps are burn-ing, Re - plen-ish them with oil; Look now for your sal - va - tion The
3. O wise and ho - ly vir - gins, Now raise your voices higher, Till, in your ju - bi - la - tions, Ye



dark - er night is near; The Bridegroom is a - ris - ing, And soon He will draw nigh: Up!
end of sin and toil. The watch-ers on the mount - ains Proclaim the Bridegroom near, Go,
meet the au - gel-choir. The mar-riage-feast is wait - ing, The gates wide o - pen stand; Up,



pray, and watch, and wres - tle! At midnight comes the cry.
meet Him, as He com - eth, With hal - le - lu - jabs clear.
up, ye heirs of glo - ry! The Bridegroom is at hand.



4 Our Hope and Expectation,
O Jesus, now appear!
Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
And ever be with Thee.

52 THERE'S A FRIEND FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

ALBERT MIDLANE (1825—), 1860.

SAMUEL SMITH, (1804—1873).

1. There's a Friend for lit-tle chil-dren A - bove the bright blue sky, A Friend that nev-er
2. There's a rest for lit-tle chil-dren A - bove the bright blue sky, Who love the bless-ed

changes, Whose love will nev-er die: Un-like our friends by na-ture, Who change with
Sav-iour And to His Fa-ther cry,— A rest from ev-ery trouble, From sin and

changing years, This Friend is al-ways worth-y The pre-cious name He bears.
dan-ger free, There ev-ery lit-tle pil-grim Shall rest e - ter-nal-ly. A - men.

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| <p>8 There's a home for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 Where Jesus reigns in glory,
 A home of peace and joy;
 No home on earth is like it,
 Nor can with it compare,
 For every one is happy,
 Nor can be happier there.</p> | <p>4 There are crowns for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 And all who look to Jesus,
 Shall wear them by-and-by.
 Yea, crowns of brightest glory,
 Which He shall sure bestow
 On all who love the Saviour,
 And walk with Him below.</p> | <p>5 There are songs for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 And harps of sweetest music,
 For their hymn of victory :
 And all above is pleasure,
 And found in Christ alone :
 Oh come, dear little children,
 That all may be your own !
 Amen</p> |
|--|---|---|

FROM THE FIRST DAWN.

Anon.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. From the first dawn of in - fant life Thy goodness we have shared, And still we live to
 2. To seek Thy grace, to do - Thy will, O Lord, our hearts in - cline; And o'er the paths of

sing Thy praise, By sov'reign mer - cy spared!
 fu - ture life Command Thy light to shine.

- 3** While taught to read the word of truth,
 May we that word receive;
 And when we hear of Jesus' name,
 In that blest name believe.

- 4** Let not our feet incline to tread
 Sin's broad destructive road;
 But trace those holy paths which lead
 To glory and to God.

NOW AUTUMN STREWS ON EVERY PLAIN.

FELICIA D. HEMANS, (1793—1835).

ELIZABETH STIRLING, (1819—).

mf

1. Now Autumn strews on ev-'ry plain His mel-low fruit and fer-tile grain, And laughing Plenty,
 2. The in-fant corn in ver-nal hours He nurtured with His gen-tle show'rs, And bade the Summer
 3. The val-leys ech-o to the strains Of blooming maids and village swains; To Him they tune the

crown'd with sheaves, With pur-ple grapes and spreading leaves, In rich pro-fu-sion pours a-round Her
 clouds dif-fuse Their balm-y store of ge-nial dews. He mark'd the ten-der stem a-rise, Till
 lay sin-cere, Whose boun-ty crowns the smil-ing year; The sounds from ev-'ry woodland borne, The

p

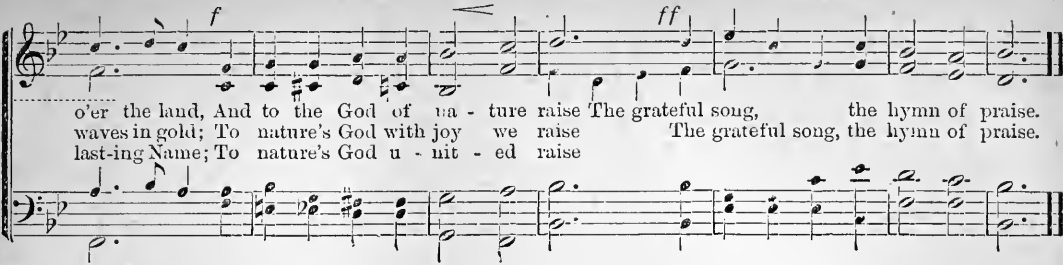
flow-ing tress-es on the ground.
 ri-pend by the glow-ing skies;
 sighing winds that bend the corn,

O mark.....
 O mark the great and lib'ral hand, That scat-ters blessings
 And now And now, matur d, His work behold, The cheering har-vest
 The fields The yellow fields—around proclaim His might-y ev-er-

Ped.

O mark.....

f *ff*



o'er the land, And to the God of na - ture raise The grateful song, the hymn of praise.
 waves in gold; To nature's God with joy we raise The grateful song, the hymn of praise.
 last-ing Name; To nature's God u - nit - ed raise

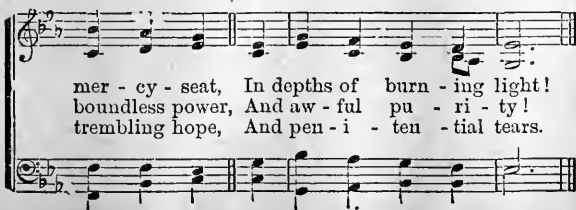
ST. PETER.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, D. D., (1815—1863), 1849.

ALEXANDER ROBERT REINAGLE, (1799—1877), 1840.



1. My God! how won - der-ful Thou art! Thy maj - es - ty how bright! How beau - ti - ful Thy
 2. How beau - ti - ful, how beau - ti - ful, The sight of Thee must be, Thine end - les; wis - dom,
 3. Oh! how I fear Thee, liv - ing God! With deep - est, tenderest fears, And wor - ship Thee with



mer - cy - seat, In depths of burn - ing light!
 boundless power, And aw - ful pu - ri - ty!
 trembling hope, And pen - i - ten - tial tears.

- 4 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord!
 Almighty as Thou art,
 For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
 The love of this poor heart.
- 5 No earthly father loves like Thee,
 No mother, half so mild,
 Bears and forbears as Thou hast done
 With me, Thy sinful child.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1864.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1864.

1. There's a cry from Ma-ce-do-nia—Come and help us; The light of the gos-pel bring, O come!
 2. O ye her-alds of the cross be up and do-ing, Re-mem-ber the great com-mand, A-way!
 3. O how beau-ti-ful their feet up-on the mountains, The ti-dings of peace from God who bring,
 4. Then ye her-alds of the cross be up and do-ing, Go work in your Mas-ter's field, A-way!

Let us hear the joy-ful ti-dings of sal-va-tion, We thirst for the liv-ing spring.
 Go ye forth and preach the word to ev-ery crea-ture, Proclaim it in ev-ery land.
 To the na-tions of the earth who sit in dark-ness, And tell them of Zi-on's king;
 Sound the trum-pet, sound the trum-pet of sal-va-tion, The Lord is your strength and shield.

FINE.

CHORUS.

They shall gath-er from the East, They shall gather from the West, With the pa-tri-archs of old,
 Let the dis-tant Isles be glad, Let them hail the Saviour's birth, And the news of par-don free,

A CRY FROM MACEDONIA. Concluded.

57

D. C. in full Chorus.

And the ransom'd shall re-turn To the kingdoms of the blest, With their harps and crowns of gold.
Till the knowledge of the truth, Shall ex- tend to all the earth, As the wa- ters o'er the sea.

LO THE DAY OF REST.

CHANDLER ROBBINS, 1845.

HUBERT P. MAIN, 1869.

Andante.

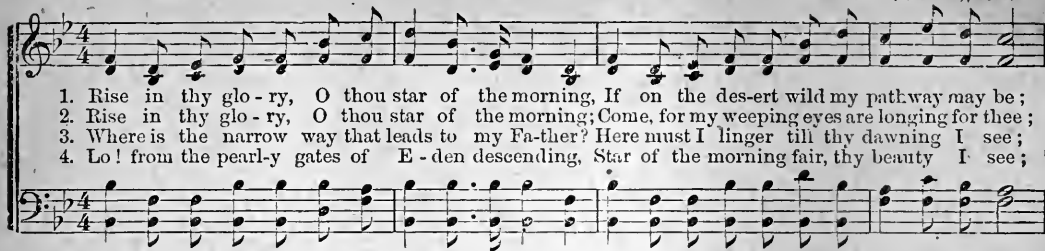
1. Lo the day of rest de - clin - eth, Gath - er fast the shades of night,
2. Soft - ly now the dew is fall - ing; Peace o'er all the scene is spread;
3. While Thine ear of love ad - dress - ing, Thus our part - ing hymn we sing;—

Cres.

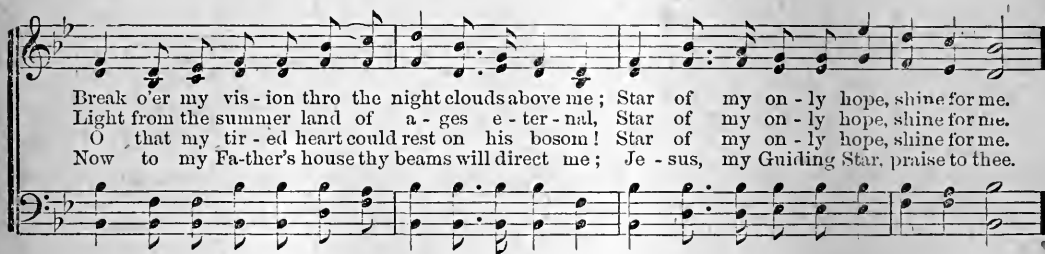
May the sun that ev - er shin - eth Fill our souls with heavenly light.
On His chil - dren, meek - ly call - ing, Purer in - flu - ence God will shed.
Fa - ther, give Thine eve - ning bless - ing; Fold us safe be - neath Thy wing.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, (1831—), 1873.



1. Rise in thy glo - ry, O thou star of the morning, If on the des-ert wild my path-way may be;
 2. Rise in thy glo - ry, O thou star of the morning; Come, for my weeping eyes are longing for thee;
 3. Where is the narrow way that leads to my Fa-ther? Here must I linger till thy dawning I see;
 4. Lo! from the pearl-y gates of E - den descending, Star of the morning fair, thy beauty I see;



Break o'er my vis - ion thro the night clouds above me; Star of my on - ly hope, shine for me.
 Light from the summer land of a - ges e - ter - nal, Star of my on - ly hope, shine for me.
 O that my tir - ed heart could rest on his bosom! Star of my on - ly hope, shine for me.
 Now to my Fa-ther's house thy beams will direct me; Je - sus, my Guiding Star, praise to thee.

REFRAIN.



Millions thou hast lighted to the crimson fountain's side; Millions thou hast guided o'er the

From ROYAL DIADEM, by permission.

deep and swelling tide; Millions are re-joic-ing where the silver waters glide; Hast thou no light for me?

THINE FOR EVER.

Mrs. MARY FAWLER MAUDE. 1848.

CHARLES THIRTLE, (1839-1873)

1. Thine for ev - er! God of love! Hear us from Thy throne a-bove; Thou the Life, the
2. Thine for ev - er! oh, how blest They who find in Thee their rest; Sav - iour, Guardian,

Truth, the Way, Guide us to the realms of day.
Heavenly Friend, O de - fend us to the end. *A - men.*

3 Thine for ever! Saviour keep
Us, Thy frail and trembling sheep,
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

4 Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied;
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.
Amen.

I WILL GO AND BE FORGIVEN.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1873.

WM. H. DOANE.

1. I will go and tell my Sav - iour How I long His child to be ; At the cross I'll seek and find Him ;
 2. I will tell Him I have wandered From the path that leads to heav'n ; With a contrite, broken spir - it,
 3. I will tell Him all my sto - ry, With His mercy all my plea ; At the cross I'll seek and find Him ;

CHORUS.

He's waiting there for me, I will car - ry all my sins to Je - sus, Tho I've nothing but my
 I'll go and be for - given.
 He's waiting there for me.

heart to give Him ; I will go and lay my burden at the Fountain ; I'll go and be for - given.

THE NAME OF OUR SALVATION.

61

Trans. by JOHN MASON NEALE, D. D., 1851.

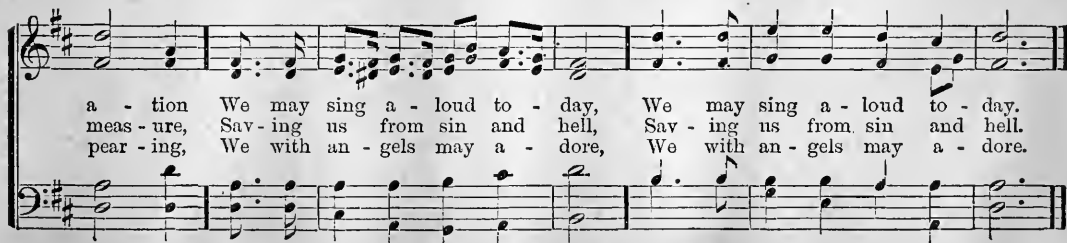
JNO. HENRY CORNELL.



1. To the Name of our Sal - va - tion Laud and hon - or let us pay; Which, for
 2. Je - sus is the Name we treas - ure; Name be - yond what words can tell; Name of
 3. Therefore we, in love re - ver - ing, Ho - ly Je - sus! Thee im - plore So to



many a gen - e - ra - tion Hid in God's foreknowledge lay, But with ho - ly ex - ult -
 glad-ness, Name of pleas-ure, Ear and heart de - light-ing well; Name of sweet-ness, pass-ing
 write Thy Name en - dear-ing In our hearts for-ev - er - more, That at length in heav'n ap -



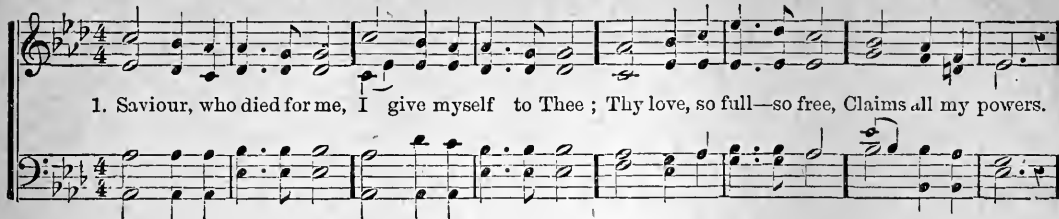
a - tion We may sing a - loud to - day, We may sing a - loud to - day.
 meas - ure, Sav - ing us from sin and hell, Sav - ing us from sin and hell.
 pear - ing, We with an - gels may a - dore, We with an - gels may a - dore.

From THE HYMNARY, by permission.

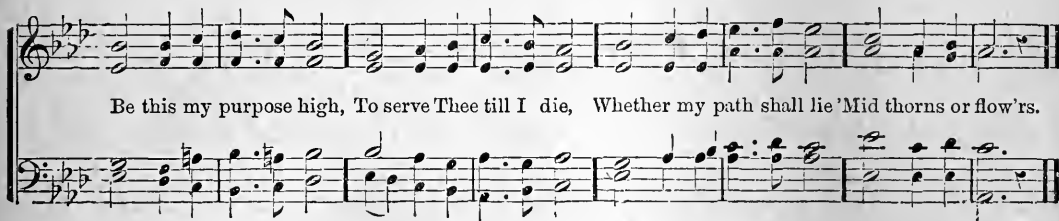
SAVIOUR, WHO DIED FOR ME.

Miss MARY JANE MASON, (1822—), 1871.

WM. FISK SHERWIN. (1826 —), 1871.



1. Saviour, who died for me, I give myself to Thee ; Thy love, so full—so free, Claims all my powers.



Be this my purpose high, To serve Thee till I die, Whether my path shall lie 'Mid thorns or flow'rs.

2 But, Lord, the flesh is weak,
Thy gracious aid I seek ;
For Thou the word must speak,
That makes me strong.
Then let me hear Thy voice,
Thou art my only choice ;
Oh, bid my heart rejoice,
Be Thou my song.

3 May it be joy to me
To follow only Thee,—
Thy faithful servant be
Thine to the end.

For Thee, I'll do and dare ;
For Thee, the cross I'll bear.
To Thee direct my prayer
On Thee depend.

4 Saviour, with me abide ;
Be ever near my side,
Support, defend and guide,
I look to Thee.
I lay my hand in Thine,
And fleeting joys resign,
If I may call Thee mine
Eternally

From CHRISTIAN SONGS, by permission.

IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR.

63

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS, D. D., (1810—1876), 1850.

RICHARD STORRS WILLIS, (1819—), 1860.

1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glorious song of old, From an - gels bending
2. Still thro the clo - ven skies they came, With peaceful wings un - furled; And still their heavenly
3. And ye beneath life's crushing load Whose forms are bending low, Who toil a - long the
4. For, lo, the days are hastening on, By prophet bards fore - told, When with the ev - er

near the earth, To touch their harps of gold: "Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From Heaven's all-
mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world; A - bove its sad and low-ly plains They bend on
climbing way With painful steps and slow, - Look now; for glad and gold - en hours Come swift-ly
circling years Come sound the age of gold; When Peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an - cient

gracious King;" The world in solemn stillness lay To hear the an - gels sing!
hovering wing, And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The blessed an - gels sing!
on the wing; Oh rest be - side the wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels sing!
splendors fling, And the whole world give back the song Which now the an - gels sing! A - men.

From BOOK OF PRAISE, by permission.

DRAW NIGH, DRAW NIGH, IMMANUEL.

Rev. JOHN MASON NEALE, 1851.

CHARLES GOUNOD (1818—), 1872.

1. Draw nigh, draw nigh, Im-man - u - el, And ran - som cap - tive Is - ra - el, That
 2. Draw nigh, O Jes - se's Rod, draw nigh, To free us from the en - e - my; From
 3. Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Morn-ing Star, And bring us com - fort from a - far; And

mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here, Un - til the Son of God ap - pear. Re - joice! re -
 hell's a - byss Thy peo - ple save, And give us vic - t'ry o'er the grave. Re - joice! etc.
 ban - ish far from us the gloom Of sin - ful night and end - less doom. Re - joice! etc.

joice! Im-man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el!... A - men.

4 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O David's Key,
The heavenly gate unfolds to Thee ;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice ! rejoice ! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel !

5 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Lord of Might,
Who once from Sinai's flaming height
Didst give the trembling tribes Thy Law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice ! rejoice ! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel ! Amen.

JESUS! THE VERY THOUGHT IS SWEET.

Tr. by Rev. JOHN MASON NEALE.

ROBERT SCHUMANN (1810—1856).

1. Je-sus!—the ve-ry thought is sweet ; In that dear name all heart-joys meet ; But sweeter than sweet
2. No word is sung more sweet than this: No name is heard more full of bliss: No thought brings sweeter

hon-ey far The glimpses of His Presence are.
com-fort nigh, Than Jesus, Son of God most high. A - men.

3 I seek for Jesus in repose,
When round my heart its chambers close :
Abroad, and when I shut the door,
I long for Jesus evermore.

4 We follow Jesus now, and raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise,
That He at last may make us meet
With Him to gain the heavenly seat.
Amen.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822, abr.

THOMAS KOSCHAT, arr. B. C. B., 1835.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd; no want shall I know. I feed in green pastures, safe fold-ed I
 2. Thro the valley and shad-ow of death tho I stray, Since Thou art my Guardian no e - vil I

rest. He lead-eth my soul where the still wa - ters flow, Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when op-
 fear. Thy rod shall de - fend me, Thy staff be my stay, No harm can be - fall with my Comfort-er

3.
 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God!
 Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above.
 I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
 Thro the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

prest. Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when op-prest.
 near. No harm can be - fall with my Comfort-er near.

THE GOLDEN SHORE.

67

Rev. CHARLES DUNBAR, 1858.

WM. B. BRADBURY, (1816—1868), 1859.

1. We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, Homeward bound we sweetly glide; We are out on the o - cean sail - ing,
 2. Millions now are safely land - ed, O - ver on the gold - en shore: Millions more are on their journey,

CHORUS. *Cres.*

To a home be - yond the tide. All the storms will soon be o - ver, Then we'll an - chor in the harbor,
 Yet there's room for millions more.

f *1st.* *2d.*

{ We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, To a home be - yond the tide, }
 { We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, (Omit.....) } To a home be - yond the tide.

O JESUS, I HAVE PROMISED. (Aurelia.)

Rev. JOHN ERNEST BODE, A. M. (1816—1847), 1860.

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, Mus. Doc. (1810—1876), 1864.

1. O Je - sus, I have promised To serve Thee to the end; Be Thou for ev - er
 2. Oh ! let me feel Thee near me— The world is ev - er near; I see the sights that
 3. O Je - sus Thou hast promised To all that fol - low Thee, That where Thou art in

near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend! I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art
 daz - zle, The tempting sounds I hear. My foes are ev - er near me, A - round me
 glo - ry There shall Thy serv - ant be; And, Je - sus, I have promised To serve Thee

by my side, Nor wan - der from the path - way If Thou wilt be my Guide.
 and with - in : But, Je - sus, draw Thou near - er, And shield my soul from sin.
 to the end; Oh, give me grace to fol - low My Mas - ter and my Friend. A - men.

SOUND THE BATTLE-CRY!

69

WM. F. SHERWIN.

Vigourously, in march time.

WM. F. SHERWIN, 1869.

1. Sound the battle cry! See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high For the Lord; Gird your armor on,
2. Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go, While our cause we know Must prevail; Shield and banner bright,

CHORUS. *ff*

Stand firm ev - ery one; Rest your cause up - on His ho - ly word. Rouse then, soldiers!
Gleaming in the light; Battling for the right We ne'er can fail.

ral - ly round the ban - ner! Ready, steady, pass the word a - long; Onward, forward,

shout a loud Hosannah! Christ is Captain of the mighty throng.

- 3 Oh! Thou God of all,
Hear us when we call;
Help us one and all
By Thy grace;
When the battle's done,
And the vict'ry won,
May we wear the crown
Before Thy face.

From BRIGHT JEWELS, by permission.

MY JESUS, AS THOU WILT.

Tr. from BENJ. SCHMOLKE, (1672—1737), 1716.

CARL MARIA von WEBER, (1786—1826), 1820.

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: O may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy
 2. My Je - sus, as Thon wilt; Tho seen thro many a tear, Let not my
 3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt; All shall be well for me; Each changing

hand of love I would my all re - sign. Thro sor - row or thro joy,
 star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear. Since Thou on earth hast wept,
 fu - ture scene I glad - ly trust with Thee. Straight to my home a - bove.

Rit.
 Con - duct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.
 And sor-rowed oft a - lone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done.
 I trav-el calm - ly on, And sing in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done.

Arranged by HUBERT F. MAIN, 1880.

I LOVE MY GOD, BUT WITH NO LOVE OF MINE.

71

JEANNE BOUVIER De La MOTTE GUYON, (1648—1717), 1722.

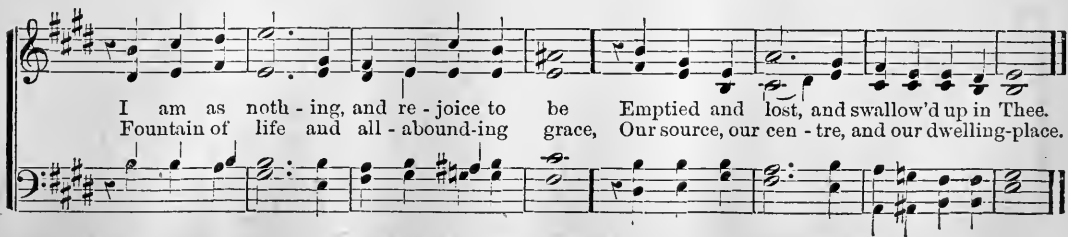
WILLIAM HENRY WALTER, Mus. Doc. (1825—), 1872.



1. I love my God, but with no love of mine, For I have none to give;
2. Thou, Lord, a - lone art all Thy child - ren need, And there is none be - side;



I love Thee, Lord, but all the love is Thine, For by Thy life I live;
From Thee the streams of bless - ed - ness pro - ceed, In Thee the blest a - bide:



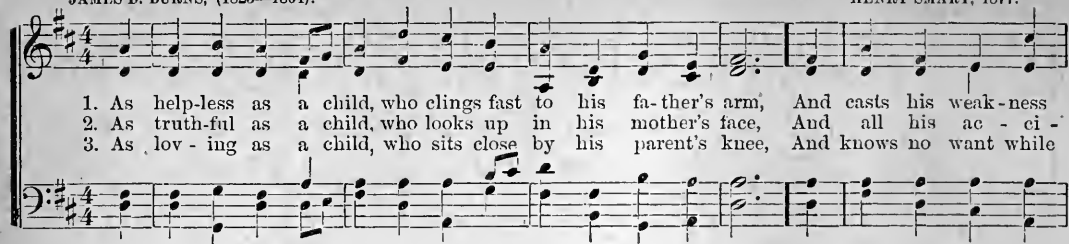
I am as noth - ing, and re - joice to be Emptied and lost, and swallow'd up in Thee.
Fountain of life and all - abound - ing grace, Our source, our cen - tre, and our dwelling-place.

From HYMNAL WITH TUNES, by permission.


AS HELPLESS AS A CHILD WHO CLINGS.

JAMES D. BURNS, (1823—1864).

HENRY SMART, 1877.



1. As help-less as a child, who clings fast to his fa-ther's arm, And casts his weak-ness
 2. As truth-ful as a child, who looks up in his mother's face, And all his ac-ci-
 3. As lov-ing as a child, who sits close by his parent's knee, And knows no want while



on the strength that keeps him safe from harm; So I, my Fa-ther cling to Thee, and
 dents and griefs for-gets in her em-brace; So I, to Thee, my Sav-iour, look, and
 he can have that sweet so-ci-e-ty; So sit-ting at Thy feet, my heart would



thus I, ev-ery hour, Would link my earth-ly fee-ble-ness to Thine al-might-y power.
 in Thy face di-vine Can read the love that will sus-tain as weak a faith as mine.
 all its love out-pour, And pray that Thou wouldst teach me, Lord, to love Thee more and more. Amen.

FORBID YE NOT THE CHILDREN.

73

M. W. S., 1885.

Arr. from FRIEDRICH FLÖTOW, 1847.



1. "For-bid ye not the chil-dren," said Christ, "but let them come. Of such is Heav-en's



'king - dom, their lov - ing Fa - ther's home."

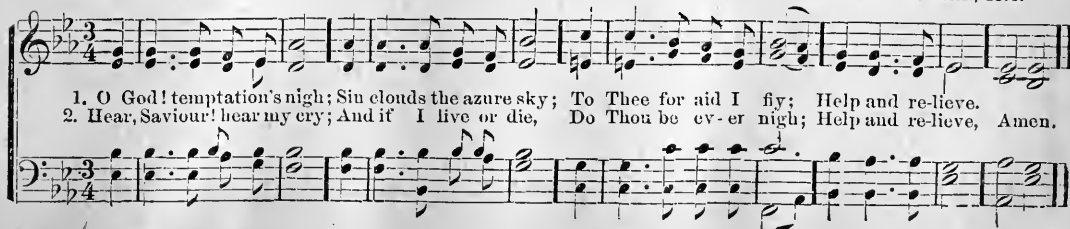
2. In gracious arms He took them,
and drew them to His breast.
And children still are carried
by Him, and still are blest.

3. So come to Him, and welcome,
as long ago they came.
This good and tender Shepherd
knows every lamb by name!

HELP AND RELIEVE.

CHAS. E. POND.

HUBERT P. MAIN, 1873.



1. O God! temptation's nigh; Sin clouds the azure sky; To Thee for aid I fly; Help and re-lieve.
2. Hear, Saviour! hear my cry; And if I live or die, Do Thou be ev-er nigh; Help and re-lieve, Amen.

OUR FATHER WE PRAY.

M. W. S. 1885.

ROBERT SCHUMANN, arr. B. C. B. 1885.

1. Our Fa-ther, we pray What Christ taught to say, And hal-low Thy name, That from Heaven He came.
 2. O won-der-ful King, Thy bless-ed rule bring, Till Earth does that wil, That the an-gels ful-fill.
 3. Oh give us al-way Our bread for each day. For-giveness re-new, And let us forgive too.
 4. Keep us in Thy way Lest E-vil be-tray. Power and glory to Thee, Our dear King ev-er be!

O THOU OMNIPRESENT! GOD!

M. W. S. 1885.

JOACHIM NEANDER. 1680.

1. { O Thou Om-ni-pres-ent! God!-of life the cen-tre, Thank-ful-ly Thy gates we en-ter, }
 { Joining these our prais-es With that hymn in-ces-sant Which the Church celestial rais-es. }

In sweet fear Come we near! Thro Thy worlds so spa-cious To each child Thou'rt gra-cious.

2 Hushed the earth before Thee!
Valley, plain, and highland,
Every continent and island.
All things large and lowly
Silently adore Thee
Present in Thy temple holy!
Void of speech,

Yet they teach!
Wide their mute word goeth,
And Thy wisdom showeth.

3 Ever-blessèd Maker!
While Thine whole creation
Sounds an endless jubilation,

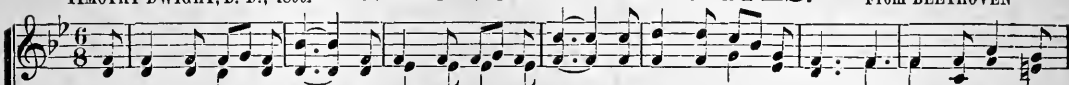
O great God and Saviour,
Once with man partaker,
Hear our voice with tender favor!

By and by,
There on high
In Thine heavenly places
Perfect Thou our praises!

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D., 1800.

IN ZION'S SACRED GATES.

From BEETHOVEN



1. In Zi - on's sa - cred gates, Let hymns of praise begin, While acts of faith and love In ceaseless beauty
2. The promis - es I sing, Which sov'reign love hath spoke; Nor will our heav'nly King His words of grace re -
3. The mountains melt a-way, When once the Judge appears; And sun and moon decay, That measure mortal
4. Rejoice! our Lord is King! Our God and King a - dore; Yea, all give thanks and sing, And triumph ev - er -



shine; In mer - cy there, While God is known, Be - fore His throne with songs ap - pear.
voke; They stand se - cure, And stead-fast still, Nor Zi - on's hill A - bides so sure.
years; But still the same, In ra - dian - tance, Thy promise shines, Thro all the flame.
more; Lift up the heart, Lift up the voice, Re-joyce a - loud, Let all re - joice.



From BOOK OF PRAISE, by permission.

O THOU, WHO DIDST PREPARE THE OCEAN.

"CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH" TONNA, 1829, *abr.*

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1833.



1. O Thou Who didst pre - pare The o - cean's cav - ern'd cell, And teach the gathering
2. To peace - ful rest we go, And close our tran - quil eyes; Tho deep be - neath the



wa - ters there To meet and dwell, Tossed in our reel - ing bark Up - on the treacherous sea,
wa - ters flow, And circ - ling rise, Tho swells the flow - ing tide, And threatens far a - bove,



Thy wondrous ways, O Lord, we mark, And sing to Thee.
We know in Whom our souls confide With fear - less love.

3.

Snatched from a darker deep
And waves of wilder foam,
Thou, Lord, our trusting souls wilt keep,
And waft them home;—
Home where no storm can sound,
Nor angry waters roar,
Nor troublous billows heave around
That peaceful shore.

ART THOU WEARY?

77

Rev. JOHN MASON NEALE, D. D., (1818—1866), 1851.

Sir HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER, (1821—1877), 1868. arr. H. P. M.

1. Art thou weary, art thou languid? Art thou sore distressed? "Come to Me, saith One, "and coming, Be at rest."
 2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my guide? "In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side.
 3. Is there di-a-dem, as monarch, That His brow adorns? "Yes, a crown in very surety, But of thorns!"
 4. If I find Him, if I fol-low, What His guerdon here? "Many a sorrow, many a la-bor, Many a tear." Amen

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
 What hath He at last?
 "Sorrow vanquished, labor ended.
 Jordan past."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
 Will He say me nay?
 "Not till earth and not till heaven,
 Pass away,"

7 Finding, following, keeping, strug-
 Is He sure to bless? [gling,
 "Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
 Answer, Yes."

GLORY BE TO JESUS.

Trans. by EDWARD CASWALL, (1814—1878), 1858.

JOHN HENRY CORNELL, (1828—), 1865.

1. Glo-ry be to Je-sus, Who, in bit-ter pains, Pour'd for me the life-blood From His sa-cred veins;
 2. Grace and life eter-nal In that Blood I find, Blest be His com-pas-sion In-fi-nite-ly kind!
 3. Blest thro' endless a-ges Be the precious stream, Which from endless torments Did the world re-deem!
 4. Oft as earth exult-ing Wafts its praise on high, An-gel hosts re-joic-ing Make their glad re-ply.
 5. Lift ye then your voices; Swell the mighty flood; Louder still, and louder Praise the precious Blood

JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

Rev. HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, (1793—1847), 1825.

arr. by HUBERT P. MAIN. 1873.

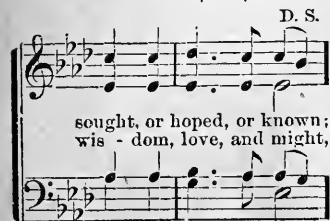


1. Jo - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low Thee; Nak - ed, poor, des -
D. S.—Yet how rich is
2. Let the world des-pise and leave me, They have left my Sav - iour, too; Hu - man hearts and
D. S.—Foes may hate, and



FIN.

ished, for-sak-en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be: Per - ish ev - ery fond am-bi - tion, All I've
my con-di-tion! God and heaven are still my own.
looks de-ceive me; Thou art not, like them, un-true; And while Thou shalt smile upon me, God of
friends may scorn me; Show Thy face and all is bright.



D. S.

sought, or hoped, or known;
wis - dom, love, and might,

3.
Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In Thy service pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain:
I have called Thee, "Abba. Father;"
I have stayed my heart on Thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

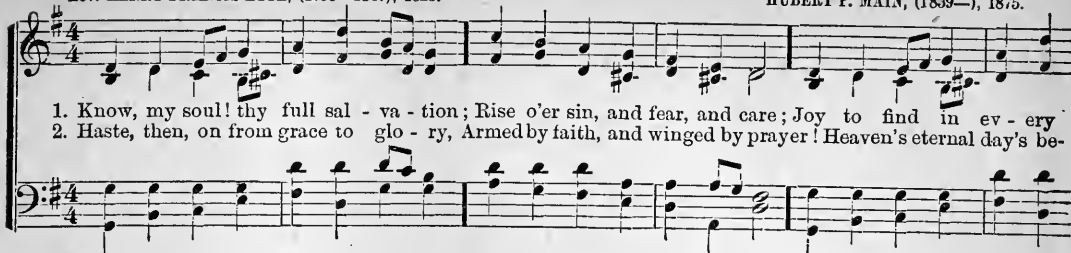
4.
Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me.
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me
While Thy love is left to me.
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmingled with Thee.

KNOW, MY SOUL!

79

Rev. HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, (1793—1847), 1825.

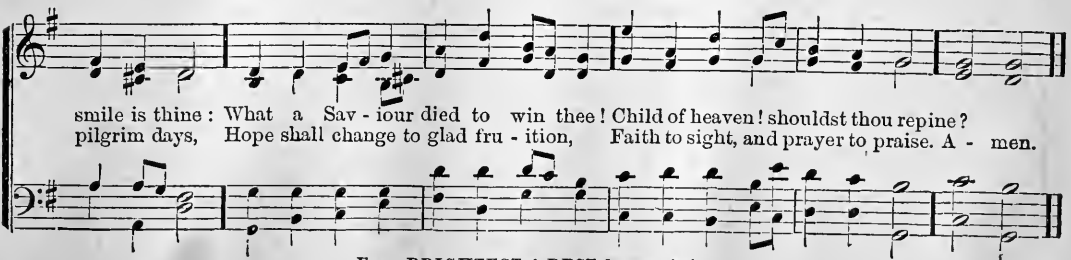
HUBERT P. MAIN, (1839—), 1875.



1. Know, my soul! thy full sal - va - tion; Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care; Joy to find in ev - ery
 2. Haste, then, on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith, and winged by prayer! Heaven's eternal day's be-



sta - tion, Something still to do or bear: Think what Spirit dwells within thee; What a Father's
 fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there: Soon shall close thy earthly mission, Swift shall pass thy



smile is thine: What a Sav - iour died to win thee! Child of heaven! shouldst thou repine?
 pilgrim days, Hope shall change to glad fru - ition, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise. A - men.

From *BRIGHTEST & BEST*, by permission.

FAIR SHINES THE MORNING STAR!

MONTGOMERY & WESLEY.

JOHN ZUNDEL, (1815—1882), 1854.

1. Fair shines the morn-ing star, The sil-ver trum-pets sound, Their notes re-echo-ing far,
 2. Blow ye the trumpet,—blow!—The glad-ly sol-emn sound; Let all the na-tions know,
 3. Ex-tol the Lamb of God,—The all-a-ton-ing Lamb, Re-demption in His blood,

While dawns the day a-round: Joy to the slave; the slave is free; It is the year of
 To earth's re-mot-est bound,—The year of ju-bi-lee is come; Re-turn, ye ransomed
 Throughout the world, pro-claim; The year of ju-bi-lee is come; Re-turn, ye ransomed

ju-bi-lee, It is the year of ju-bi-lee.
 sin-ners! home, Re-turn, ye ran-somed sin-ners! home.
 sin-ners! home, Re-turn, ye ran-somed sin-ners! home.

4.

Ye, who have sold for naught
 Your heritage above!
 Shall have it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesus' love;
 The year of jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners! home.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1861.

CHORUS.

1. { Boys. Whither, pilgrims, are you go - ing, Go - ing each with staff in hand? }
 { Girls. We are go - ing on a journey, Go - ing at our Kings command; } O - ver hills, and plains, and
 2. { Boys. Tell me pilgrims, what you hope for In that far - off bet - ter land? }
 { Girls. Spotless robes and crowns of glory From a Saviour's lov - ing hand; } We shall drink of life's clear

val - leys, We are go - ing to His pal - ace, We are go - ing to His pal - ace, Go - ing
 riv - er, We shall dwell with God for - ev - er, We shall dwell with God for - ev - er, In that

to the bet - ter land; We are go - ing to His pal - ace, Going to the bet - ter land.
 bright, that better land; We shall dwell with God for - ev - er In that bright, that bet - ter land.

From GOLDEN CHAIN, by permission.

CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN AGAIN.

Trans. by Miss CATHERINE WINCKWORTH, (1829—), 1858.

HENRY CAREY, (1685—1743), "Lyra Davidica," 1708.

1. Christ the Lord is ris'n a - gain, Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ hath brok - en
ev 'ry chain; Hal - le - lu - jah! Hark, an - gel - ic voi - ces cry,
Hal - le - lu - jah! Sing - ing ev - er - more on high, Hal - le - lu - jah!

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line. The third system ends with a double bar line.

From NEW HYMNARY, by permission.

2 He who bore all pain and loss, Hallelujah!
Comfortless upon the cross, Hallelujah!
Lives in glory now on high, Hallelujah!
Pleads for us and hears our cry: Hallelujah!

3 He who slumber'd in the grave, Hallelujah!
Is exalted now to save; Hallelujah!
Now through Christendom it rings, Hallelujah!
That the Lamb is King of kings: Hallelujah!

4 Now He bids us tell abroad, Hallelujah!
How the lost may be restored, Hallelujah!
How the penitent forgiven, Hallelujah!
How we too may enter heaven: Hallelujah!

5 Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed, Hallelujah!
Christ, Thy ransomed people feed! Hallelujah!
Take our sins and guilt away, Hallelujah!
That we all may sing for aye, Hallelujah!

RIDE ON IN MAJESTY!

Rev. HENRY HART MILMAN, D.D. (1791-1868), 1827.

Rev. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, M. A., Mus. Doc., (1823-1876).

1. Ride on! ride on in ma - jes - ty! Hark! all the tribes Ho - san - na cry; O Saviour meek, pur-
2. Ride on! ride on in ma - jes - ty! In low - ly pomp, ride on to die: O Christ, Thy triumphs

sue Thy road With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd.
now be - gin O'er cap - tive death and con-quer'd sin.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wond'ring eyes
To see th' approaching Sacrifice.

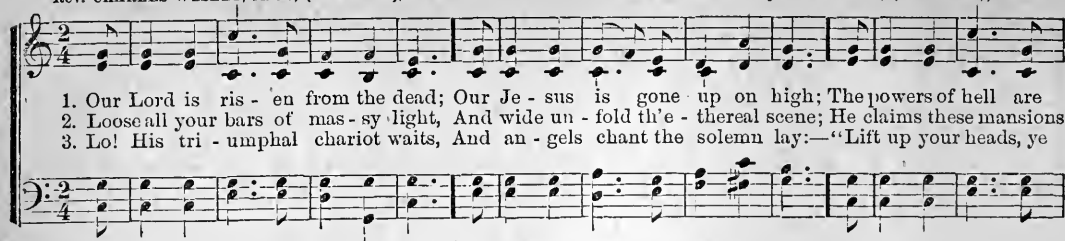
4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The last and fiercest strife is nigh:
The Father on His sapphire Throne
Awaits His own anointed Son.

5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp, ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek Head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy pow'r. and reign.

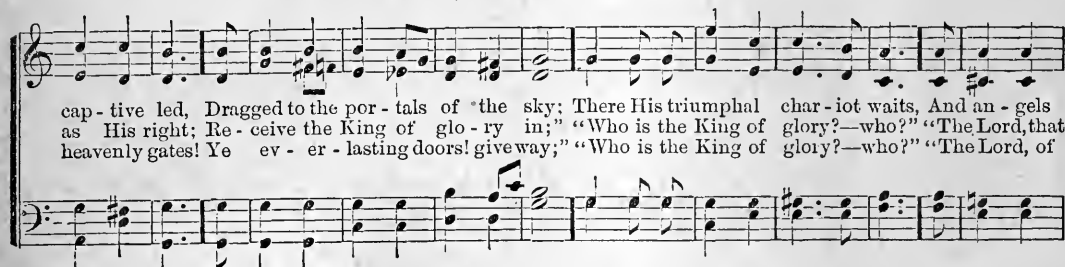
OUR LORD IS RISEN FROM THE DEAD.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, M. A., (1708—1788), 1743.

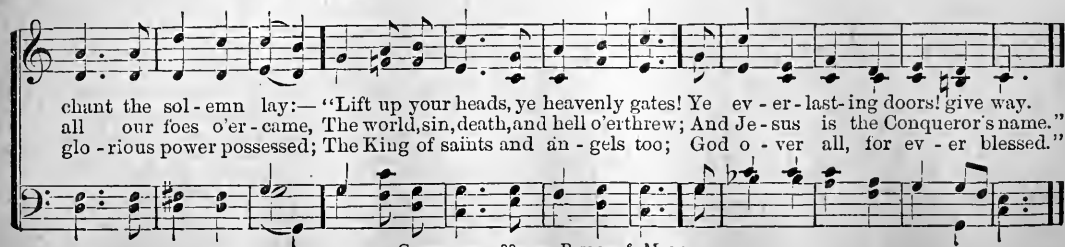
Written for this work by MAX PIUTTI, (1852—1885), 1880.



1. Our Lord is ris - en from the dead; Our Je - sus is gone up on high; The powers of hell are
 2. Loose all your bars of mas - sy light, And wide un - fold th'e - the real scene; He claims these mansions
 3. Lo! His tri - umphal chariot waits, And an - gels chant the solenn lay:—"Lift up your heads, ye



cap - tive led, Dragged to the por - tals of the sky; There His triumphal char - iot waits, And an - gels
 as His right; Re - ceive the King of glo - ry in;" "Who is the King of glory?—who?" "The Lord, that
 heavenly gates! Ye ev - er - lasting doors! give way;" "Who is the King of glory?—who?" "The Lord, of



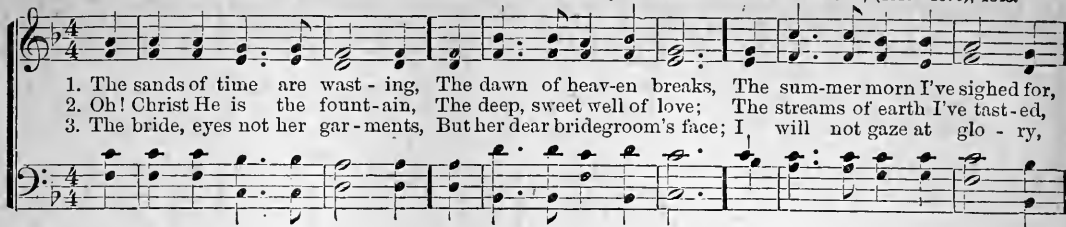
chant the sol - emn lay:—"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates! Ye ev - er - last - ing doors! give way.
 all our foes o'er - came, The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew; And Je - sus is the Conqueror's name."
 glo - rious power possessed; The King of saints and an - gels too; God o - ver all, for ev - er blessed."

THE SANDS OF TIME ARE WASTING.

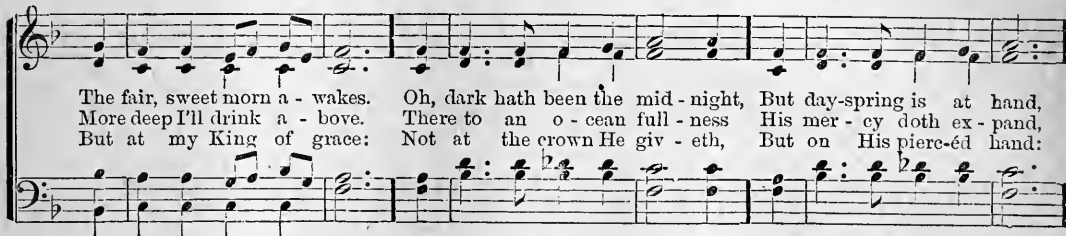
83

ANNIE ROSS COUSIN, 1857, ab.

CHARLES D'URHAN, har. by EDWARD FRANCIS RIMBAULT, (1816—1876), 1845.



1. The sands of time are wast - ing, The dawn of heav-en breaks, The sum-mer morn I've sighed for,
 2. Oh! Christ He is the fount-ain, The deep, sweet well of love; The streams of earth I've tast-ed,
 3. The bride, eyes not her gar-ments, But her dear bridegroom's face; I will not gaze at glo - ry,



The fair, sweet morn a - wakes. Oh, dark hath been the mid - night, But day-spring is at hand,
 More deep I'll drink a - bove. There to an o - cean full - ness His mer - cy doth ex - pand,
 But at my King of grace: Not at the crown He giv - eth, But on His pierc-ed hand:



And glo-ry, glo-ry dwell-eth In Imman-uel's land.
 And glo-ry, glo-ry dwell-eth In Imman-uel's land.
 The Lamb is all the glo - ry Of Imman-uel's land. A - men.

4.
 Oh! I am my my Belovèd's
 And my Belovèd's mine,
 He brings a poor, vile sinner,
 Into His house divine.
 Upon the Rock of Ages
 My soul redeemed shall stand,
 Where glory, glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.
 Amen.

HARK! THE HERALD-ANGELS SING.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1739.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY, (1809—1847), 1846.

1. Hark! the her - ald - an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new - born King; Peace on earth, and
 2. Christ, by high - est heaven a - dored, Christ, the Ev - er - last - ing Lord; Late in time be -
 3. Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hail, the Sun of Righteous - ness! Light and Life to

mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con - ciled! Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise,
 hold Him come, Off - spring of a Vir - gin's womb. Veiled in flesh the God - head see;
 all He brings, Risen with heal - ing in His wings. Mild He lays His glo - ry by,

Join the tri - umph of the skies; With the an - gel - host pro - claim, Christ is born in
 Hail! th'In - car - nate De - i - ty! Pleased as Man with man to dwell, Je - sus, our Em -
 Born that man no more may die, Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them

Beth - le - hem! Hark! the her - ald - an - gels sing Glo - ry to the new-born King!
 man - u - el. Hark! etc.
 sec - ond birth, Hark! etc.

Org.

PRAISE YE THE FATHER

Mrs. ELIZABETH CHARLES (1828—).

FRIEDRICH FERDINAND FLEMMING, Med. D. (1773—1813), 1810.

1. Praise ye the Fa - ther! for His lov - ing kind - ness, Ten - der - ly cares He for His err - ing
 2. Praise ye the Sav - iour! great is His com - pas - sion, Gra - cious - ly cares He for His cho - sen
 3. Praise ye the Spir - it! Com - for - ter of Is - rael, Sent of the Fa - ther and the Son to

children; Praise Him, ye an - gels, praise Him in the hea - vens, Praise ye Je - ho - vah!
 peo - ple; Young men and maidens, ye old men and chil - dren, Praise ye the Sav - iour!
 bless us; Praise ye the Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Spir - it, Praise ye the Triune God!

CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

Mrs. ANNIE H. SHEPHERD, (1809—1857,) 1841,

HENRY E. MATHEWS, (1820—), 1854, arr.

1. A - round the throne of God in heaven, The ransomed millions stand; A host whose sins are
 2. Be - cause the Sav - iour shed His blood To wash a - way their sin; Bathed in that pure and
 3. On earth they sought the Sav - iour's grace, On earth they loved His name; So now they see His

CHORUS

all forgiven, A ho - ly, happy band. Singing, glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high.
 precious flood, Behold them white and clean.
 blessed face, And stand before the Lamb.

SWEET IS THY MERCY, LORD.

Rev. JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL, LL.D., (1811—1875), 1862.

JOSEPH BARNBY, (1833—), 1866.

1. Sweet is Thy mer - cy, Lord! Be - fore Thy mer - cy - seat My soul, a - doring, pleads Thy word, And owns Thy mercysweet.
 2. Where'er Thy name is blest, Where'er Thy peo - ple meet, There I delight in Thee to rest, And find Thy mercysweet.
 3. Light Thou my weary way, Lead Thou my wand'ring feet, That while I stay on earth I may, Still find Thy mercysweet.
 4. Thus shall the heav'nly host Hear all my songs repeat, To Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, My joy, Thy mercysweet.

YOUR HARPS, YE TREMBLING SAINTS.

89

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, 1772. *abr.*

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN, (1732-1809).



1. Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the wil-lows take: Loud, to the praise of love divine,
 2. When we in darkness walk, Nor feel the heavenly flame, Then is the time to trust our God,
 3. His grace will, to the end, Strong-er and brighter shine; Nor present things, nor things to come,



Bid ev - ery string a - wake; Tho in a for-eign land, We are not far from home;
 And rest up - on His name, Soon shall our doubts and fears Sub-side at His con - trol;
 Shall quench the spark divine; Blest is the man, O God, That stays himself on Thee!



And near-er to our house a - bove We ev - ery moment come, We ev - ery mo - ment come.
 His lov - ing-kindness shall break thro The midnight of the soul, The mid - night of the soul.
 Who waits for Thy sal - va - tion, Lord, Shall Thy sal - va - tion see, Shall Thy sal - va - tion see.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

SARAH FULLER ADAMS, (1805—1848), 1840.

ELIAS HOWE, Jr. (), 1863.

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho it be a cross That rais-eth me;
 2. Tho' like the wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o - ver me, My rest a stone;
 3. Or if on joy-ful wing, Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot, Up - wards I fly,

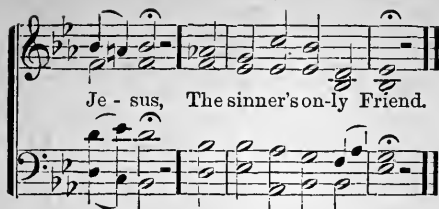
Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee.
 Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, &c.
 Still all my song shall be, Near-er, &c.

COME, LET US SING OF JESUS.

GEO. W. BETHUNE, D. D., (1805—1862), 1850.

"Württemberg Gesangbuch."

1. Come, let us sing of Je - sus, While hearts and ac - cents blend; Come, let us sing of



- 2 We love to sing of Jesus,
Who wept our path along;
We love to sing of Jesus,
The tempted and the strong.
- 3 We love to sing of Jesus,
Who died our souls to save;

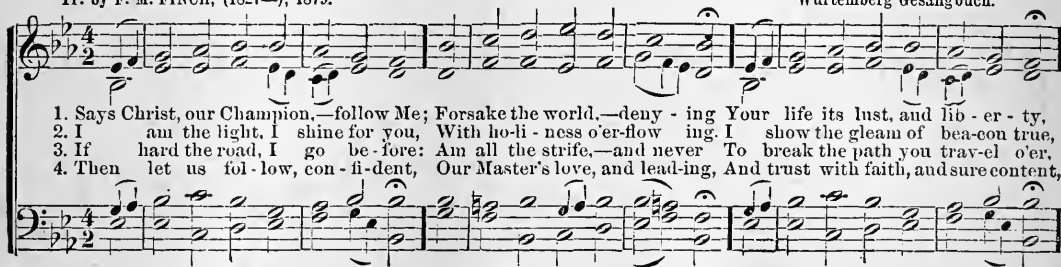
We love to sing of Jesus,
Triumphant o'er the grave.

4 Then let us sing of Jesus,
While yet on earth we stay,
And hope to sing of Jesus
Throughout eternal day.

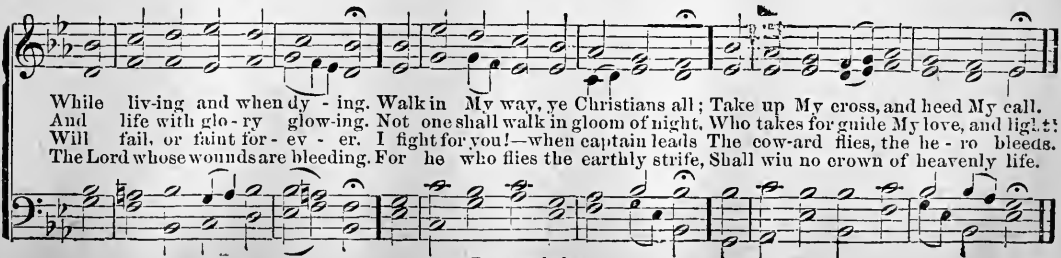
SAYS CHRIST, OUR CHAMPION, FOLLOW ME.

Tr. by F. M. FINCH, (1827—), 1879.

"Württemberg Gesangbuch."



1. Says Christ, our Champion,—follow Me; Forsake the world,—deny - ing Your life its lust, and lib - er - ty,
2. I am the light, I shine for you, With ho - li - ness o'er-flow ing. I show the gleam of bea-con true,
3. If hard the road, I go be-fore: Am all the strife,—and never To break the path you trav-el o'er,
4. Then let us fol-low, con-fi-dent, Our Master's love, and lead-ing, And trust with faith, and sure content,



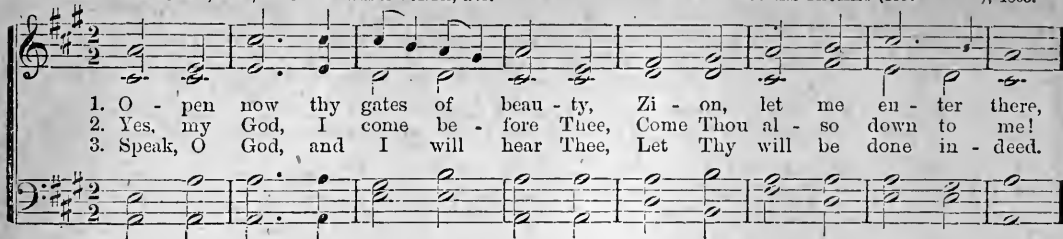
While liv-ing and when dy - ing. Walk in My way, ye Christians all; Take up My cross, and heed My call.
And life with glo-ry glow-ing. Not one shall walk in gloom of night. Who takes for guide My love, and light:
Will fail, or faint for - ev - er. I fight for you!—when captain leads The cow-ard flies, the he - ro bleeds.
The Lord whose wounds are bleeding. For he who flies the earthly strife, Shall win no crown of heavenly life.

92 *47.* OPEN NOW THY GATES OF BEAUTY.

BENJ. SCHMOLKE, 1704, tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, abr.

JOHN ROGERS THOMAS (1830

), 1863.



1. O - pen now thy gates of beau - ty, Zi - on, let me en - ter there,
2. Yes, my God, I come be - fore Thee, Come Thou al - so down to me!
3. Speak, O God, and I will hear Thee, Let Thy will be done in - deed.



Where my soul in joy - ful du - ty Waits for Him who an - swers prayer.
Where we find Thee and a - dore Thee, There a Heaven on Earth must be.
May I, un - dis - turbed draw near Thee, While Thou dost Thy peo - ple feed.



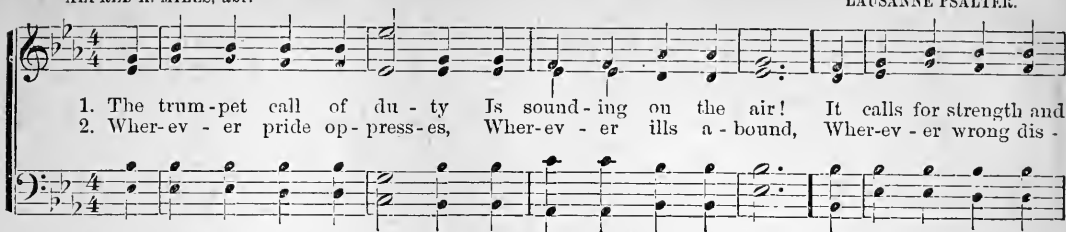
Oh how bless - ed is this place, Fill'd with so - lace, light, and grace!
To my heart, O, en - ter Thou! Let it be Thy tem - ple now.
Here of life the fount - ain flows, Here is balm for all our woes.

THE TRUMPET CALL OF DUTY.

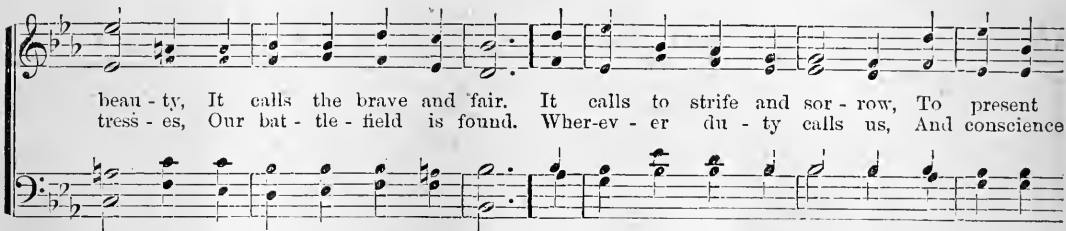
93

ALFRED H. MILES, abr.

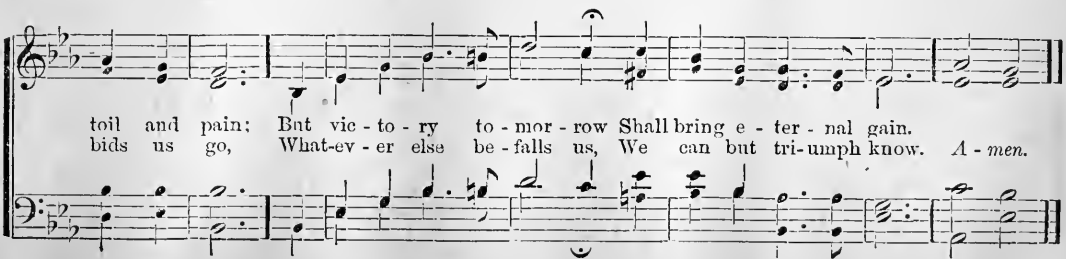
LAUSANNE PSALTER.



1. The trum-pet call of du - ty Is sound-ing on the air! It calls for strength and
 2. Wher-ev - er pride op-press-es, Wher-ev - er ills a - bound, Wher-ev - er wrong dis -



beau - ty, It calls the brave and fair. It calls to strife and sor - row, To present
 tress - es, Our bat - tle - field is found. Wher-ev - er du - ty calls us, And conscience



toil and pain; But vic - to - ry to - mor - row Shall bring e - ter - nal gain.
 bids us go, What-ev - er else be - falls us, We can but tri-umph know. A - men.

DAY BY DAY THE MANNA FELL.

Rev. JOSIAH CONDER, (1789—1855), 1837.

LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK, (1829—1869), 1856. Arr. by H. P. M., 1865.

1. Day by day the man - na fell; Oh, to learn this les - son well! Still by constant
 2. "Day by day," the promise reads, Dai - ly strength for dai - ly needs; Cast fore - bod - ing

mer - cy fed, Give us, Lord, our dai - ly bread.
 fears a - way, Take the man - na of to - day.

3 Lord, our times are in Thy hand;
 All our sanguine hopes have plann'd
 To Thy wisdom we resign,
 And would mould our wills to Thine.

4 Thou our daily task shalt give;
 Day by day to Thee we live;
 So shall added years fulfil
 Not our own, our Father's will.

By permission, O. DITSON & CO.

AS PANTS THE HART.

TATE AND BRADY, 1696.

LOUIS SPOHR, Mus. Doc. (1784—1859), 1839.

1. As pants the hart for cool - ing streams When heart - ed in the chase, So pants my

night a - way, Turn my darkness in - to day.
out control, Held do - minion o'er my soul. *A-men.*

95

3 Holy Ghost! with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit! all-divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone. *Amen.*

MY GOD, ACCEPT MY HEART.

MATTHEW BRIDGES, (1800—), 1848.

UZZIAH CHRISTOPHER BURNAP, (1834—), 1869.

The musical score is written for two voices, Treble and Bass, in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the Treble staff featuring more active lines and the Bass staff providing a steady harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with the first line of the melody corresponding to the first line of text and the second line of the melody corresponding to the second line of text.

1. My God! ac - cept my heart this day, And make it al - ways Thine, That I from Thee no
2. Be - fore the cross of Him who died, Be - hold I pros - trate fall; Let ev - ery sin be

From HYMNS & SONGS OF PRAISE, by permission.



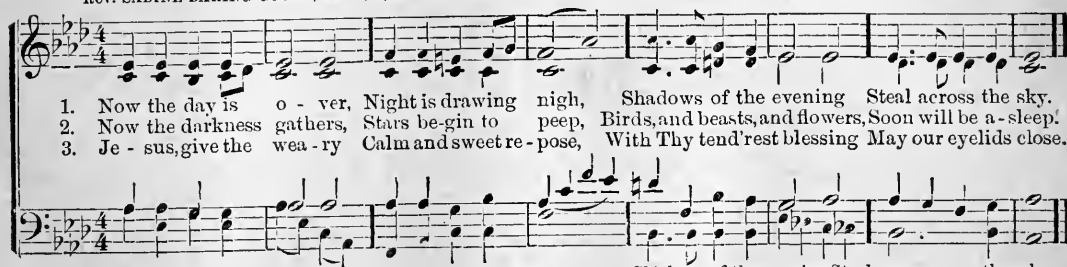
3 May the dear blood, once shed for me,
My blest atonement prove,
That I, from first to last, may be
The purchase of Thy love.

4 Let every thought, and work, and word,
To Thee be ever given;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord!
And death the gate of heaven.

NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

Rev. SABINE BARING-GOULD, M. A., (1834—), 1865.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1863.



Shadows of the evening Steal across the sky.

4.

Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee,
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

5.

Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

6.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless,
In Thy Holy Eyes.

DEAR SAVIOUR, IF THESE LAMBS.

Mrs. ABBY BRADLEY HYDE, (1799—1872), 1824.

L. van BEETHOVEN.

1. Dear Saviour, if these lambs should stray From Thy secure en - clo - sure's bound. And, lured by worldly
 2. Re - member still that they are Thine, That Thy dear sa - cred name they bear; Think that the seal of

joys a - way, Among the thoughtless crowd be found;
 love di - vine, The sign of cov'nant grace, they wear.

3 In all their erring, sinful years,
 Oh let them ne'er forgotten be;
 Remember all the prayers and tears
 Which consecrated them to Thee.

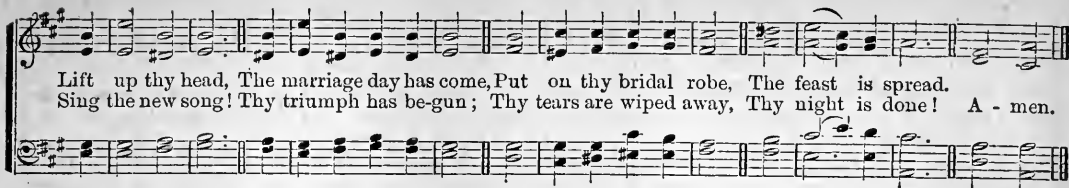
4 And when these lips no more can pray,
 These eyes can weep for them no more,
 Turn Thou their feet from folly's way,
 The wand'ers to Thy fold restore.

THE BRIDEGROOM COMES!

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, D. D. (1808—), 1857.

JOHN BAPTISTE CALKIN, (1827—). 1866.

1. The Bridegroom comes! Bride of the Lamb, awake! The midnight cry is heard; Thy sleep for - sake:
 2. Shake off earth's dust, And wash thy weary feet; A-rise, make haste, go forth, The Bridegroom greet:

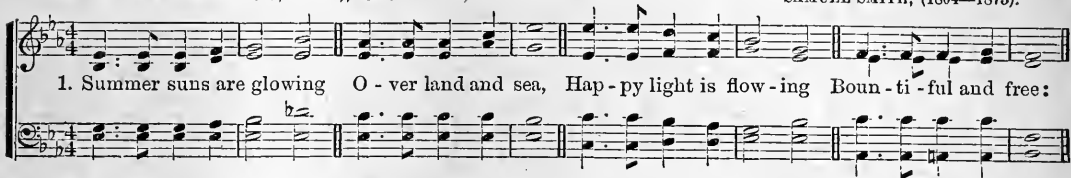


Lift up thy head, The marriage day has come, Put on thy bridal robe, The feast is spread.
Sing the new song! Thy triumph has begun; Thy tears are wiped away, Thy night is done! A - men.

SUMMER SUNS ARE GLOWING.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, 1823—, 1871.

SAMUEL SMITH, (1804—1873).



1. Summer suns are glowing O - ver land and sea, Hap - py light is flow - ing Boun - ti - ful and free:



Ev - erything re - joi - ces In the mellow rays, All earth's thousand voices Swell the psalm of praise. Amen.

2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled:
Broad and deep and glorious,
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal Love.

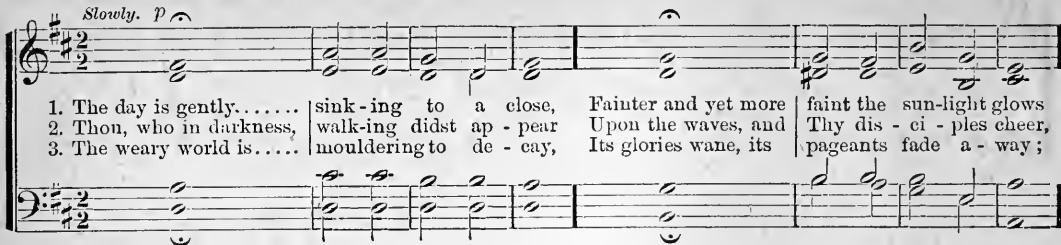
3 Lord, upon our blindness,
Thy pure radiance pour;
For Thy loving-kindness
Makes us love Thee more:
And when clouds are drifting
Dark across the sky,
Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.

4 We will never doubt Thee,
Though Thou veil Thy light:
Life is dark without Thee;
Death with Thee is bright:
Light of light! shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day. Amen.

THE DAY IS GENTLY SINKING TO A CLOSE.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, (1807—1885) 1862. *abr.*

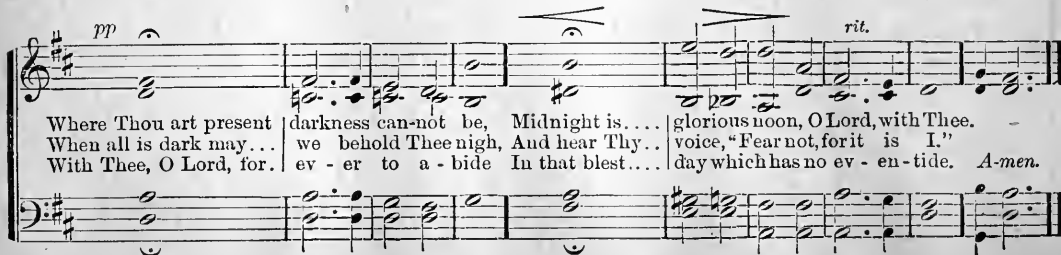
JOSEPH BARNBY, 1880.

Slowly. p


1. The day is gently..... sink-ing to a close, Fainter and yet more faint the sun-light glows
 2. Thon, who in darkness, walk-ing didst ap-pear Upon the waves, and Thy dis-ci-ples cheer,
 3. The weary world is..... mouldering to de-cay, Its glories wane, its pageants fade a-way;



O Brightness of Thy Fa-ther's glo-ry, Thou, E-ter-nal Light of Light, be with us now.
 Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms as-sail, And earth-ly hopes and hu-man suc-cors fail;
 In that last sunset, when the stars shall fall, May we a-rise, a-wak-ened by Thy call,



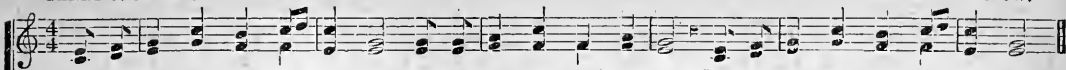
Where Thou art present darkness can-not be, Midnight is.... glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee.
 When all is dark may... we behold Thee nigh, And hear Thy.. voice, "Fear not, for it is I."
 With Thee, O Lord, for. ev-er to a-bide In that blest.... day which has no ev-en-tide. A-men.

WITH THE BEAMS THAT SOFTLY FADED.

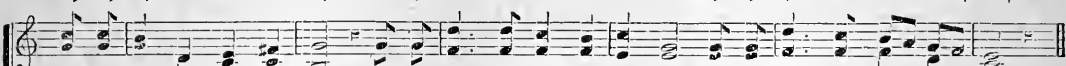
101

FANNY J. CROSBY.

GEORGE F. BRISTOW.



1. With the beams that softly fad - ed In the warm and gold - en west, O'er the wa - ters of the Jor - dan,
2. By the crys - tal streams that murmur Thro' the vales of E - den fair, Neath the tree whose ver - nal branches
3. Lo, the sound of harps and voic - es Wakes from sleep the dreaming Earth; 'Tis the angel host pro - claim - ing



Falls a calm, un - bro - ken rest; Star - ry eyes like gems of beau - ty, Shining forth with sil - ver light.
Wave a - mid ce - les - tial air;— Stand a throng of wondering an - gels, Shining ones in gar - ments white,
Christ the promised Sav - iour's birth; Fear ye not, look up, ye shepherds, In the sky se - re - ne - ly bright,

Ritard......



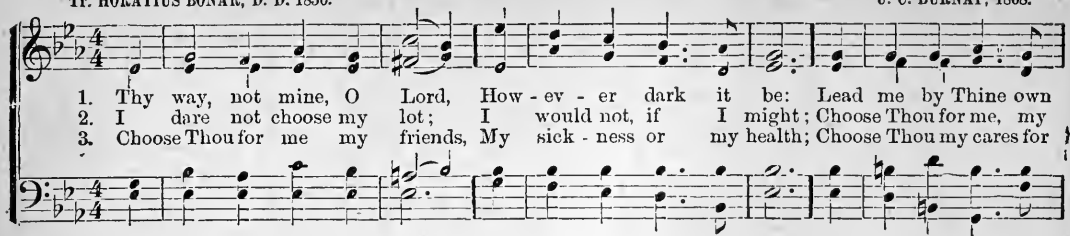
Cheer the lone - ly shepherds, watching O'er their flee - cy flocks by night. Ho - ly night, si - lent night,
Look - ing down with eyes ex - pect - ant. On the cloud - less arch of night.
You - der mes - sen - gers of mer - cy Come to bless the world to - night.



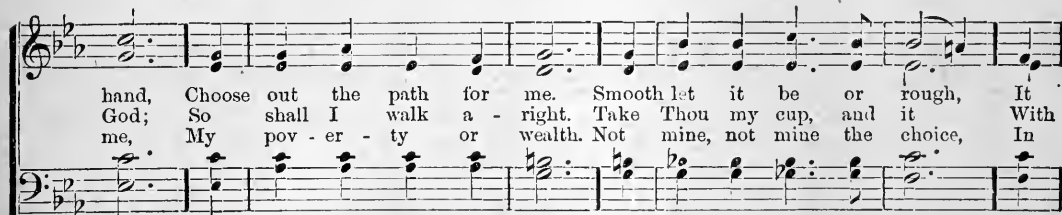
Crown'd with Heav'n's e - ter - nal light: O the joy with bliss that hov - ers Round that calm and love - ly light.

Tr. HORATIUS BONAR, D. D. 1856.

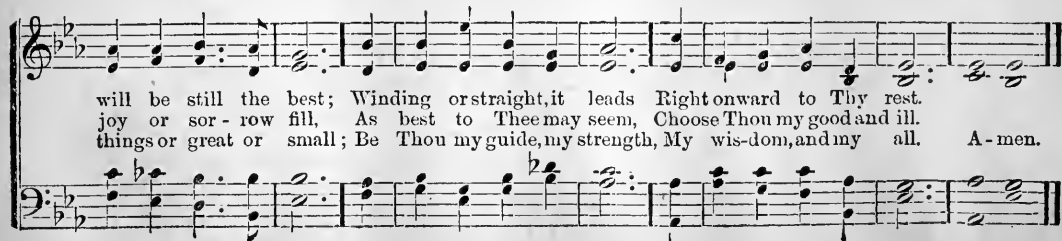
U. C. BURNAP, 1868.



1. Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How - ev - er dark it be: Lead me by Thine own
 2. I dare not choose my lot; I would not, if I might; Choose Thou for me, my
 3. Choose Thou for me my friends, My sick - ness or my health; Choose Thou my cares for



hand, Choose out the path for me. Smooth let it be or rough, It
 God; So shall I walk a - right. Take Thou my cup, and it With
 me, My pov - er - ty or wealth. Not mine, not mine the choice, In



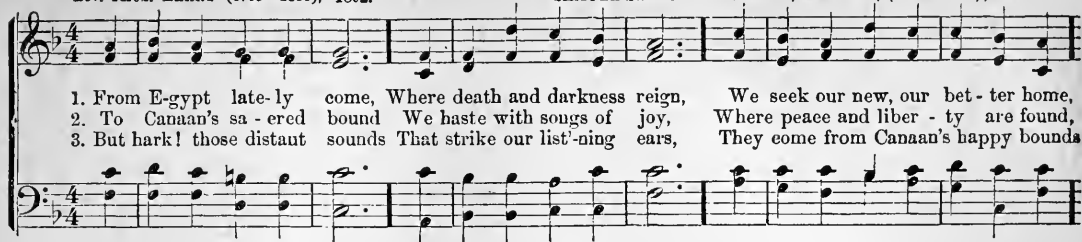
will be still the best; Winding or straight, it leads Right onward to Thy rest.
 joy or sor - row fill, As best to Thee may seem, Choose Thou my good and ill.
 things or great or small; Be Thou my guide, my strength, My wis - dom, and my all. A - men.

ON OUR WAY TO GOD.

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Rev. THOS. KELLY (1769—1835), 1802.

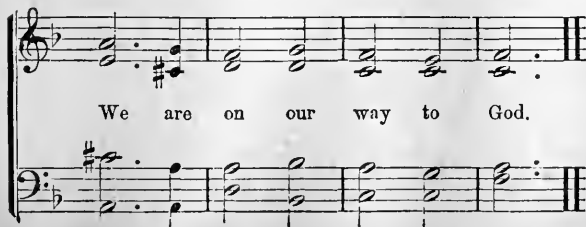
SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, Mus. Doc., (1810—1876), 1863.



1. From Egypt late-ly come, Where death and darkness reign, We seek our new, our bet-ter home,
 2. To Canaan's sa-ered bound We haste with songs of joy, Where peace and liber-ty are found,
 3. But hark! those distant sounds That strike our list'-ning ears, They come from Canaan's happy bounds



Where we our rest shall gain, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
 And sweets that nev-er eloy, Hal - le - lu - jah! etc.
 Where God, our King, ap-pears, Hal - le - lu - jah! etc.



We are on our way to God.

- 4 There, in celestial strains,
 Enraptur'd myriads sing;
 There love in every bosom reigns,
 For God Himself is King.
 Hallelujah! etc.
- 5 We soon shall gain the throng,
 Their pleasure we shall share,
 And sing the everlasting song,
 With all the ransomed there.
 Hallelujah! etc.

Rev. FRANCIS POTT (1825—), 1861.

Sir ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN (1842—), 1872.

1. An - gel voi - ces, ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light— An - gel harps, for—
 2. Thou, who art be - yond the far - thest Men - tal eye can scan, Can it be that

ev er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night; Thou - sands on - ly live to bless Thee,
 Thou re - gard - est Songs of sin - ful man? Can we feel that Thou art near us,

And con - fess Thee, Lord of might!
 And wilt hear us? Yea, we can. A - men.

3 Here, great God, to-day we offer
 Of Thine own to Thee;
 And for Thine acceptance proffer,
 All unworthily,
 Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
 In our choicest
 Melody.

Amen.

TEN THOUSAND TIMES TEN THOUSAND.

103

HENRY ALFORD (1810-1871), 1866 alt.

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, Mus. Doc. (1823-1876).

1. Ten thousand times ten thousand In sparkling raiment bright, The armies of the ransomed saints Throng
 2. What rush of Al-le-lu-ias Fills all the Earth and sky; What ringing of a thousand harps Be-
 3. Oh then what raptured greetings On Canaan's happy shore; What knitting severed friendships up, Where

up the steeps of light: 'Tis finished, all is finished, Their fight with death and sin: Fling open wide the
 speaks the triumph nigh, Oh day, for which cre-a-tion And all its tribes were made; Oh joy, for all its
 partings are no more, Then eyes with joy shall sparkle, That brimmed with tears of late: Orphans no longer

golden gates, And let the victors in!
 former woes A thousand fold repaid!
 fa-ther-less Nor widows des-o-late!

1.
 God bless the little children! the faces sweet and fair,
 The bright young eyes, So strangely wise, The bonny silken hair,
 God love the little children!—the angels at the door;
 The music sweet, Of little feet That patter on the floor.

2.
 God help the little children! who cheer our saddest hours,
 And shame our fears For future years, And give us winter flowers,
 God keep the little children whom we no more can see,
 Fled from their nest And gone to rest Where we desire to be.

JOHN PAGE HOPPS,

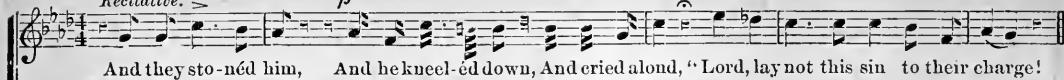
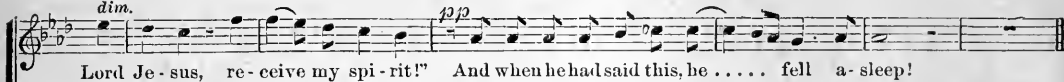
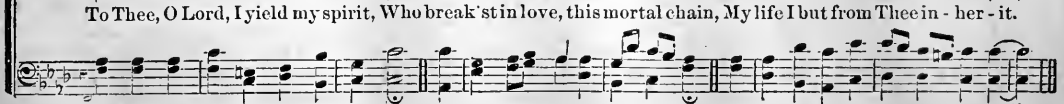
TO THEE, O LORD, I YIELD MY SPIRIT.

RECITATIVE and CHORAL from "ST. PAUL."

FELIX MENDELSSOHN, 1835.

Words, Acts 7 : 59, 60, and FELIX MENDELSSOHN, trans.

The Choral, GEORGE NEUMARCK. 1657, har.

*Recitative.**p**Instrument. p Str.**a tempo.**dim.**pp**pp Str.**pp**a tempo.**Sing in Unison.**p**8va lower.*

And death becomes my chiefest gain, In Thee I live, in Thee I die, Content, for Thou art ev - er nigh.

The musical score is in 5/7 time, key of B-flat major. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody in the treble staff includes dynamic markings *cres.* and *p*. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN!

HENRY KIRKE WHITE, (1785—1806), 1806, alt., 1825.

Arr. by J. P. WILKES, 1861.

1. Oft in dan - ger, oft in woe, On - ward, Christian, on - ward, go! ° Fight the fight, maid.
2. On - ward, Christian, ou - ward go! Join the war, and face the foe; Will you flee in

tain the strife, Strengthened with the bread of life.
dan - ger's hour! Know ye not your Cap - tain's power?

3 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armor clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Vic'try soon shall tune your song.

4 Onward, then, to battle move!
More than conq'rors you shall prove,
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

The musical score is in 4/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody in the treble staff is accompanied by a bass line. The lyrics are written below the notes.

From NEW HYMNARY, by permission.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

Lively.

1. Be - hold the love - ly spring-time! We hail its ros - y hours, We welcome back the
 2. Our youth is like the spring-time, Our hearts are like its flowers; Our smiles, like play - ful
 3. Each ten - der bud and blos - som, From out its dew - y leaves, Gives back to God who

sun - shine And cool, refreshing show'rs; There's beauty all a - round us, And mu - sic ev - erywhere;
 sunbeams That cheer its passing hours; And may our deeds of kindness, As one by one they fall,
 made it The sweet perfume it breathes; Then let us give to Je - sus, Our youthful hearts to day,

CHORUS.

O praise our great Cre - a - tor, Who makes the earth so fair. Come, children, join the cho - rus, Ring
 Be like the gen - tle rain drops Our Fa - ther sends to all.
 And in life's hap - py spring-time, Be - gin the heavenly way.

Musical score for 'BEHOLD THE LOVELY. Concluded.' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of two staves, treble and bass. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides harmonic support. The piece concludes with a 'Rit. p' (Ritardando, piano) marking.

out in joy - ful strain A song of love to God a - bove; The Spring has come a - gain.

IF THRO UNRUFFLED SEAS.

From Rev. AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY, (1740—1778), 1760.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON, Mus. Doc., (1792—1872), 1850

Musical score for 'IF THRO UNRUFFLED SEAS.' in G major, 3/2 time. The score consists of two staves, treble and bass. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides harmonic support. The piece concludes with a 'Rit. p' (Ritardando, piano) marking.

1. If thro un - ruffled seas, Tow'rd heav'n we calmly sail, With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee,
 2. But should the sur - ges rise, And rest de - lay to come, Blest be the sorrow - kind the storm!
 3. Teach us in ev - ery state, To make Thy will our own; And when the joys of sense depart,

We'll own the fav'ring gale, With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee, We'll own the fav - ring gale.
 Which drives us nearer home, Blest be the sorrow - kind the storm! Which drives us nearer home.
 To live by faith a - lone, And when the joys of sense depart, To live by faith a - lone.

From CANTICA LAUDIS, by permission.

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST!

FANNY J. CROSBY. 1864.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

FULL CHORUS. *ff*

1. Glo-ry to God in the high-est! Glo-ry to God! Glo-ry to God! Glo-ry to God in the highest! Shall
 2. Glo-ry to God in the high-est! Glo-ry to God! Glo-ry to God! Glo-ry to God in the highest! Shall

SEMI-CHORUS, OR DUET.

be our song to-day; An - oth - er year's rich mercies prove His ceaseless care and boundless love; So
 be our song to-day; O, may we, an un - broken band, A - round the throne of Je - sus stand, And

FULL CHORUS.

let our loud-est voi-ces raise Our glad and grate-ful song of praise. Glo-ry to God in the highest!
 there with angels and the throng Of his rdeemed ones, join the song.

Glo-ry to God in the highest! Glo-ry, glo-ry, glory, glory, Glory be to God on high! God on high!

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HEAD OF THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT

111

CHARLES WESLEY, 1745.

From LUDWIG van BEETHOVEN.

1. Head of the Church tri - um - phant, We joy - ful - ly a - dore Thee; Till Thou ap - pear Thy
 2. While in af - flic - tion's fur - nace, And pass - ing thro' the fire, . . . Thy love we praise In
 3. Thou dost con - duct Thy peo - ple Thro' tor - rents of temp - ta - tion; Nor will we fear, While
 4. By faith we see the glo - ry To which Thou shalt re - store us; The world de - spise For

mem - bers here Shall sing like those in glo - ry: We lift our hearts and voi - ces With blest an -
 grate - ful lays, Which ev - er brings us nigh - er: We clap our hands ex - ult - ing In Thine al -
 Thou art near, The fire of trib - u - la - tion: The world, with sin and Sa - tan, In vain our
 that high prize Which Thou hast set be - fore us; And if Thou count us wor - thy, We each, as

ti - ci - pa - tion, And cry a - loud, And give to God The praise of our sal - va - tion.
 mighty fa - vor; Thy love di - vine That made us Thine Shall keep us Thine for - ev - er.
 march op - pos - es; By Thee we shall Break thro' them all Ere death our cou - flict clos - es.
 dy - ing Ste - phen, Shall see Thee stand at God's right hand, To take us up to heav - en.

TAKE UP THE CROSS.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. If my dis-ci - ple thou wouldst be, Take up the cross and follow me; Rough tho' the journey,
 2. What if the world re-proach thy name? Take up the cross, despise the shame; Glo - ry in this, that
 3. Bearing the cross in good or ill, Trusting the hand that guides thee still, Soon thou wilt reach the

strait the road, This is the way that leads to God; Free - ly I give myself for thee; Take up the
 love di - vine Brings thee a ransom, makes thee mine; Think of the thorns I wore for thee; Take up the
 gates of light, Soon will thy faith be chang'd to sight; There is a crown of life for thee; Take up the

REFRAIN.

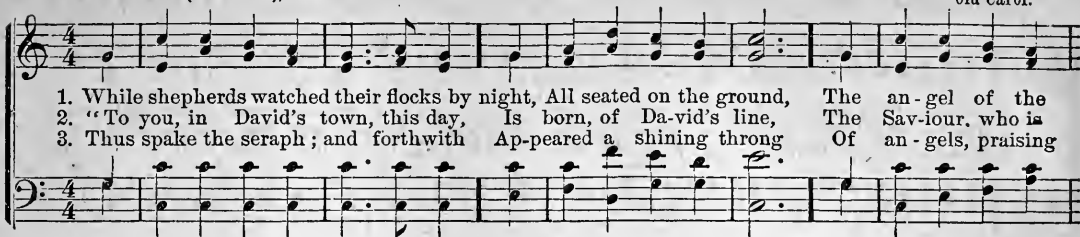
cross and fol - low me. Take up the cross, Take up the cross, Take up the cross and fol - low me.
 cross and fol - low me.
 cross and fol - low me.

From *BRIGHTEST AND BEST*, by permission.

WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS. 113

NAHUM TATE (1652—1715), 1700.

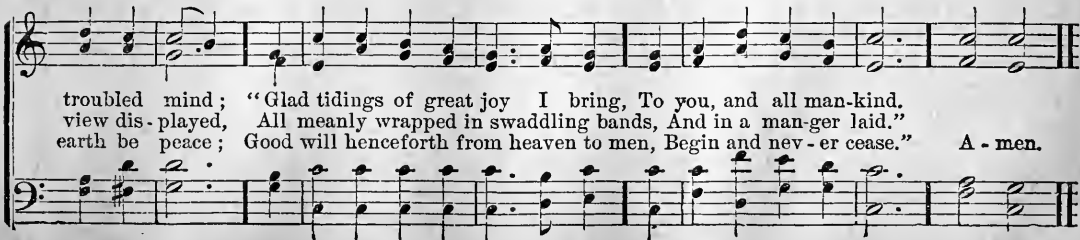
Old Carol.



1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The an-gel of the
 2. "To you, in David's town, this day, Is born, of Da-vi-d's line, The Sav-iour, who is
 3. Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith Ap-peared a shining throng Of an-gels, praising



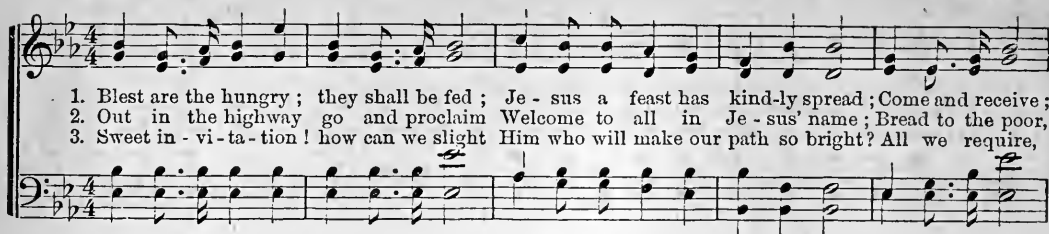
Lord came down And glo-ry shone a-round. "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread Had seized their
 Christ the Lord, And this shall be the sign: The heavenly babe you there shall find, To hu-man
 God, and thus Addressed their joyful song: "All glo-ry be to God on high, And to the




troubled mind; "Glad tidings of great joy I bring, To you, and all man-kind.
 view dis-played, All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands, And in a man-ger laid."
 earth be peace; Good will henceforth from heaven to men, Begin and nev-er cease." A - men.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1873.

W. H. DOANE.

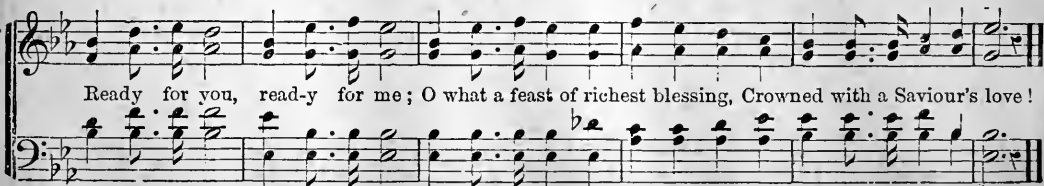


1. Blest are the hungry ; they shall be fed ; Je - sus a feast has kind-ly spread ; Come and receive ;
 2. Out in the highway go and proclaim Welcome to all in Je - sus' name ; Bread to the poor,
 3. Sweet in - vi - ta - tion ! how can we slight Him who will make our path so bright ? All we require,



REFRAIN.

on - ly believe ; Je - sus will free - ly, free-ly give. All things are ready ; come and see ;
 bread ev - er more, Je - sus will free - ly, free-ly give.
 all our de - sire, Je - sus will free - ly, free-ly give.



Ready for you, read-y for me ; O what a feast of richest blessing, Crowned with a Saviour's love !

From ROYAL DIADEM, by permission.

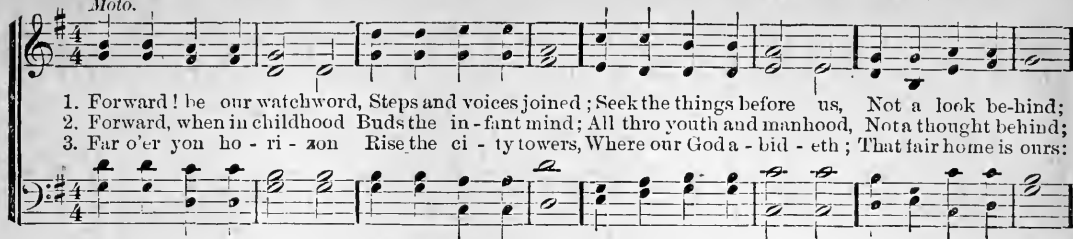
FORWARD! BE OUR WATCHWORD.

115

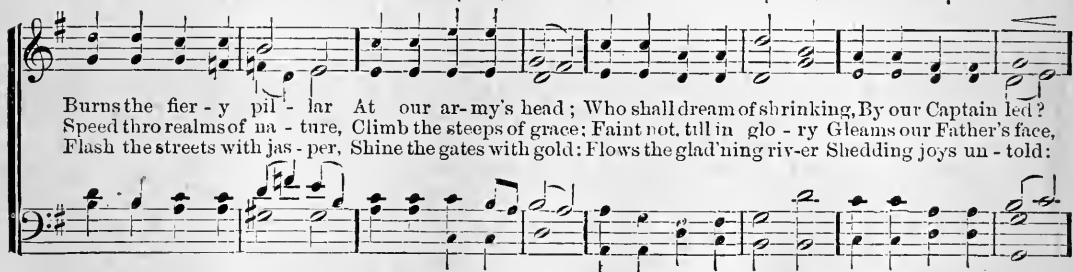
HENRY ALFORD, 1865, ab.

FRANCIS J. HAYDN, (1732—1809).

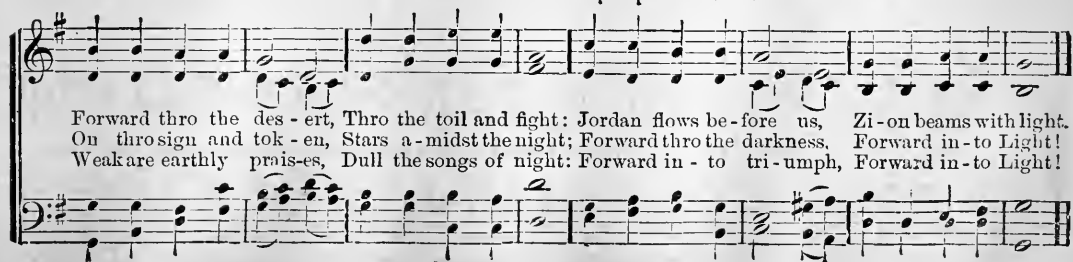
Moto.



1. Forward! be our watchword, Steps and voices joined; Seek the things before us, Not a look be-hind;
 2. Forward, when in childhood Buds the in-fant mind; All thro youth and manhood, Not a thought behind;
 3. Far o'er yon ho - ri - zon Rise the ci - ty towers, Where our God a - bid - eth; That fair home is ours;



Burn the fier - y pil - lar At our ar-my's head; Who shall dream of shrinking, By our Captain led?
 Speed thro realms of na - ture, Climb the steep's of grace; Faint not, till in glo - ry Gleams our Father's face,
 Flash the streets with jas - per, Shine the gates with gold: Flows the glad'ning riv-er Shedding joys un - told:



Forward thro the des - ert, Thro the toil and fight: Jordan flows be - fore us, Zi - on beams with light.
 On thro sign and tok - en, Stars a - midst the night; Forward thro the darkness. Forward in - to Light!
 Weak are earthly prais - es, Dull the songs of night: Forward in - to tri - umph, Forward in - to Light!

CHRIST FOR ME.

RICHARD JUKES, 1862.

WM. B. BRADBURY, (1816 1868), 1867.

1. { My heart is fix'd e - ter - nal God, Fix'd on Thee, fix'd on Thee;
 And my im-mortal choice is made, Christ for me, Christ for me, } He is my Prophet, Priest and King,
 D. C. And while I've breath I mean to sing, Christ for me, Christ for me, } Who

2 In him I see the Godhead shine
 Christ for me, Christ for me;
 He is the majesty divine,
 Christ for me, Christ for me;
 The Father's well-beloved Son,
 Co-partner of His royal throne,
 Who did for human guilt atone,
 Christ for me, Christ for me.

3 To-day as yesterday the same,
 Christ for me, Christ for me;
 What precious healing in that Name,
 Christ for me, Christ for me;
 His hands shall wipe away all tears,
 His perfect love cast out all fears,
 Sweet day when Jesus reappears
 Christ for me, Christ for me;

Copyright, 1867, by Wm. B. Bradbury, "in Fresh Laurels"

MIGHTY GOD! WHILE ANGELS BLESS THEE.

ROBERT ROBINSON, 1774.

German.

1. Mighty God! while angels bless Thee, May an in - fant lisp Thy name! Lord of men, as well as
 2. Lord of ev - ery land and na - tion! Ancient of e - ter - nal days! Sound'd thro' the wide cre -

an - gels! Thou art ev - ery crea - ture's theme.
a - tion, Be Thy just and aw - ful praise.

- 3 For the grandeur of Thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For created work of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;
- 4 For thy providence, that governs
Thro' thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
Blessed be Thy gentle reign!

FEEBLE, HELPLESS, HOW SHALL I.

WM. H. FURNESS, D. D. (1808—) 1823.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Fee - ble, help - less, how shall I Learn to live, and learn to die? Who, O God, my

guide shall be? Who shall lead Thy child to Thee?

- 2 Blessed Father, gracious One!
Thou hast sent Thy holy Son;
He will give the light I need,
He my trembling steps shall lead.
- 3 Thus in deed, and thought, and word,
Led by Jesus Christ, the Lord,
In my meekness, thus shall I
Learn to live, and learn to die.

HEBER & WHATELY.

EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS, (1818—), 1867.

1. God, that mad - est earth and heav - en, Dark - ness and light; Who the day for toil hast
2. Guard us wak - ing, guard us sleep - ing, And when we die May we in Thy might - y

giv - en, For rest the night; May Thine An - gel - guards de - fend us, Slum - ber sweet Thy
keep - ing All peace - ful lie. When the last dread call shall wake us, Do not Thou, our

mer - cy send us, Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us, This live - long night.
God, for - sake us, But to reign in glo - ry take us, With Thee on high. A - men

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ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

119

Rev. SABINE BARING-GOULD, M.A. (1834—), 1865.

Sir ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN (1842—), 1872.

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.
 2. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the Church of God: Brothers, we are treading Where the saints have trod.
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Jesus Constant will remain.
 4. Onward, then, ye faith - ful, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph-song.

Christ, the Royal Mas - ter, Leads against the foe: Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go.
 We are not di - vid - ed, All one body we; One in hope, in doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
 Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail: We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
 Glory, laud, and hon - or, Unto Christ the King: This, thro' countless a - ges, Men and Angels sing.

Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

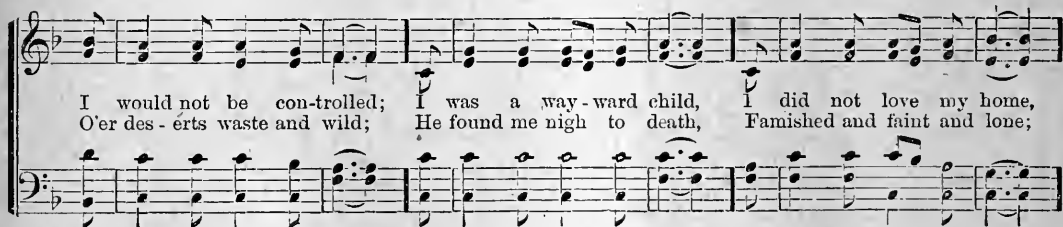
I WAS A WANDERING SHEEP.

HORATIUS BONAR, (1808—) 1843.

JOHN ZUNDEL, (1815—1882), 1855.



1. I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold; I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
 2. The Shepherd sought His sheep, The Fath-er sought His child; He followed me o'er vale and hill,



I would not be con-trolled; I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home,
 O'er des-erts waste and wild; He found me nigh to death, Famished and faint and lone;



3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
 'Twas He that loved my soul,
 'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
 'Twas He that made me whole;
 'Twas He that sought the lost,
 That found the wandering sheep;
 'Twas He that brought me to the fold;
 'Tis He that still doth keep.

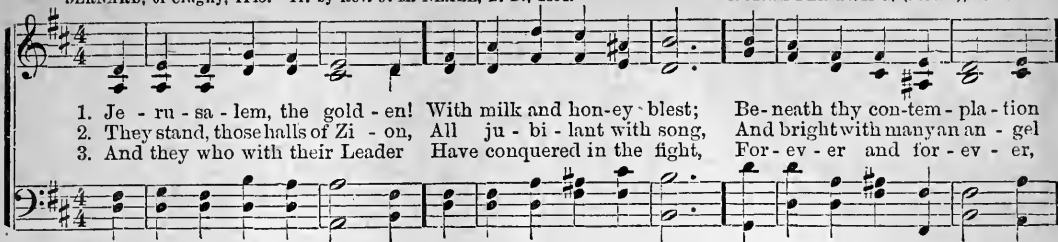
I did not love my Father's voice, I loved a-far to roam.
 He bound me with the bands of love, He saved the wandering one.

JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN.

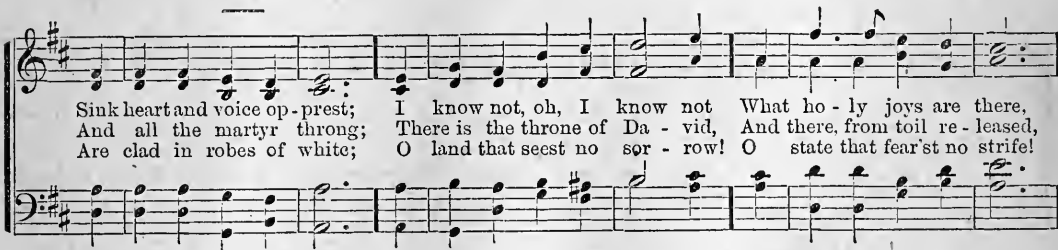
121

BERNARD, of Clugny, 1145. Tr. by Rev. J. M. NEALE, D. D., 1851.

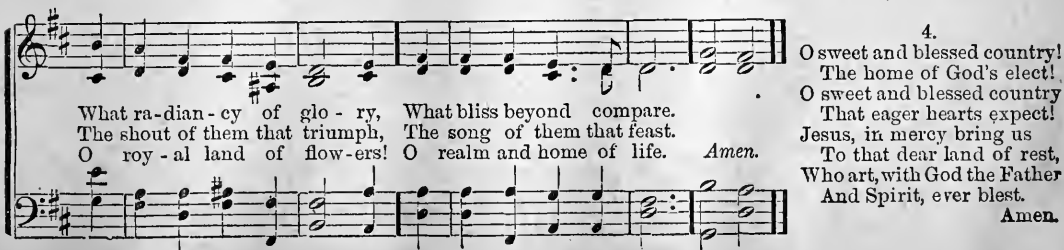
ALEXANDER EWING, (1830—), 1853.



1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey - blest; Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with many an an - gel
3. And they who with their Leader Have conquered in the fight, For - ev - er and for - ev - er,



Sink heart and voice op - prest; I know not, oh, I know not What ho - ly joys are there,
And all the martyr throng; There is the throne of Da - vid, And there, from toil re - leased,
Are clad in robes of white; O land that seest no sor - row! O state that fear'st no strife!



What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss beyond compare.
The shout of them that triumph, The song of them that feast.
O roy - al land of flow - ers! O realm and home of life. Amen.

4.
O sweet and blessed country!
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.
Amen.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1875.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. So near to the kingdom! yet what dost thou lack? So near to the kingdom! what keepeth thee
 2. So near that thou hearest the songs that re-sound From those who, be-hev-ing, a par-don have
 3. O come, or thy sea-son of grace will be past, The door will be closed and this call be thy
 4. To die with no hope! hast thou counted the cost? To die out of Christ, and thy soul to be

back? Renounce ev-ery i-dol, tho' dear it may be, And come to the Sav-iour now pleading with thee.
 found! So near, yet un-will-ing to give up thy sin, When Je-sus is wait-ing to welcome thee in!
 last; O where wouldst thou turn if the light should depart That comes from the Spirit, and shines on thy heart?
 lost! So near to the kingdom! O come, we im-plore, While Jesus is pleading, come enter the door.

REFRAIN.

Plead - - ing with thee,..... The Sav-iour is pleading, is pleading with thee.

Pleading with thee,

pleading with thee.

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STAR OF THE EAST.

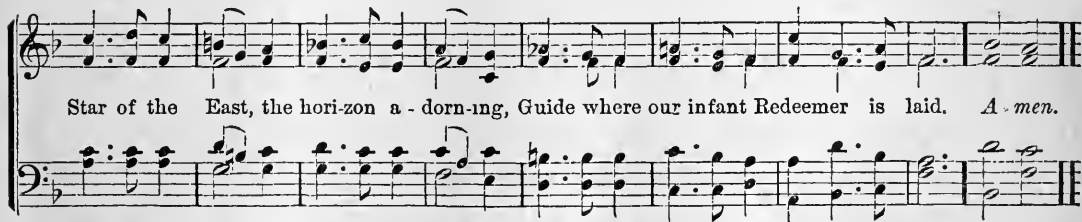
123

Bishop REGINALD HEBER, (1783—1826), 1811.

WM. ALEXANDER BARRETT (1836), 1850.



1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid !



Star of the East, the horizon a - dorn-ing, Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid. A - men.

2.

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall ;
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine ?
Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine ?

4.

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would His favor secure ;
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration ;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid !
Star of East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

STRIKE THE HARP OF ZION.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

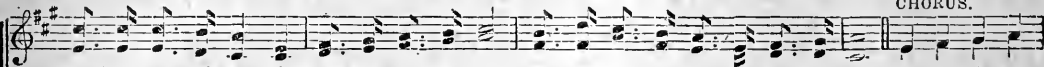
WM. B. BRADBURY, 1867.



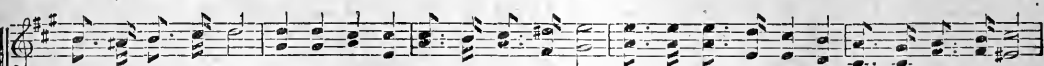
1. Strike the harp of Zi - on, wake the tuneful lay; Bear the joy - ful tid - ings far a - way;
2. O - ver dis - tant re - gions veiled in error's night, See the ho - ly dawn of gos - pel light;
3. O, the joy - ful sto - ry, life to ev - ery soul! Like a mighty o - cean let it roll,



CHORUS.



Lo! the morn is breaking, morn of purest love, Praise forev - er, praise to God above. Glory! glory!
 See! the nations coming at the Saviour's call, Coming now to crown him Lord of all.
 Bringing home the lost ones from the path of sin, Till the world shall all be gathered in.



hark! the angels sing, Glory! glory! hear the echo ring! Strike the harp of Zion, wake the tuneful lay;



Bear the joy - ful tid - ings far a - way, far a - way, Bear the joy - ful tid - ings far a - way.



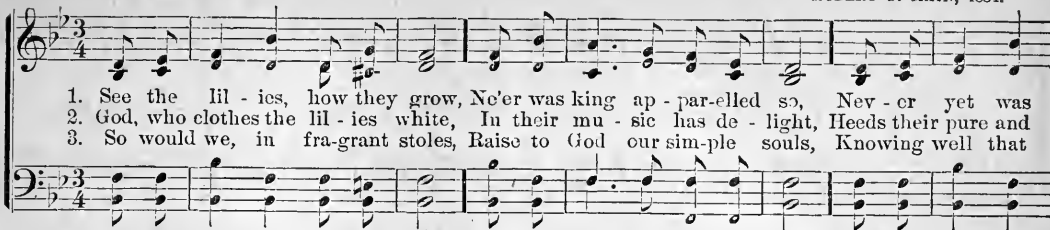
From BRIGHT JEWELS, by permission.

SEE THE LILIES, HOW THEY GROW:

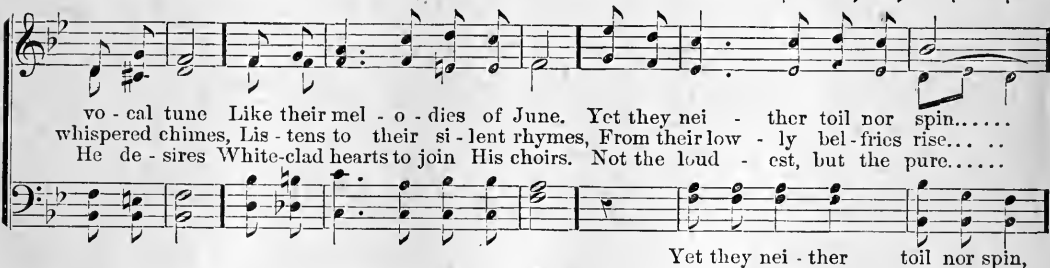
125

M. W. S., 1885.

HUBERT P. MAIN, 1884.

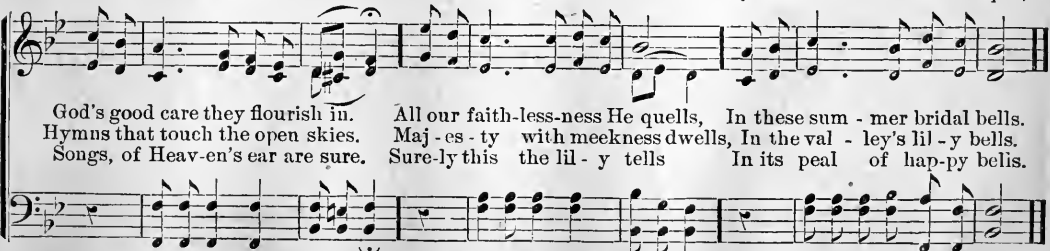


1. See the lil - ies, how they grow, No'er was king ap - par-elled so, Nev - er yet was
 2. God, who clothes the lil - ies white, In their mu - sic has de - light, Heeds their pure and
 3. So would we, in fra-grant stoles, Raise to God our sim-ple souls, Knowing well that



vo - cal tune Like their mel - o - dies of June. Yet they nei - ther toil nor spin.....
 whispered chimes, Lis - tens to their si - lent rhymes, From their low - ly bel - fries rise.....
 He de - sires White-clad hearts to join His choirs. Not the loud - est, but the pure.....

Yet they nei - ther toil nor spin,



God's good care they flourish in. All our faith-less-ness He quells, In these sum - mer bridal bells.
 Hymns that touch the open skies. Maj - es - ty with meekness dwells, In the val - ley's lil - y bells.
 Songs, of Heav-en's ear are sure. Sure-ly this the lil - y tells In its peal of hap-py belis.

God's good care they flourish in. All our faithlessness He quells, In these summer bridal bells.

ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, (1740—1778), 1776. *abr.*

JOHN B. DYKES, 1871, *alt.*

99b



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee! Let the wa - ter and the blood,
 2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fil Thy law's de - mands; Could my zeal no re - spite know,
 3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eye - lids close in death, When I soar thro' realms unknown,

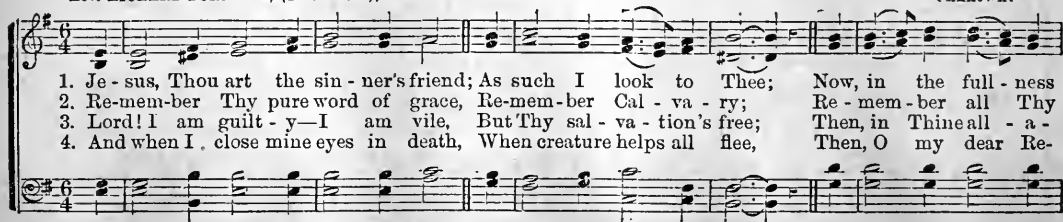
f *p* *m* *rit.*

From Thy riv - en side which flowed, Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
 Could my tears for ev - er flow, — All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone!
 See Thee on Thy judgment throne, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee!

TYNDAL.

Rev. RICHARD BURNHAM, (1749—1810), 1783.

Unknown.



1. Je - sus, Thou art the sin - ner's friend; As such I look to Thee; Now, in the full - ness
 2. Re - mem - ber Thy pure word of grace, Re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry; Re - mem - ber all Thy
 3. Lord! I am guilt - y—I am vile, But Thy sal - va - tion's free; Then, in Thine all - a -
 4. And when I, close mine eyes in death, When creature helps all flee, Then, O my dear Re -



of Thy love, Now, in the full-ness of Thy love, O Lord! re - mem - ber me.
 dy - ing groans, Re - mem - ber all Thy dy - ing groans, And then re - mem - ber me.
 bounding grace, Then, in Thine all - a - bounding grace, Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me.
 deem - er God! Then, O my dear Re-deem - er God! I pray, re - mem - ber me.

GEER.

Rev. RAY PALMER, D. D., (1808—), 1858.

HENRY WELLINGTON GREATOR, (1811—1858), 1849.



1. Je - sus! these eyes have nev - er seen That ra - diant form of Thine; The veil of sense hangs
 2. I see Thee not, I hear Thee not, Yet Thou art oft with me; And earth hath ne'er so



dark be - tween Thy bless - ed face and mine.
 dear a spot, As where I meet with Thee.

3 Yet, though I have not seen, and still
 Must rest in faith alone,
 I love Thee, dearest Lord!—and will,
 Unseen, but not unknown.

4 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
 And still this throbbing heart,
 The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
 All-glorious as Thou art.

WATCH, BRETHREN, WATCH!

HORATIUS BONAR.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Watch, brethren, watch! The year is dy - ing; Watch, brethren, watch! Old Time is fly - ing;
 2. Pray, brethren, pray! The sands are fall - ing; Pray, brethren, pray! God's voice is call - ing;
 3. Praise, brethren, praise! The skies are rend - ing; Praise, brethren, praise! The fight is end - ing;

Watch as ye watch the part - ing breath, And as ye watch for life or death; E -
 Yon tur - ret strikes the dy - ing chime; We kneel up - on the edge of time; E -
 O see, the glo - ry com - eth near, The King Him - self will soon be here; E -

ter - ni - ty is draw - ing nigh, E - ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni - ty.
 ter - ni - ty is draw - ing nigh, E - ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni - ty.
 ter - ni - ty is draw - ing nigh, E - ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni - ty.

1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness deepens; Lord, with me a - bide!
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim; its glo - ries pass a - way;

When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help, of the help-less, O a - bide with me!
 Change and de-cay in all a - round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!

- 3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;
 But, as Thou dwel'st with Thy disciples, Lord,
 Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
 Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me!
- 4 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
 But kind and good with healing in Thy Wings;
 Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
 Come, Friend of sinners, and thus 'bide with me!
- 5 Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
 And though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
 Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee,
 On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

- 6 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
 What but Thy grace can foil the Tempter's power?
 Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
 Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!
- 7 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
 Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
 I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
- 8 Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes!
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies!
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me! [flee;

HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

Rev. THOS. RAWSON TAYLOR, alt. (1807-1835), 1835.

Sir ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN (1842—), 1872.

1. I'm but a stran-ger here, Heaven is my home; Earth is a des-ert drear,
 2. What though the tem-pest rage, Heaven is my home; Short is my pil-grim-age,

Heaven is my home. Dan-ger and sor-row stand Round me on ev-ery hand; Heaven is my
 Heaven is my home. Time's cold and win-try blast Soon will be o-ver-past; I shall reach

fa-ther-land, Heaven is my home.
 home at last, Heaven is my home. A-men.

- 3 There at my Saviour's side,
 Heaven is my home;
 I shall be glorified,
 Heaven is my home.
 There are the good and blest,
 Those I loved most and best,
 There, too, I soon shall rest,
 Heaven is my home. Amen.

STRIKE! O STRIKE FOR VICTORY!

131

Mrs. MARY ANN KIDDER, (1820—), 1868.

WILLIAM HOWARD DOANE, (1831—), 1868.



1. Strike! O strike for vic-t'ry Soldiers of the Lord, Hoping in His mer-cy, Trusting in His word;
 2. Strike! O strike for vic-t'ry He- roes of the cross, Sac- ri- fic- ing pleasure, Glo- ry- ing in loss;
 3. Hand to hand u- nit-ed, Heart to heart as one, Let us still keep marching Till our journey's done,



Lift the gos- pel bau- ner High a- bove the world; Let its folds of beau-ty Ev- er be un- furled.
 Ev- er pressing on- ward, On- ward to the light, Till we reach the Jordan, With our home in sight.
 Till we see the an- gels Come in glo- ry down, With the shining garments And the vic- tor's crown.

CHORUS.



Strike! strike for Vic- t'ry, He- roes bold; Strike! till the Vic- t'ry You be- hold;



Strike! strike for Vic- t'ry, Ne'er give o'er; Rest then in glo- ry Ev- er more.

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HE LEADETH ME.

Prof. JOSEPH HENRY GILMORE, (1834—), 1861.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1864.

1. He lead - eth me! O, bless-ed thought, O, words with heavenly comfort fraught, Whate'er I do, where-
 2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bow-ers bloom, By wa-ters still, o'er
 3. Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine—Content, what-ev-er
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by thy grace, the victory's won, E'en death's cold wave I

REFRAIN.

e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me. He lead - eth me! He lead - eth me! By
 troubled sea—Still 'tis his hand that lead - eth me.
 lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead - eth me.
 will not flee, Since God thro Jor-dan lead - eth me.

his own hand he lead-eth me; His faithful follower I would be, For by his hand he leadeth me.

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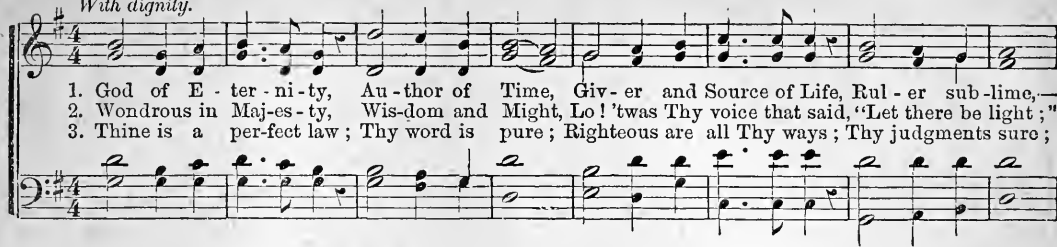
GOD OF ETERNITY.

132

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

With dignity.



1. God of E - ter - ni - ty, Au - thor of Time, Giv - er and Source of Life, Rul - er sub - lime, —
 2. Wondrous in Maj - es - ty, Wis - dom and Might, Lo ! 'twas Thy voice that said, "Let there be light ;"
 3. Thine is a per - fect law ; Thy word is pure ; Righteous are all Thy ways ; Thy judgments sure ;



Thou un - cre - at - ed Lord, Ancient of Days, Glorious in ho - li - ness, Fear - ful in praise, —
 Vast realms and numberless, Lord, are Thy own ; Na - tions and sceptered kings Bow at thy throne ;
 Mer - cy and Truth a - bide Ev - er with Thee ; Love like a riv - er flows, Deep as the sea ;



High o - ver all Thy works, Blest ev - er - more, God of the U - niverse, Thee we a - dore.

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MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.

WM. FREEMAN LLOYD, (1791—1853), 1835.

ALEXANDER ERNST FESCA, (1820—1849).

1. "My times are in Thy hand:" My God! I wish them there: My life, my soul, my
 2. "My times are in Thy hand," What - ev - er they may be; Pleas - ing or pain - ful.

all, I leave En - tire - ly to Thy care.
 dark or bright, As best may seem to Thee.

3 "My times are in Thy hand."
 Why should I doubt or fear?
 My Father's hand will never cause
 His child a needless tear.

4 "My times are in Thy hand;"
 I'll always trust in Thee;
 Till I possess the promised land,
 And all Thy glory see.

I THINK WHEN I READ.

Mrs. JEMIMA T. LUKE, 1841.

Greek Melody.

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here among men,
 How He called lit - tle children as lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.

2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
“Let the little ones come unto me.”

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love :
And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above.

4 In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare
For all that are washed and forgiv'n ;

And many dear children are gathering there,
“For of such is the kingdom of heav'n.”

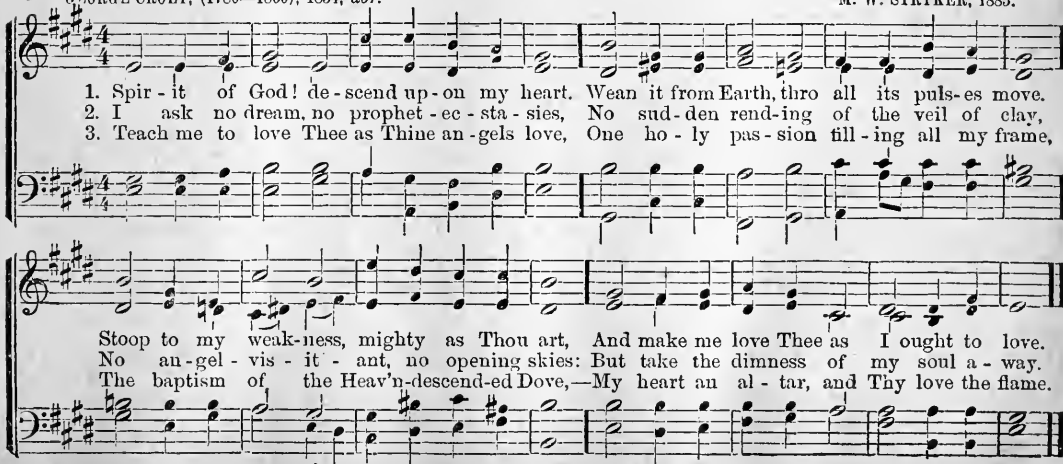
5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home ;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

6 I long for the joy of that glorious time,
The sweetest and brightest and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

SPIRIT OF GOD! DESCEND UPON MY HEART.

GEORGE CROLY, (1780—1860), 1854, *abr.*

M. W. STRYKER, 1885.



1. Spir - it of God! de - scend up - on my heart. Wean it from Earth, thro all its puls-es move.
2. I ask no dream, no prophet - ec - sta - sies, No sud-den rend-ing of the veil of clay,
3. Teach me to love Thee as Thine an - gels love, One ho - ly pas - sion fill - ing all my frame,

Stoop to my weak-ness, mighty as Thou art, And make me love Thee as I ought to love.
No an - gel - vis - it - ant, no opening skies: But take the dimness of my soul a - way.
The baptism of the Heav'n-descend-ed Dove,—My heart an al - tar, and Thy love the flame.

HARK! HARK! THE BELLS.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

SOLO.

SEMI-CHORUS.

1. Hark! hark! the bells, Glad choral bells; Ringing again the Eas-ter time, Ringing again in
 2. Hark! hark! the bells, Sweet festive bells; Captives to sin, behold your chains Broken by Him who
 3. Hark! hark! the bells, Soul-thrilling bells; Life in His life the cross who bore, Life in His life who
Small notes for Accomp. *A little faster.*

CHORUS.

tones sublime; Saying to all in tuneful chime, Je - sus a - rose to - day. Glorious, glorious
 conqueror reigns; Welcome the news with grateful strains, Je - sus a - rose to - day.
 dies no more; Tell it a - gain from shore to shore, Je - sus a - rose to - day.

morn - ing, Hail, O hail its birth; Come, come re - joicing And sing with ho - ly mirth; Shout, shout sal -

va - tion to all the earth, Je - sus a - rose to - day, Je - sus a - rose to - day.

GOD, IS OUR SUPPORT.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

JOHANN G. C. STÖRL, (1676—1743), 1744.

1. God, my Sup - por - ter, and my Hope, My Help for - ev - er near; Thine arm of mer - cy
 2. Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet Thro life's dark wil - der - ness; Thy hand con - duct me
 3. Were I in Heaven without my God, 'Twould be no joy to me; And whilst this Earth is

held me up, When sunk - ing in des - pair.
 near Thy seat, To dwell be - fore Thy face.
 my a - bode, I long for none but Thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
 And flesh and heart should faint?
 God is my soul's eternal Rock,
 The strength of every saint.

5 Aye to draw near to Thee, my God,
 Shall be my sweet employ;
 My tongue shall sound Thy works abroad,
 And tell the world my joy.

FIERCE WAS THE BILLOW WILD.

ANATOLIUS, tr. by J. M. NEALE, 1862.

JAMES FLINT, (1822—), 1873.

1. Fierce was the bil - low wild, Dark was the night, Oars labored heav - i - ly, Foam glimmered white;
 2. Ridge of the mountain wave, Low - er thy crest! Wail of Eu - ro - cly - don, Bo thou at rest!
 3. Je - sus, De - liv - er - er, Come Thou to me: Soothe Thou my voyaging O ver life's sea;

Trembled the mar - i - ners, Per - il was high; Then said the God of God, "Peace! it is I!"
 Sor - row can nev - er be, Darkness must fly, Where saith the Light of Light, "Peace! it is I!"
 Thou, when the storm of death Roars, sweeping by, Whisper, Thou Truth of Truth, "Peace! it is I!"

Rall.

COME UNTO ME. Chant.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1841.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1853.

1. With tearful eyes I look around, Life seems a dark and | stormy | sea; || Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound, a heavenly | whisper, | Come to | Me.
 2. It tells me of a place of rest—It tells me where my | soul may | flee; || Oh, to the weary, faint, opprest, how sweet the | bidding, | Come to | Me.
 3. When nature shudders, loth to part From all I love, en - | joy, and | see, || When a faint chill steals o'er my heart, a sweet voice | utters, | Come to | Me.
 4. Come, for all else must faint and die, Earth is no resting | place for | thee; || Heavenward direct thy weeping eye, I am thy | portion, | Come to | Me.
 5. O voice of mercy! voice of love! In conflict, grief, and | ag-o - | ny, || Support me, cheer me from above! and gently | whisper, | Come to | Me.

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OH, COME AT ONCE TO JESUS.

139

Rev. ARCHIBALD KENYON, (1813—), 1872.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

Gently.

1. I'm poor, and blind, and wretched, I'm full of doubts and fears; My heart is weak and wicked, My
 2. And will the blessed Sav- iour This guilty soul make pure? May I be his for - ev - er? May

cheeks are wet with tears; My soul is full of sad - ness, Of sin, and pain, and grief; Oh
 I his love se - cure? Oh, then I'll tell the sto - ry; I'll tell the world to come; For
 CHORUS. Oh, come at once to Je - sus, What-e'er your bur - den be, And

D. C. CHORUS.

for a ray of glad-ness, Of par - don and re - lief!
 Christ, the king of glo - ry, Will bid them welcome home.
 though your sins are ma - ny, His blood can make you free.

DOXOLOGY.

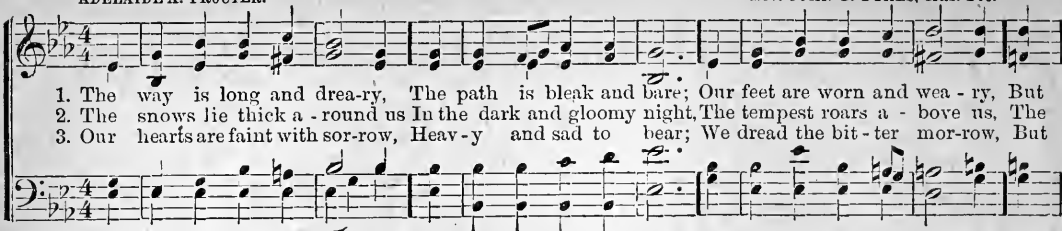
To Father, Son, and Spirit,
 Eternal praise be given,
 By all that earth inherit,
 And all that dwell in heaven.
 Thou triune God! before thee
 Our inmost souls adore:
 For thou alone art worthy,
 And shall be ever more.

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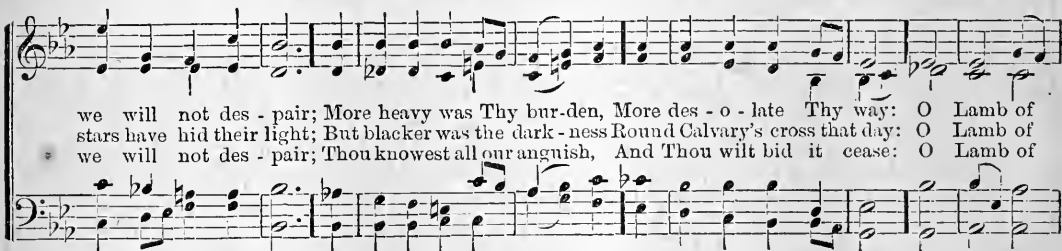
THE WAY IS LONG AND DREARY.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

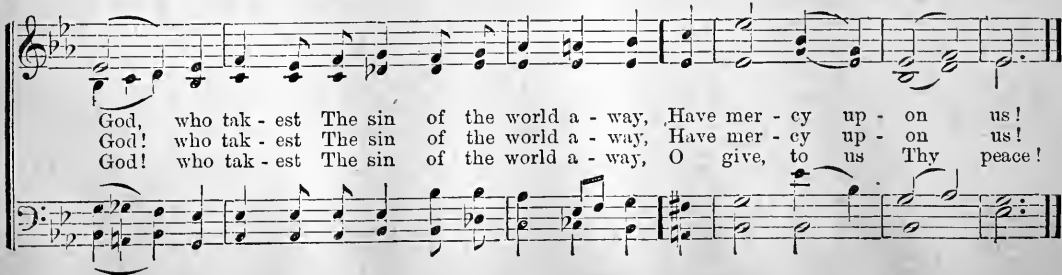
Rev. JOHN B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.



1. The way is long and dreary, The path is bleak and bare; Our feet are worn and weary, But
 2. The snows lie thick around us In the dark and gloomy night, The tempest roars above us, The
 3. Our hearts are faint with sorrow, Heavy and sad to bear; We dread the bitter-morrow, But



we will not despair; More heavy was Thy burden, More desolate Thy way: O Lamb of
 stars have hid their light; But blacker was the darkness Round Calvary's cross that day: O Lamb of
 we will not despair; Thou knowest all our anguish, And Thou wilt bid it cease: O Lamb of



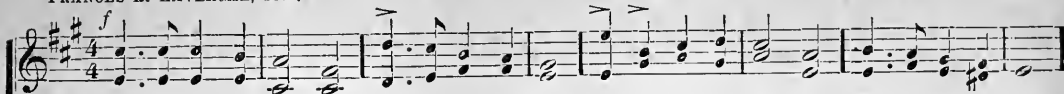
God, who taketh The sin of the world away, Have mercy upon us!
 God! who taketh The sin of the world away, Have mercy upon us!
 God! who taketh The sin of the world away, O give to us Thy peace!

WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE.

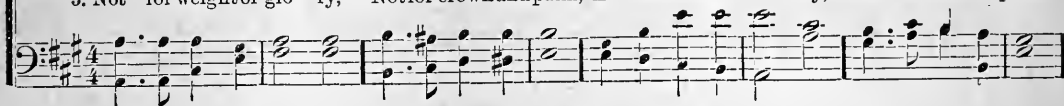
141

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1873.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, *alt.* (1836—1879), 1871.



1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help - ers Oth - er lives to bring?
 2. Fierce may be the con - flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own ar - my None can ov - er - throw.
 3. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm, En - ter we the ar - my, Raise the warrior psalm :



Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go?
 Round His standard ranging Vict'ry is se - cure, For His truth unchanging Makes the triumph sure.
 But for love that claimeth Lives for whom He died, He whom Jesus nam - eth Must be on His side.



By Thy call of mer - cy, By Thy grace di - vine, We are on the Lord's side. Saviour, we are Thine!



O SACRED HEAD NOW WOUNDED

Tr. JAMES W. ALEXANDER, D. D., (1804—1859), 1830.

HANS GEORGE HASSLER, (1564—1612), 1601.

1. { O sa-cred Head now wounded, With grief and shame weigh'd down, }
 { Now scorn-ful-ly sur-round-ed With thorns, Thine on-ly crown; } O sa-cred Head, what glo-ry

What bliss, till now, was Thine! Yet, tho de-spised and go-ry, I joy to call Thee mine.

2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffer'd
 Was all for sinners' gain:
 Mine, mine was the transgression,
 But Thine the deadly pain:
 Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
 'Tis I deserve Thy place;
 Look on me with Thy favor,
 Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,
 Above all joys beside,
 When in Thy body broken
 I thus with safety hide:
 My Lord of Life, desiring
 Thy glory now to see;

Beside Thy cross expiring,
 I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

4 What language shall I borrow,
 To praise Thee, heav'nly Friend:
 For this, Thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end?
 O make me Thine forever,
 And should I fainting be,
 Lord, let me never, never
 Outlive my love to Thee!

5 And when I am departing,
 O part not Thou from me!

When mortal pangs are darting,
 Come, Lord, and set me free!
 And when my heart must languish
 Amidst the final throes,
 Release me from mine anguish,
 By Thine own pain and woe!

6 Be near when I am dying,
 O show Thy cross to me!
 And for my succor flying,
 Come, Lord, and set me free!
 These eyes, new faith receiving,
 From Jesus shall not move;
 For he who dies believing,
 Dies safely, through Thy love.

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A TOWER OF SAFETY.

143

Ger. MARTIN LUTHER. Tr. 1883—1885.

Melody by MARTIN LUTHER, (1483—1546), 1529. Arr. by H. P. M.

1. { A Tower of safe-ty is our God! A goodly Ward and Weap - on, }
 { He'll help us free, tho' force or fraud To us may now mis - hap - pen, } The old re - lent-less Fiend Our

2. { By our might, we could do no more Than vainly to have striv - en: }
 { But for us the right Man will war, Whom God Himself hath giv - en. } Dost ask, who this can be? Christ

ru - in doth in-tend; Gross night, and deep device, His dreadful armor is; On Earth can none withstand him.
 Je-sus! It is He. The Lord of Sab-a - oth, None other God, in troth, The field He holds for-ev - er.

3 And tho' the world with demons swarmed,
 All minded to devour us,
 Not greatly were our souls alarmed;
 They cannot overpower us.
 This world's dark Prince may still
 Lurk sullen as he will;
 For he can harm us naught,
 'Tis past. His doom is wrought,
 One word can bring his downfall!

4 That Word, for all they do, shall stand,
 Nor thanks to them that jeer it!
 Yea, on the plain, He's at our hand,
 By His own Gift and Spirit.
 And should they take our life,
 Fame, fortune, child, and wife,—
 Let them all this begin:
 But nothing can they win,
 And God gives us the Kingdom.

THE DEAR ONES ALL AT HOME.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D., (1808—).

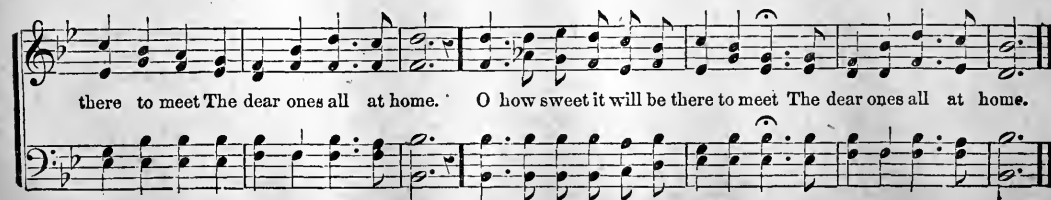
WM. B. BRADBURY, 1862.



1. Be - yond the smiling and the weep - ing, I shall be soon; Be - yond the waking and the sleep - ing, Be -
 2. Be - yond the ris - ing and the set - ting, I shall be soon; Be - yond the calming and the fret - ting, Be -
 3. Be - yond the parting and the meet - ing, I shall be soon; Be - yond the farewell and the greet - ing, Be -
 4. Be - yond the frost - chain and the fe - ver, I shall be soon; Be - yond the rock - waste and the riv - er, Be -



yond the sowing and the reaping, I shall be soon. Love, rest, and home! Sweet, sweet home! O how sweet it will be
 yond remembering and forgetting, I shall be soon. Love, rest, &c.
 yond the pulse's fe - ver beat - ing, I shall be soon. Love, rest, &c.
 yond the ev - er and the nev - er, I shall be soon. Love, rest, &c.



there to meet The dear ones all at home. O how sweet it will be there to meet The dear ones all at home.

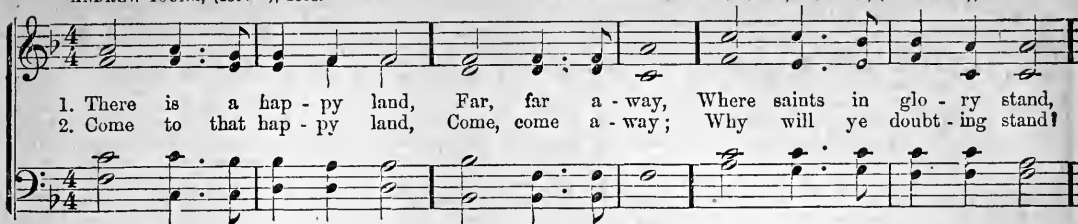
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THERE IS A HAPPY LAND.

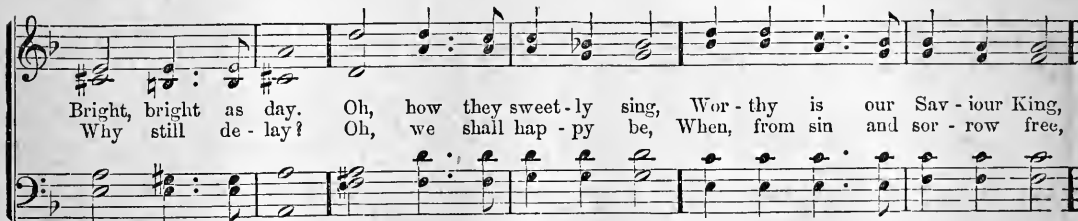
143

ANDREW YOUNG, (1807—), 1838.

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, Mus. Doc., (1810—1876), 1864.



1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glo - ry stand,
 2. Come to that hap - py land, Come, come a - way; Why will ye doubt - ing stand!



Bright, bright as day. Oh, how they sweet - ly sing, Wor - thy is our Sav - iour King,
 Why still de - lay? Oh, we shall hap - py be, When, from sin and sor - row free,



Loud let His prais - es ring, Praise, praise for aye!
 Lord, we shall live with Thee, Blest, blest for aye!

3 Bright, in that happy land,
 Beams every eye;
 Kept by a Father's hand,
 Love cannot die.
 Oh, then to glory run,
 Be a crown and Kingdom won,
 And bright above the sun,
 We reign for aye.

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Bishop REGINALD HEBER, (1783—1826), 1823.

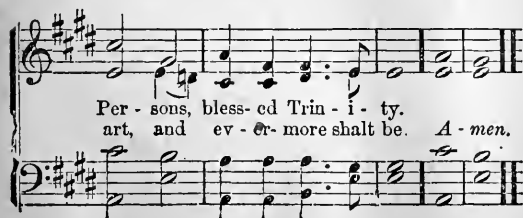
Rev. J. B. DYKES, (1823—1876), 1861.



1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the morn - ing our
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their golden crowns a -



song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God in Three
round the glas - sy sea; Che - ru - bim and Ser - aphim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and



Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty.
art, and ev - er - more shalt be. A - men.

- 3 Holy, Holy, Holy! tho the darkness hide Thee,
Tho the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art Holy, there is none beside Thee
Perfect in pow'r, in love, and purity.
- 4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth, and
sky, and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity! Amen.

O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL.

147

REV. FREDERICK OAKELEY, (1808—1880), 1841.

MARCOS PORTOGALLO, 1790. Arr. by E. J. HOPKINS.



1. O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful - ly tri - umphant, To Beth - le - hem hasten now with glad ac - cord;
2. Tho true God of true God, Light of Light e - ter nal, Our low - - ly na - ture He hath not ab - horr'd:



Lol in a man - ger Sits the King of an - gels; O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a -
Son of the Fa - ther, Not made, but be - got - ten: O come, &c.



dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord.

3 Raise, raise, choirs of angels!
Songs of loudest triumph,
Through heaven's high arches be your praises
Now to our God be [pour'd;
Glory in the highest; O come, &c.

4 Amen! Lord, we bless Thee,
Born for our salvation,
O Jesus! forever be Thy Name ador'd;
Word of the Father,
Late in flesh appearing: O come, &c.

Mrs. ELLEN FRENCH COLBURN HUSTED.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Lo! a fount-ain full and free, O - ver-flow - ing ev - er; Fainting heart, it is for thee,
 2. List the mur-mur that it speaks, O - ver-flow - ing ev - er; On the soul in song it breaks,
 3. Bless-ed fount! the pur - est known, O - ver-flow - ing ev - er; Stream of life from out God's throne,

O - ver - flow - ing ev - er; Gush-ing, sparkling, nev - er still, Taste its sweetness, drink thy fill.
 O - ver - flow - ing ev - er; Sing-ing, sooth-ing souls to ease, Mu - sic of all mel - o - dies.
 O - ver - flow - ing ev - er; Sa - cred blood for sin - ners spilt, This can cleanse a - way thy guilt.

REFRAIN.

O - ver - flow - ing, o - verflow-ing ev - er, O - ver - flow - ing, Flowing now for thee.

From ROYAL DIADEM, by permission.

SAFE HOME IN PORT.

149

Tr. Rev. JOHN MASON NEALE (1818—1866), 1862.

Sir ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN (1842—), 1872.

1. Safe home, safe home in port ! Rent cordage, shattered deck, Torn sails, provisions short, And on - ly

not a wreck :—But, oh ! the joy upon the shore To tell our voyage pe - rils o'er ! A - men.

2 The prize, the prize secure !
The wrestler nearly fell ;
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well :
But he may smile at troubles gone
Who sets the victor-garland on !

3 No more the foe can harm !
No more of leaguered camp,
And cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp :—
And yet how nearly had he failed—
How nearly had that foe prevailed !

4 The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penned,
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end :—
But One came by with wounded Side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died

5 The exile is at home !
Oh, nights and days of tears !
Oh, longings not to roam !
Oh, sins and doubts and fears !
What matters now grief's darkest day,
When God has wiped all tears away ? **Amen.**

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740,

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1866,

Cres - - - cen - do. dim. rit.

1. Je - sus! Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly, While the waters near - er roll, While the
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hing's my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup -
 3. Thou, O Christ! art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the

Slower. pp Cres - -

tempest still is high; Hide me, O my Saviour! hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe in -
 port and com - fort me! All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring; Cov - er
 sick and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy Name, I am all un - righteousness; Vile and

- - - cen - - do. f dim.

- to the ha - ven guide; O re - ceive my soul at last!
 my defence - less head With the sha - dow of Thy wing.
 full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.

4.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within;
 Thou of Life the Fountain art:
 Freely let me take of Thee;
 Spring Thou up within my heart
 Rise to all eternity.

COME, YE FAITHFUL.

151

Rev. JOHN MASON NEALE, D.D.

Sir ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN (1842-), 1872.

1. Come, ye faith-ful, raise the strain Of tri-umph ant glad-ness! God hath brought His
 2. 'Tis the spring of souls to-day: Christ hath burst His pris-on, From the frost and
 3. Now the queen of sea-sons, bright With the day of splen-dor, With the roy-al

Is-ra-el In-to joy from sad-ness ~ Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke Ja-cob's
 gloom of death Light and life have ris-en. All the win-ter of our sins, Long and
 feast of feasts, Comes its joy to ren-der; Comes to glad Je-ru-sa-lem, Who with

sons and daughters,— Led them with unmoistened feet 'Thro' the Red Sea wa-ters.
 dark, is fly-ing From His face to whom we give Thanks and praise undy-ing.
 true af-fec-tion Welcomes in un-wearied strains Je-sus' Re-sur-rec-tion. A-men.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Rev. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, (1801—), 1833.

JOSEPH BARNEY, 1868.

p *Cres.* *p*

1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en - circling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou should'st lead me on; I loved to
 3. So long Thy power has blessed me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and !

Cres. *mf*

dark and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I
 choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish
 fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

Dim.

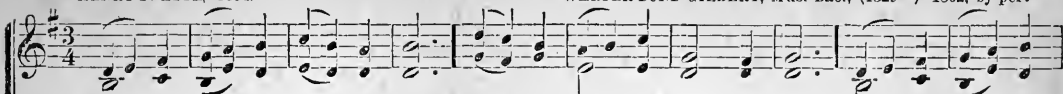
do not ask to see The' dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
 day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will, Re - mem - ber not past years!
 an - gel fa - ces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while!

PLEASANT ARE THY COURTS.

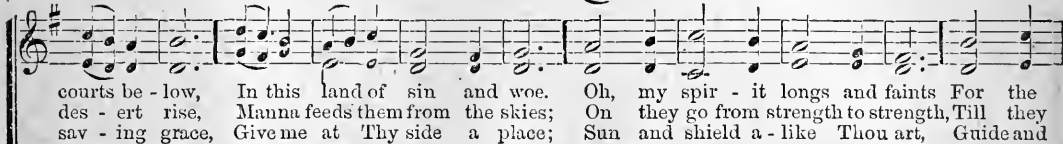
153

HENRY F. LYTE, 1834.

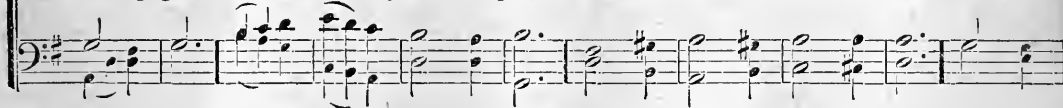
WALTER BOND GILBERT, Mus. Bac., (1829—) 1862, by per.



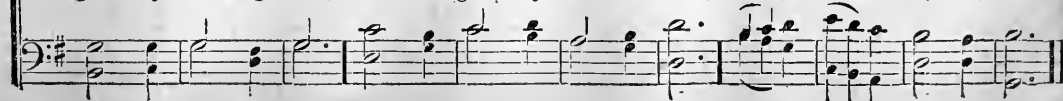
1. Pleasant are Thy courts a - bove, In the land of light and love: Pleasant are Thy
 2. Hap - py souls! their prais - es flow, Ev - er in this vale of woe; Wa - ters in the
 3. Lord, be mine this prize to win, Guide me thro a world of sin, Keep me by Thy



courts be - low, In this land of sin and woe. Oh, my spir - it longs and faints For the
 des - ert rise, Manna feeds them from the skies; On they go from strength to strength, Till they
 sav - ing grace, Give me at Thy side a place; Sun and shield a - like Thou art, Guide and



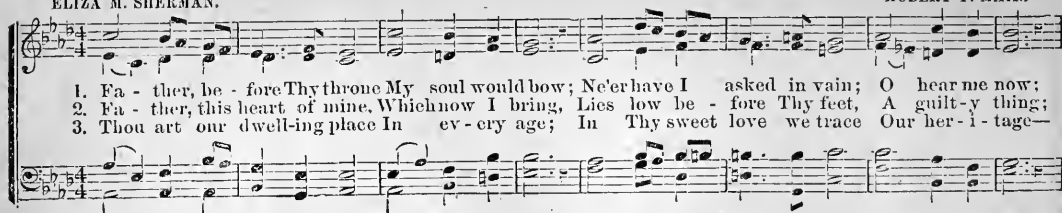
con - verse of Thy saints, For the brightness of Thy face, King of glo - ry, God of grace!
 reach Thy throne at length; At Thy feet a - dor - ing fall, Who hast led them safe thro all.
 guard my err - ing heart; Grace and glo - ry flow from Thee, Show'r, oh show'r them, Lord, on me.



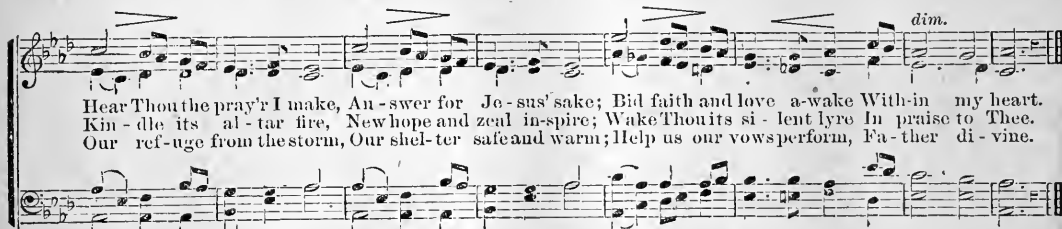
FATHER, BEFORE THY THRONE.

ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

HUBERT P. MAIN.



1. Fa - ther, be - fore Thy throne My soul would bow; Ne'er have I asked in vain; O hear me now;
 2. Fa - ther, this heart of mine. Which now I bring, Lies low be - fore Thy feet, A guilt-y thing;
 3. Thou art our dwell-ing place In ev - ery age; In Thy sweet love we trace Our her-i - tage—



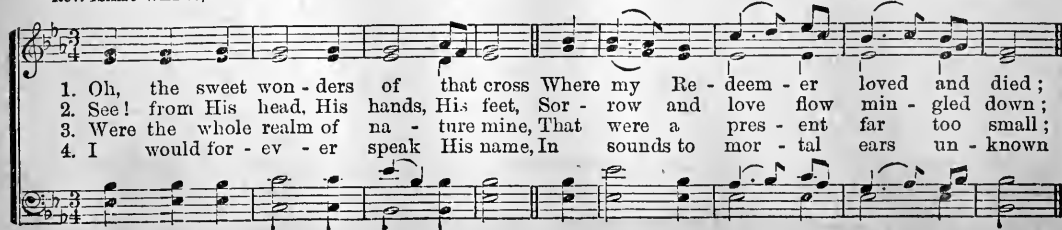
Hear Thou the pray'r I make, An - swer for Je - sus' sake; Bid faith and love a - wake With-in my heart.
 Kin - dle its al - tar fire, New hope and zeal in - spire; Wake Thou its si - lent lyre In praise to Thee.
 Our ref - uge from the storm, Our shel - ter safe and warm; Help us our vows perform, Fa - ther di - vine.

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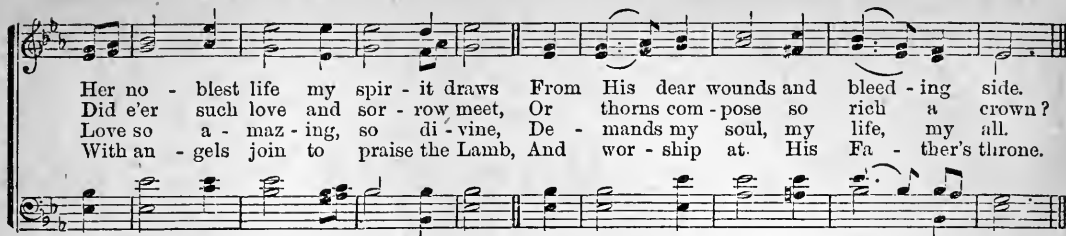
OH, THE SWEET WONDERS.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

Arr. from CHERUBINI, (1760—1842).



1. Oh, the sweet won - ders of that cross Where my Re - deem - er loved and died;
 2. See! from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and love flow min - gled down;
 3. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;
 4. I would for - ev - er speak His name, In sounds to mor - tal ears un - known

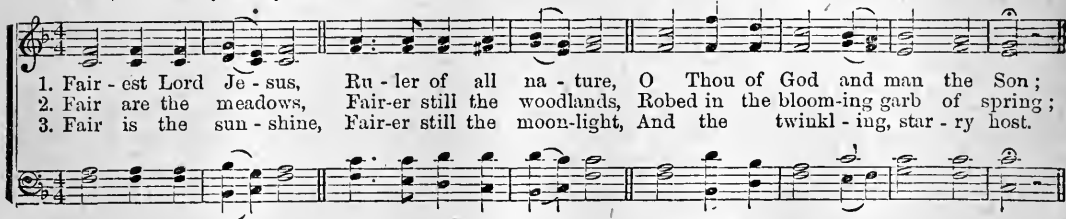


Her no - blest life my spir - it draws From His dear wounds and bleed - ing side.
 Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
 Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.
 With an - gels join to praise the Lamb, And wor - ship at His Fa - ther's throne.

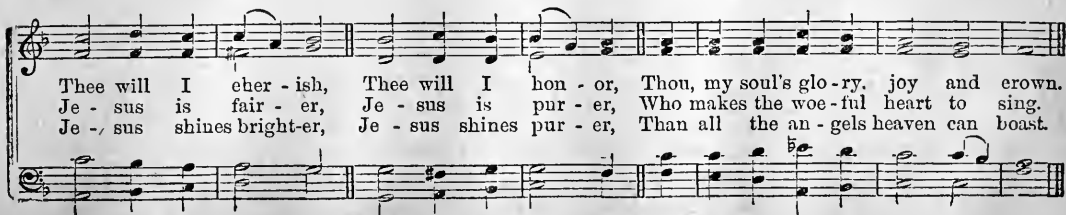
CRUSADER'S HYMN.

ANON, 15th Century. Tr. by R. S. WILLIS, 1850.

Har. by RICHARD STORRS WILLIS, (1819-), 1850.



1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus, Ru - ler of all na - ture, O Thou of God and man the Son;
 2. Fair are the meadows, Fair - er still the woodlands, Robed in the bloom - ing garb of spring;
 3. Fair is the sun - shine, Fair - er still the moon - light, And the twinkl - ing, star - ry host.



Thee will I cher - ish, Thee will I hon - or, Thou, my soul's glo - ry, joy and crown.
 Je - sus is fair - er, Je - sus is pur - er, Who makes the woe - ful heart to sing.
 Je - sus shines bright - er, Je - sus shines pur - er, Than all the an - gels heaven can boast.

CHRISTIAN! DOST THOU SEE THEM.

Trans. by Rev. JOHN M. NEALE, 1862.

Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Christian, dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground, How the powers of dark - ness Rage thy steps around!
 2. Christian! dost thou feel them, How they work within. Striving, tempting, lar - ing, Goading in-to sin?
 3. Christian! dost thou hear them, How they speak thee fair? "Always fast and vi - gil! Always watch and pray'r!"

Christian, up and smite them, Counting gain but loss; In the strength that cometh By the ho - ly Cross.
 Christian! nev - er trem - ble; Never be down - cast; Gird thee for the bat - tle, Watch and pray and fast.
 Christian! an - swer bold - ly; "While I breathe I pray!" Peace shall follow bat - tle, Night shall end in day.

ASLEEP IN JESUS! BLESSED SLEEP!

Mrs. MARGARET MACFAY, (ab. 1802—), 1832.

S. B. SXTON, 1857, by per.

1. A-sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep; A calm and un - dis -
 2. A-sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum - ber meet; With ho - ly con - fi -

turbed re - pose, Un - brok - en by the last of foes.
 dence to sing, That death hath lost its cru - el sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
 Whose waking is supremely blest;
 No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
 That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
 Thy kindred and their graves may be;
 But there is still a blessed sleep,
 From which none ever wakes to weep.

MORE LOVE TO THEE.

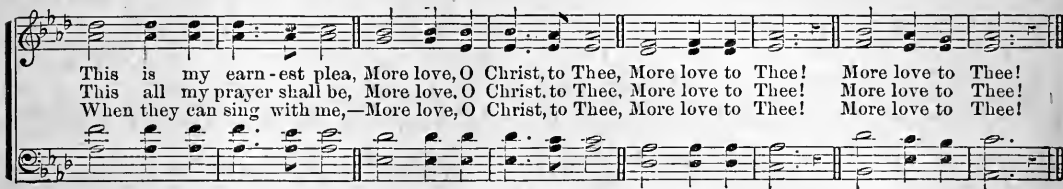
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Mrs. ELIZABETH PRENTISS, (1819—1878), 1869.

WILLIAM HOWARD DOANE, (1831—), 1870.



1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the prayer I make On bend-ed knee;
 2. Once earthly joy I craved; Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-lone I seek, Give what is best;
 3. Let sor-row do its work, Send grief and pain; Sweet are Thy mes-sen-gers, Sweet their re-frain,



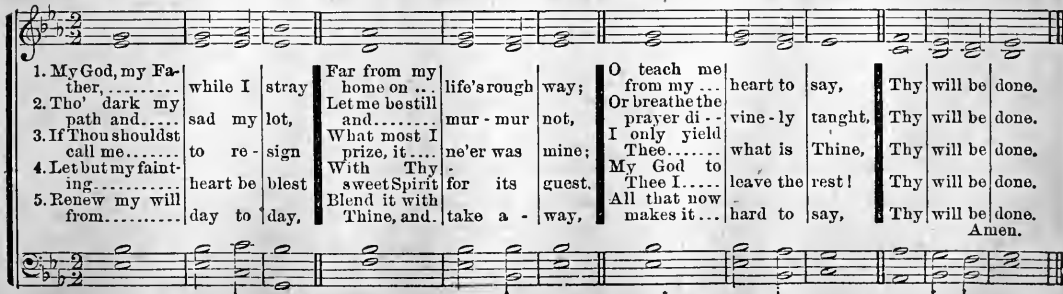
This is my earn-est plea, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!
 This all my prayer shall be, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!
 When they can sing with me,—More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!

From SONGS OF DEVOTION, by permission.

MY GOD, MY FATHER

Miss. CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, (1789—1871), 1834.

ARTHUR HENRY DYKE ACLAND TROYTE, (1811—1857), 1852.



1. My God, my Fa-ther,	while I stray	Far from my home on	life's rough way;	O teach me from my ... heart to say,	Thy will be done.
2. Tho' dark my path and...	sad my lot,	Let me bestill and.....	mur-mur not,	Or breathe the prayer di-vine-ly taught,	Thy will be done.
3. If Thou shouldst call me.....	to re-sign	What most I prize, it....	ne'er was mine;	I only yield Thee.....	what is Thine, Thy will be done.
4. Let but my faint-ing.....	heart be blest	With Thy sweet Spirit	for its guest.	My God to Thee I....	leave the rest! Thy will be done.
5. Renew my will from.....	day to day,	Blend it with Thine, and.	take a-way,	All that now makes it... hard to say,	Thy will be done. Amen.

WHAT A SHOUT WAS HEARD!

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. What a shout was heard in the realms of light, When peace and truth, descending, With a marshaled host in their
 2. There was joy, great joy—'t was a glorious sight, The shepherds gazed in wonder When the earth was filled with a
 D. C.—shout was heard in the realms of light, When peace and truth, descending, With a marshaled host in their

robes of white, Sang praise to God on high. O shout again, ye sons of men, Sing praise to God above. Till the
 splendor bright, From God's eternal home. Great joy to-day, O let it ring As on that sacred morn, When the
 robes of white, Sang praise to God on high.

CHORUS.
 utmost bounds of the world shall wake One mighty song of love! Ring on! ye bells, ye chiming bells, Your
 an - gel - band in a far - off land Proclaimed the Saviour born.

Musical score for 'WHAT A SHOUT WAS HEARD!' in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of two staves. The melody is written on the treble staff, and the accompaniment is on the bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is 2/4. The melody ends with a double bar line and a 'D. C.' (Da Capo) instruction. The lyrics are: 'tuneful measure swelling; Ring on! ye bells, ye chiming bells, The grand old story tell - ing. What a'.

JESUS, TENDER SHEPHERD.

MARY L. DUNCAN.

From "Sacred Musical Cabinet."

Musical score for 'JESUS, TENDER SHEPHERD.' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of two staves. The melody is written on the treble staff, and the accompaniment is on the bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is 4/4. The melody ends with a double bar line. The lyrics are: '1. Je - sus, ten - der Shepherd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to-night; Thro' the darkness 2. All this day Thy hand has led me, And I thank Thee for Thy care; Thou hast warm'd me,'.

Musical score for 'JESUS, TENDER SHEPHERD.' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of two staves. The melody is written on the treble staff, and the accompaniment is on the bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is 4/4. The melody ends with a double bar line. The lyrics are: 'be Thou near me; Keep me safe till morning light. clothed and fed me, Lis - ten to my eve - ning prayer!'

3.

Let my sins be all forgiven;

Bless the friends I love so well;

Take us all at last to Heaven,

Happy there with Thee to dwell

JOYFULLY ONWARD I MOVE.

Rev. WM. HUNTER, 1843.

EDWARD HENRY THORNE, (1834—), 1872.

Allegro.

1. Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly on - ward I move, Bound to the land of bright
 2. Soon will my pil - grimage end here be - low, Home to that land of de -
 3. Sounds of sweet mel - o - dy fall on my ear; Harps of the bless - ed your

spir - its a - bove; An - gel - ic chor - is - ters sing as I come, Joy - ful - ly,
 light will I go; Pil - grim and stranger no more shall I roam, Joy - ful - ly,
 voic - es I hear; Rings with the har - mo - ny heav - en's high dome, Joy - ful - ly;

joy - ful - ly, haste to thy home.
 joy - ful - ly, rest - ing at home.
 joy - ful - ly, haste to thy home. A - men.

4. Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,
 Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow;
 Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb!
 Joyfully, joyfully, will I go home.

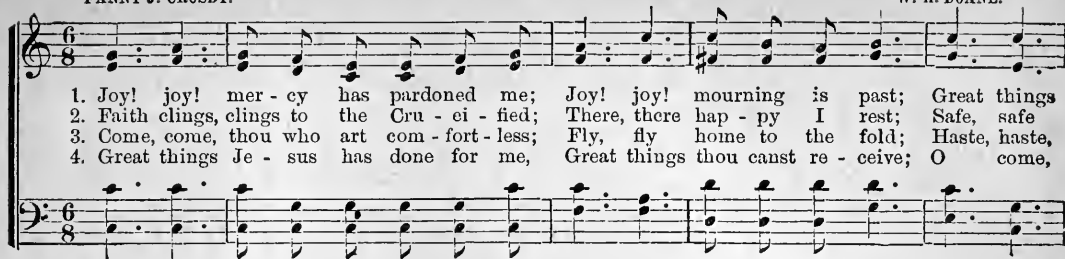
5. Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
 Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone.
 Joyfully, then, shall I witness his doom,
 Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

JOY FILLS MY HEART.

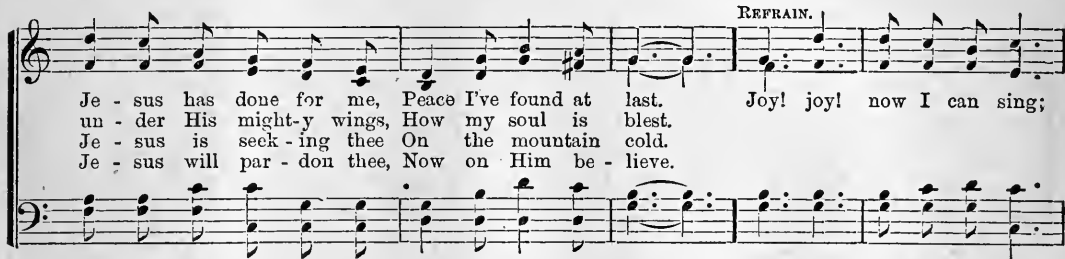
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FANNY J. CROSBY.

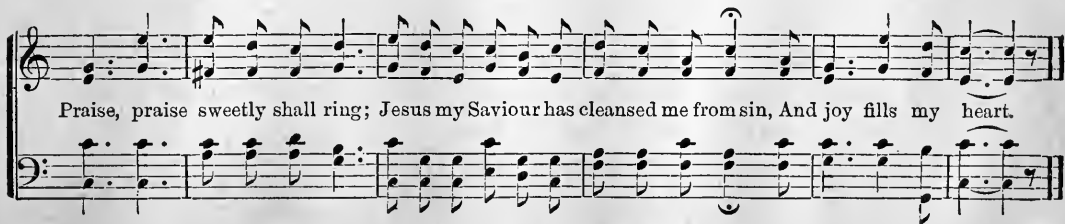
W. H. DOANE.



1. Joy! joy! mer - cy has pardoned me; Joy! joy! mourning is past; Great things
 2. Faith clings, clings to the Cru - ei - fied; There, there hap - py I rest; Safe, safe
 3. Come, come, thou who art com - fort - less; Fly, fly home to the fold; Haste, haste,
 4. Great things Je - sus has done for me, Great things thou canst re - ceive; O come,



REFRAIN.
 Je - sus has done for me, Peace I've found at last. Joy! joy! now I can sing;
 un - der His might-y wings, How my soul is blest.
 Je - sus is seek - ing thee On the mountain cold.
 Je - sus will par - don thee, Now on Him be - lieve.



Praise, praise sweetly shall ring; Jesus my Saviour has cleansed me from sin, And joy fills my heart.

FRANCES J. VAN ALSTYNE, 1869.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1867.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord! Sing, O ye peo - ple, glad - ly a - dore Him: Let the mountains
 2. Praise Him, praise Him! shout aloud for joy, Watchman of Zi - on, her - ald the sto - ry; Sin and death His
 3. King e - ter - nal, blessed be His name! So may His children glad - ly a - dore Him, When in heav'n we

tremble at His word; Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore Him; Mighty in wisdom, boundless in mercy,
 kingdom shall destroy; All the earth shall sing of His glo - ry; Praise Him, ye angels, ye who behold Him
 join the hap - py strain, When we cast our bright crowns before Him; There in His likeness joyful a - waking,

CHORUS.

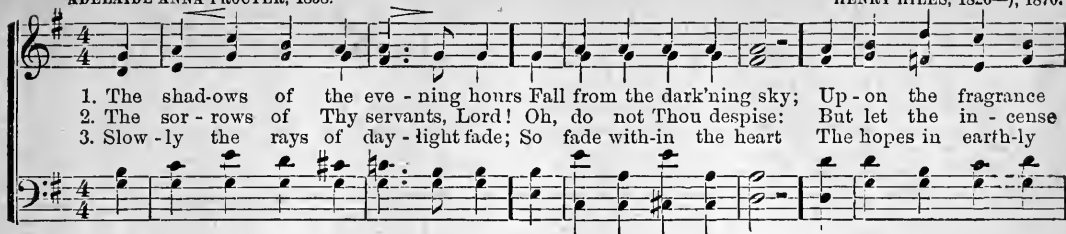
Great is Je - hovah, King o - ver all. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord, Let the hills be joyful be - fore Him.
 Robed in His splendor, matchless, divine.
 There we shall see Him, there we shall sing.

THE SHADOWS OF THE EVENING.

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ADELAIDE ANNA PROCTER, 1858.

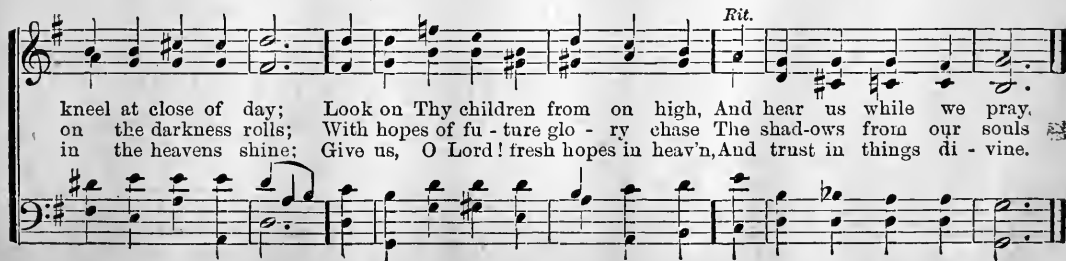
HENRY HILES, 1826—), 1870.



1. The shad-ows of the eve - ning hours Fall from the dark'ning sky; Up - on the fragrance
 2. The sor - rows of Thy servants, Lord! Oh, do not Thou despise: But let the in - cense
 3. Slow - ly the rays of day - light fade; So fade with-in the heart The hopes in earth-ly



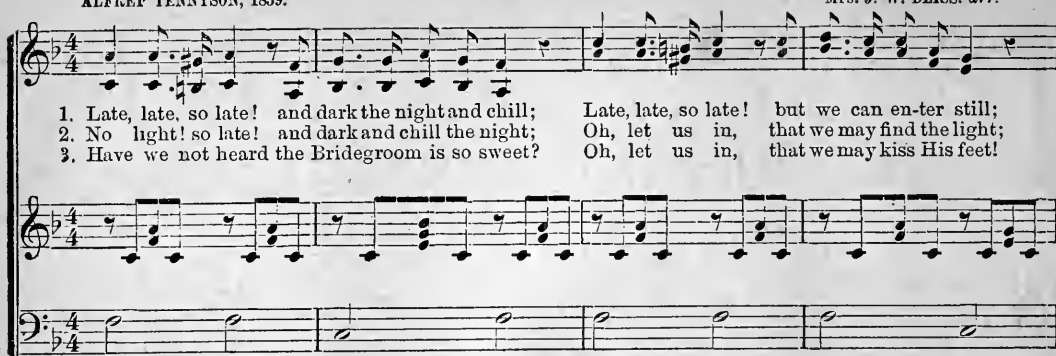
of the flowers The dews of eve - ning lie; Be - fore Thy throne, O Lord of heav'n! We
 of our pray'rs Be - fore Thy mer - cy rise. The brightness of the com - ing night Up -
 love and joy That, one by one de - part; Slow-ly the bright stars, one by one, With-



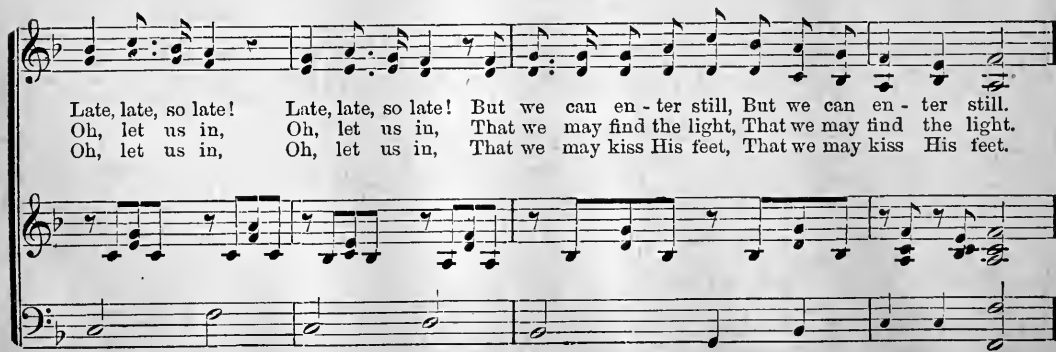
Rit.
 kneel at close of day; Look on Thy children from on high, And hear us while we pray,
 on the darkness rolls; With hopes of fu - ture glo - ry chase The shad-ows from our souls
 in the heavens shine; Give us, O Lord! fresh hopes in heav'n, And trust in things di - vine.

TOO LATE!

ALFRED TENNYSON, 1859.

Mrs. J. W. BLISS. *arr.*


1. Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill; Late, late, so late! but we can en-ter still;
 2. No light! so late! and dark and chill the night; Oh, let us in, that we may find the light;
 3. Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet? Oh, let us in, that we may kiss His feet!



Late, late, so late! Late, late, so late! But we can en-ter still, But we can en-ter still.
 Oh, let us in, Oh, let us in, That we may find the light, That we may find the light.
 Oh, let us in, Oh, let us in, That we may kiss His feet, That we may kiss His feet.

CHORUS.

Too late! too late! Ye can-not en-ter now! Too late! too late! Ye can-not en-ter now!

LET US WITH A GLADSOME MIND.

JOHN MILTON, 1623.

W. A. MOZART, 1779.

1. Let us with a gladsome mind Praise the Lord, for He is kind; For His mercies shall en-dure,
2. Let us sound His name a-broad; God of gods He is the God, Who by wisdom did cre-ate,
3. All His creatures God doth feed, His full hand supplies their need; Let us therefore war-ble forth

CHORUS. *Staccato.*

Ev-er faithful, ev-er sure.
Heaven's expanse and all its state.
His high maj-es-ty and worth.

Al-le-lu-ia! A-men, Al-le-lu-ia! A-men.

HARK! THE SOUND OF HOLY VOICES.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1862.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1867.

1. Hark! the sound of ho - ly voices Chanting at the crys - tal sea, Al - le - lu - ia,
 2. March-ing with Thy cross their banner, They have triumphed, fol-low-ing Thee, the Cap-tain
 3. Now they reign in heavenly glo - ry, Now they walk in gold - en light, Now they drink, as

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Lord, to Thee; Mul - ti - tude which none can num - ber,
 of sal - va - tion, Thee, their Saviour and their King: Mock'd, im-prison-ed, stoned, tor - ment - ed,
 from a riv - er, Ho - ly bliss and in - fin - ite: Love and peace they taste for ev - er,

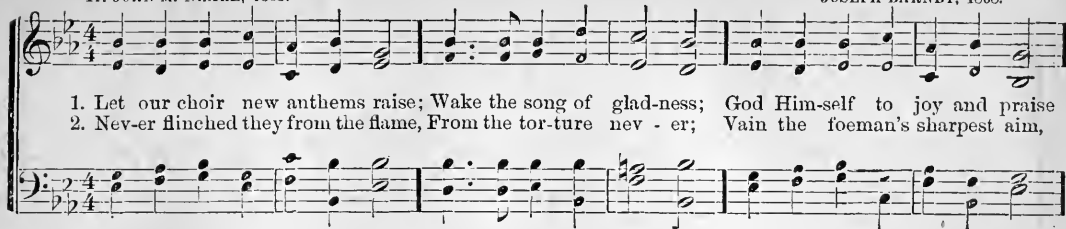
Like the stars in glo-ry stands, Cloth'd in white appar - el, hold-ing Palms of vic-t'ry in their hands.
 Sawn-a-sunder, slain with sword, They have conquered death and Satan By the might of Christ the Lord.
 And all truth and knowledgesee In the be - a - ti - fic vis - ion Of the Blessed Trin - i - ty.

LET OUR CHOIR NEW ANTHEMS RAISE.

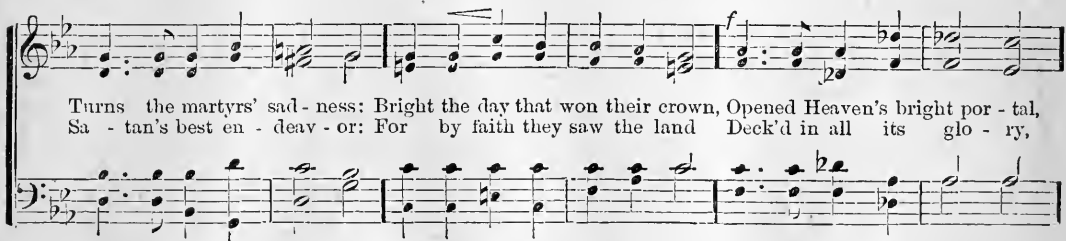
167

Tr. JOHN M. NEALE, 1863.

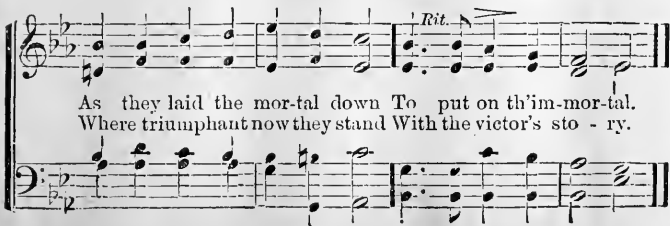
JOSEPH BARNBY, 1868.



1. Let our choir new anthems raise; Wake the song of glad-ness; God Him-self to joy and praise
2. Nev-er flinched they from the flame, From the tor-ture nev - er; Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,



Turns the martyrs' sad-ness: Bright the day that won their crown, Opened Heaven's bright por-tal,
Sa-tan's best en-deav-or: For by faith they saw the land Deck'd in all its glo-ry,



As they laid the mor-tal down To put on th'im-mor-tal.
Where triumphant now they stand With the victor's sto-ry.

3.
Up and follow, Christian men!
Press through toil and sorrow;
Spurn the night of fear, and then,
Oh, the glorious morrow!
Who will venture on the strife?
Who will first begin it;
Who will seize the land of life?
Warriors, up and win it!

WEARY WANDERER, STOP AND LISTEN.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Wea - ry wan - derer, stop and list - en, Hap - py news we bring to thee; Je - sus has pre -
 2. Are thy sins a heav - y bur - den? Come to God, con - fess them now; He is will - ing
 3. On the lov - ing arm of Je - sus Would'st thou lean, and trust Him now? Let Him cleanse thee
 4. See the beau - teous wed - ding gar - ment; In His hands He holds it now; Haste, O haste thee

REFRAIN.

pared a ban - quet; Come, and wel - come thou shalt be. Make no long - er vain ex - cus - es,
 to for - give thee; Ask, re - ceive; why wait - est thou?
 at the fountain; Come at once; why wait - est thou?
 to the ban - quet; En - ter in; why wait - est thou.

Je - sus calls, and callsthee now; Come, for ev - ery - thing is read - y; Wea - ry soul, why waitest thou?

O THOU SHEPHERD OF THINE ISRAEL.

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* M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1883.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1869.



1. O Thou Shep-herd of Thine Is-rael hear us! Thou that Jo-seph
 2. Wilt Thou hear Thy peo-ple's prayer with an-ger? Meas-ure them the
 3. Shall the good-ly vine that Thou did'st cher-ish, Once that grew and



like a flock dost lead, From the cher-u-bim shine forth and cheer us,
 bread and drink of tears; Vis-it strife and scorn up-on our lan-guor;
 shad-ed all the hills, Break and waste, and fall, and burn, and per-ish,



4 Turn us, Lord, again! in mercy, hearken;
 All our waywardness and shame forgive;
 Leave us not unsought, while shadows darken;
 Cause Thy face to shine, and we shall live.

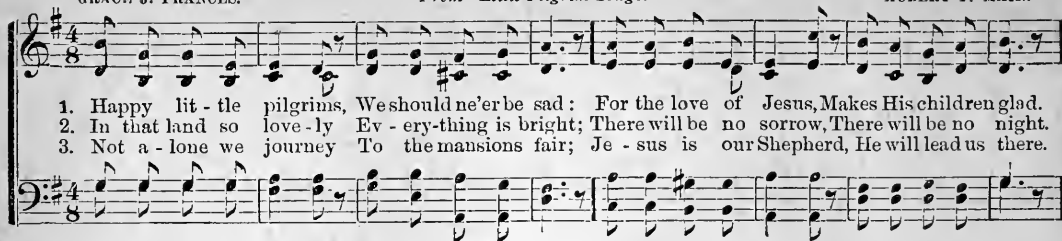
5 Look from Heaven, O God, when sorrows thicken,
 By Thine hand, once more, our strength maintain,
 We will call Thy name, if Thou but quicken,
 We will never leave Thy love again.

HAPPY LITTLE PILGRIMS.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

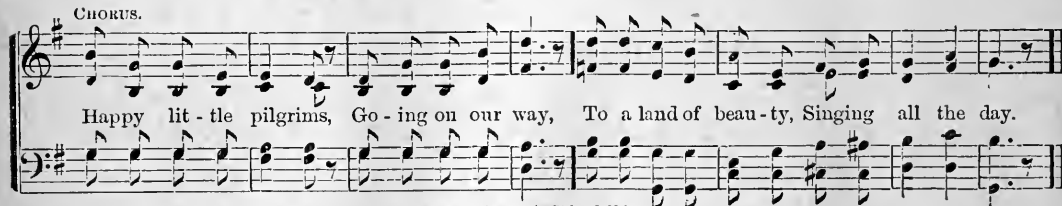
From "Little Pilgrim Songs."

HUBERT P. MAIN.



1. Happy lit - tle pilgrims, We should ne'er be sad : For the love of Jesus, Makes His children glad.
 2. In that land so love - ly Ev - ery - thing is bright; There will be no sorrow, There will be no night.
 3. Not a - lone we journey To the mansions fair; Je - sus is our Shepherd, He will lead us there.

CHORUS.



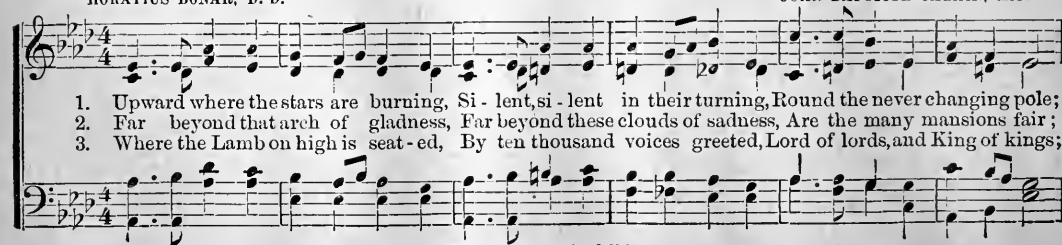
Happy lit - tle pilgrims, Go - ing on our way, To a land of beau - ty, Singing all the day.

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UPWARD WHERE THE STARS ARE BURNING.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

JOHN BAPTISTE CALKIN, Arr.



1. Upward where the stars are burning, Si - lent, si - lent in their turning, Round the never changing pole;
 2. Far beyond that arch of gladness, Far beyond these clouds of sadness, Are the many mansions fair;
 3. Where the Lamb on high is seat - ed, By ten thousand voices greeted, Lord of lords, and King of kings;

Copyright, 1880, by Biglow & Main.

Rit.

Upward where the sky is brightest, Upward where the blue is lightest,—Lift I now my longing soul.
Far from pain and sin and fol - ly, In that pal - ace of the ho - ly—I would find my mansion there.
Son of man, they crown, they crown Him, Son of God, they own, they own Him, With His name the palace rings.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Anon.

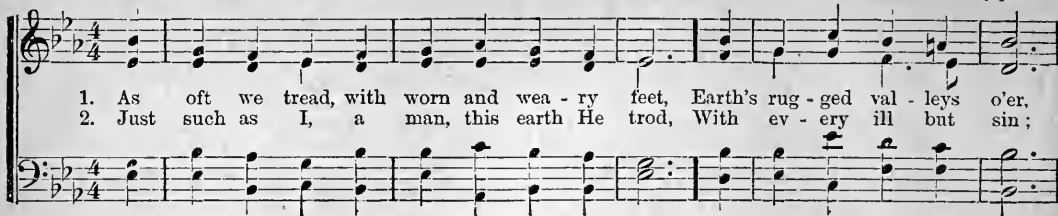
HUBERT P. MAIN.

Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray Thee Lord, my soul to keep; If I should die be - fore I wake, I
pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take, And this I ask for Je - sus' sake. A - men.

AS OFT WE TREAD.

JAMES EDMESTON, 1832. Arr. M. W. S.

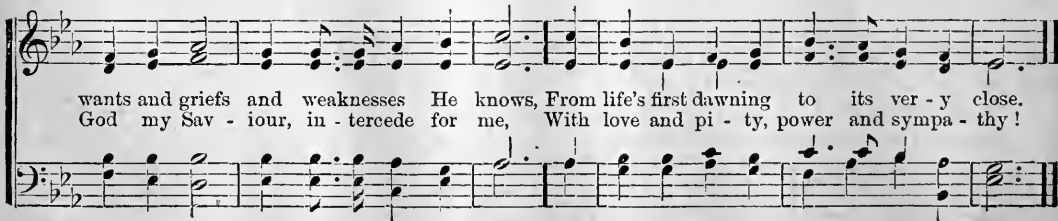
WALTER BOND GILBERT, Mus. Bae., 1870, by per.



1. As oft we tread, with worn and wea-ry feet, Earth's rug-ged val-leys o'er,
2. Just such as I, a man, this earth He trod, With ev-ery ill but sin;



The thought of Christ how com-fort-ing and sweet; Who trod this path be-fore. Our
And tho He is in-deed the ve-ry God, As I am He hath been: My



wants and griefs and weaknesses He knows, From life's first dawning to its ver-y close.
God my Sav-iour, in-tercede for me, With love and pi-ty, power and sym-pa-thy!

I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY.

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HORATIUS BONAR, D. D., 1850.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1868.

p *rall.* *tempo.*

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest; Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give The liv - ing wa - ter, thirst - y one,

Org.

mf

Thy head up - on My breast;" I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
Stoop down, and drink, and live;" I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;

f *ff*

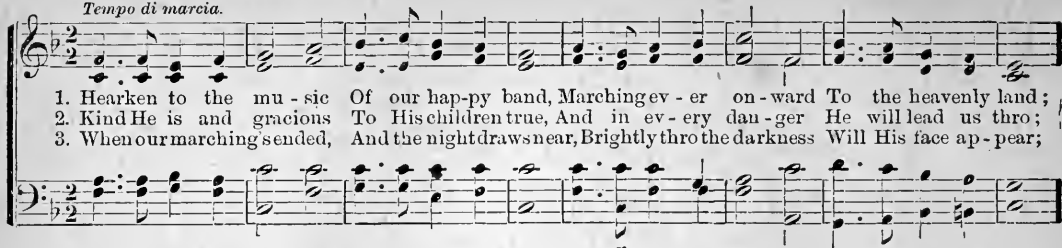
I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in Him. *A - men.*

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright;"
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him, my Star, my Sun;
And, in that Light of life, I'll walk
Till traveling days are done.

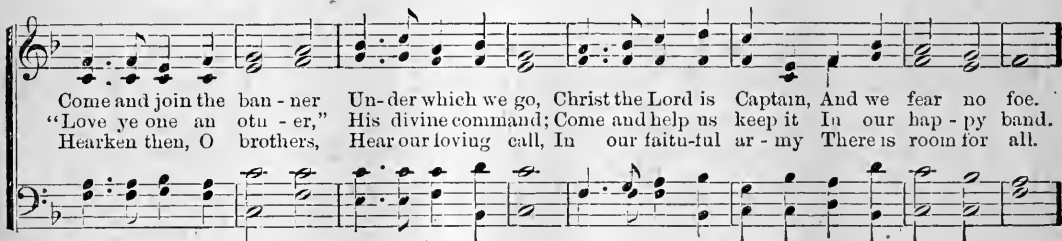
HEARKEN TO THE MUSIC.

MRS. MARY MATTHEWS-EARNES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

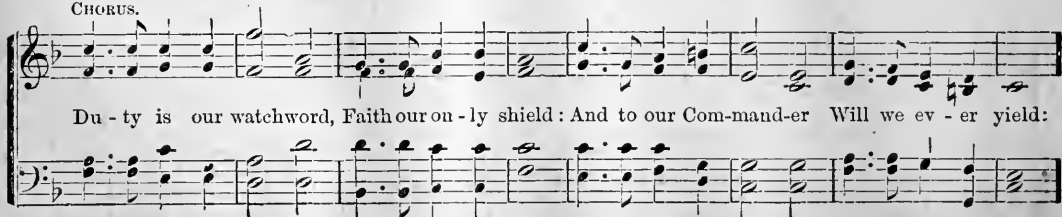
Tempo di marcia.


1. Hearken to the mu - sic Of our hap - py band, Marching ev - er on - ward To the heavenly land;
 2. Kind He is and gracious To His children true, And in ev - ery dan - ger He will lead us thro;
 3. When our marching's ended, And the night draws near, Brightly thro the darkness Will His face ap - pear;

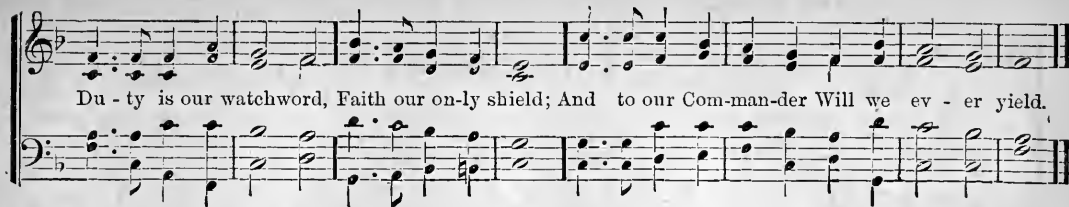


Come and join the ban - ner Un - der which we go, Christ the Lord is Captain, And we fear no foe.
 "Love ye one an oth - er," His divine command; Come and help us keep it In our hap - py band.
 Hearken then, O brothers, Hear our loving call, In our faith - ful ar - my There is room for all.

CHORUS.



Du - ty is our watchword, Faith our on - ly shield: And to our Com - mand - er Will we ev - er yield:



Du - ty is our watchword, Faith our on - ly shield; And to our Com - man - der Will we ev - er yield.

HOSANNA! RAISE THE PEALING HYMN.

WM. H. HAVERGAL, 1833.

Mitchison's Harmony, Glasgow.



1. Ho-san-na! raise the peal-ing hymn To Da-vid's Son and Lord; With cher-u-bim and
2. Ho-san-na! Sov'reign, Prophet, Priest! How vast Thy gifts, how free! Thy blood, our life; Thy



ser - a - phim, Ex - alt th' in - car - nate Word.
word, our feast; Thy name, our on - ly plea.

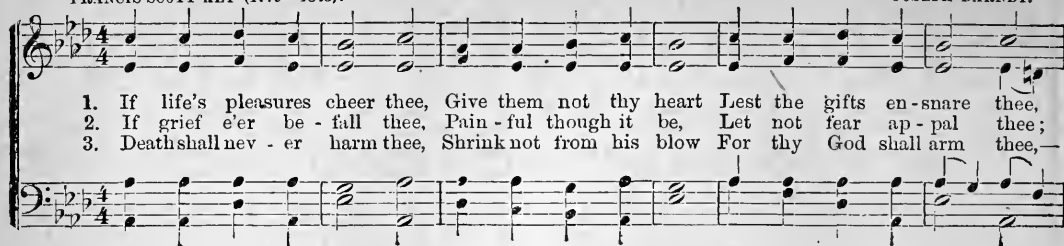
3 Hosanna! once Thy gracious ear
Approved a lisping throng;
Be gracious still, and deign to hear
Our poor but grateful song.

4 O Saviour! if redeemed by Thee,
Thy temple we behold,
Hosannas thro' eternity
We'll sing to harps of gold.

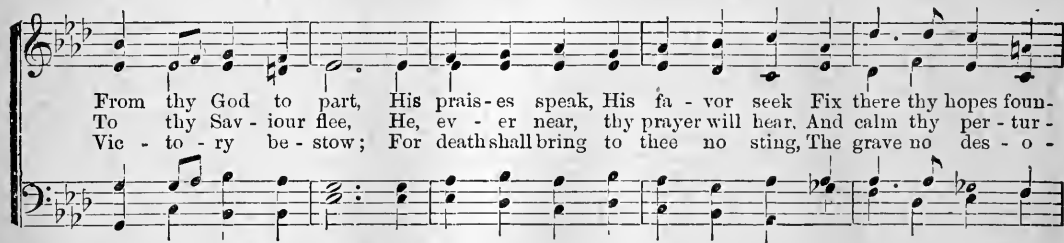
IF LIFE'S PLEASURES CHEER THEE.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY (1779—1843).

JOSEPH BARNEY.



1. If life's pleasures cheer thee, Give them not thy heart Lest the gifts en-snare thee,
 2. If grief e'er be - fall thee, Pain - ful though it be, Let not fear ap - pal thee;
 3. Death shall nev - er harm thee, Shrink not from his blow For thy God shall arm thee,—



From thy God to part, His prais-es speak, His fa - vor seek Fix there thy hopes foun-
 To thy Sav - iour flee, He, ev - er near, thy prayer will hear, And calm thy per - tur -
 Vic - to - ry be - stow; For death shall bring to thee no sting, The grave no des - o -



da - tion, Love Him! and He shall ev - er be The Rock of thy sal - va - tion.
 ba - tion, The waves of woe shall ne'er o'er - flow The Rock of thy sal - va - tion.
 la - tion, 'Tis gain to die, with Je - sus nigh, The Rock of thy sal - va - tion.

1. There's a song that comes from the years long past, And it tells a wondrous sto - ry Of a
 2. There is joy, great joy, as the glad bells ring, While the earth once more is wak - ing; What a
 3. There are tones of love from the choir a - bove, Thro the gates of pearl de - scend - ing; There are
 4. While to - day we hail our Re - deem - er - King, Let our hearts o'er - flow with pleas - ure; Let the

CHORUS.

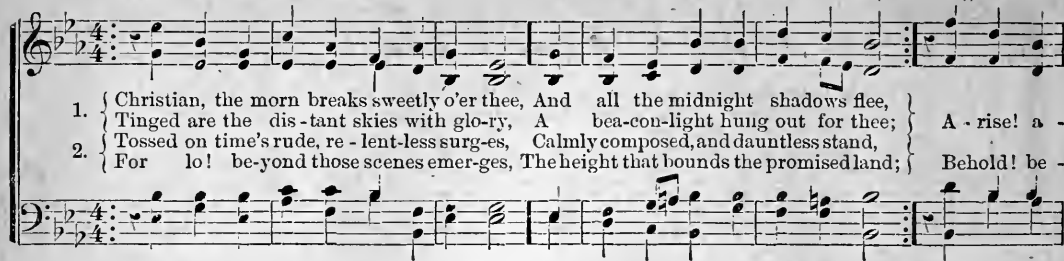
calm, still night when a babe was born, And the world was filled with glory. O shout, shout the song of
 pure, soft light on the o - rient sky, From the fair young morn is breaking.
 songs of joy, and we hear them now, With the children's chorus blending.
 song roll on, and the glad bells chime In a sweet and tune - ful measure.

ages gone, Repeat the wondrous sto - ry; Behold, to us a Saviour born, The Lord of life and glo - ry.

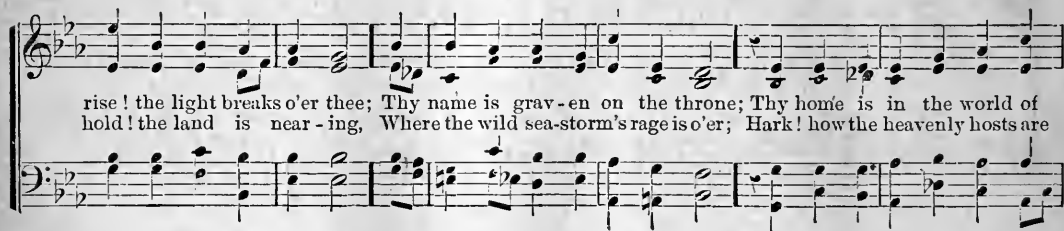
CHRISTIAN, THE MORN BREAKS.

Rev. JOSEPH RUSLING (1788—1839), 1832.

JUSTIN HEINRICH KNECHT (1752—1817), 1793.



1. { Christian, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee, And all the midnight shadows flee, } A - rise! a -
 2. { Tinged are the dis - tant skies with glo - ry, A bea - con - light hung out for thee; }
 2. { Tossed on time's rude, re - lent - less surg - es, Calmly composed, and dauntless stand, } Behold! be -
 { For lo! be - yond those scenes emer - ges, The height that bounds the promised land; }



rise! the light breaks o'er thee; Thy name is grav - en on the throne; Thy home is in the world of
 hold! the land is near - ing, Where the wild sea - storm's rage is o'er; Hark! how the heavenly hosts are



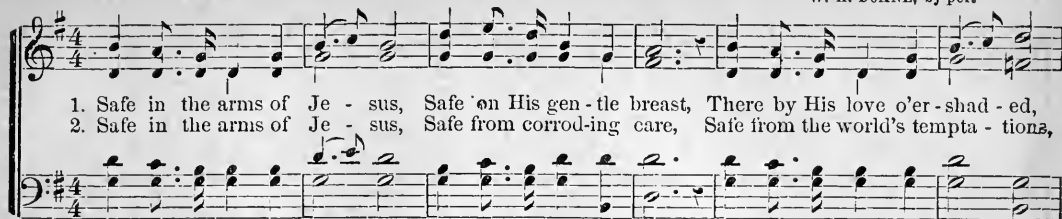
3 Cheer up! cheer up! the day breaks o'er thee,
 Bright as the summer's noon - tide ray,
 The star gemmed crowns and realms of glory
 Invite thy happy soul away;
 Away! away! leave all for glory,
 Thy name is graven on the throne;
 Thy home is in that world of glory.
 Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

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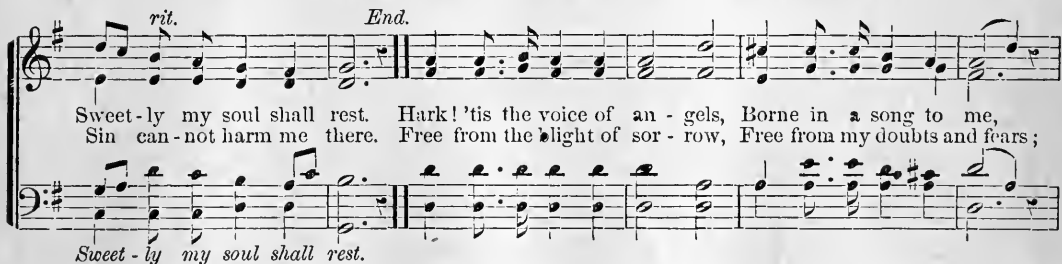
FANNY J. CRÔSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

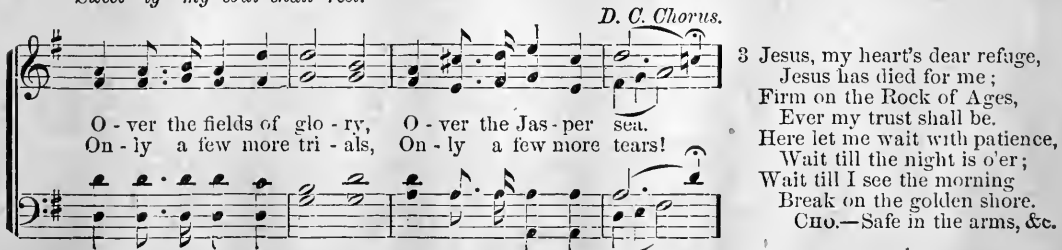


1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast, There by His love o'er - shad - ed,
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from corrod - ing care, Safe from the world's tempta - tions,

Chor.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast, There by His love o'er - shad - ed,



rit. *End.*
Sweet-ly my soul shall rest. Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
Sin can-not harm me there. Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.



D. C. Chorus.
O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the Jas - per seat.
On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears!
3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages,
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.
Chor.—Safe in the arms, &c.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING.

HUBERT P. MAIN.



1. All o - ver the val - leys so green and fair, The lil - y buds soft are sleep - ing; He
 2. He cares for the lil - y, and cares for me, His love will for - sake me nev - er; The



spoke thro the rays of the sun, and lo! The lil - y - buds forth came peep - ing.
 mer - cy that fold - eth the even - ing flower, Will ten - der - ly shield me ev - - er. |



CHORUS.

He sprink - led the rain from His great white cloud, He

scat - tered the dew on the clo - ver; He paint - ed the lil - ies by

brooks that flow All o - ver the mead - ows and o - - ver.

DAY BY DAY WE MAGNIFY THEE.

Rev. JOHN ELLERTON.

Rev. EDMUND S. CARTER.

1. Day by day we mag - ni - fy Thee, Not in words of praise a - lone; Truthful lips and

meek o - be-dience Show Thy glo-ry in Thine own. A - men.

2 Day by day we magnify Thee,
When, for Jesus' sake we try
Every wrong to bear with patience,
Every sin to mortify.

3 Day by day we magnify Thee,
Till our days on earth shall cease,
Till we rest from these our labors,
Waiting for Thy day in peace.

MY GOD, MY LIFE, MY LOVE!

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

G. C. W. MORNINGTON, 1760.

1. My God, my Life, my Love! To Thee, to Thee I call; I can - not live, if

2. Thy shin - ing grace can cheer, This dun - geon where I dwell; 'Tis Par - a - dise when

Thou re - move, For Thou art All in all
Thou art here; If Thou de - part, 'tis hell.

3 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God His residence remove,
Or but conceal His face.

4 Nor earth, nor all the sky.
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy.
Without Thy presence, Lord!

FIERCE RAGED THE TEMPEST.

GODFREY THIRING, 1853.

JOHN B. DYKES. 1862.

1. Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep, Watch did Thine anxious servants keep, But Thou wast
2. "Save, Lord, we per-ish," was their cry, "O save us in our ag - o - ny!" Thy word a -

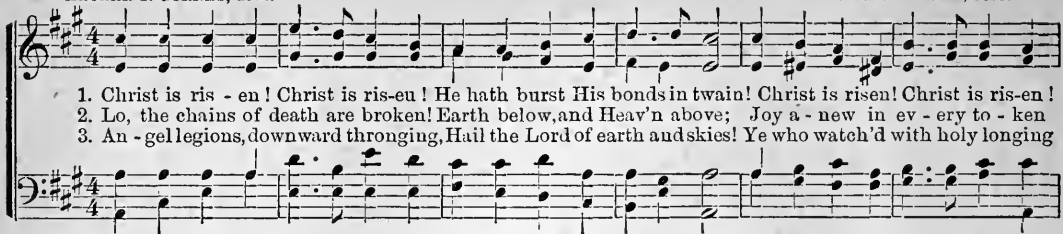
wrapped in guileless sleep, Calm and still.
bove the storm rose high. "Peace, be still." *A - men.*

3 The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
The sullen billows cease to leap,
At Thy will.

4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
"Peace, be still."

ARCHER T. GURNEY, 1862.

A. S. SULLIVAN, 1873.



1. Christ is ris - en ! Christ is ris-en ! He hath burst His bonds in twain ! Christ is risen ! Christ is ris-en !
 2. Lo, the chains of death are broken ! Earth below, and Heav'n above ; Joy a - new in ev - ery to - ken
 3. An - gel legions, downward thronging, Hail the Lord of earth and skies ! Ye who watch'd with holy longing



Earth and Heav'n prolong the strain ! He who suffered pain and loss, In His love to us, Dy - ing on the
 Of Thy triumph, Lord, of love ! He o'er earth and heav'n shall reign At His Father's side, Till He cometh
 Till our Sun a - gain should rise :—He is ris-en ! Earth rejoice ! Sing, ye starry train ! All things living,

CHORUS.



bit - ter Cross, Lives vic - to - ri - ous ! Christ is ris - en ! Christ is ris - en ! He hath burst His
 once a - gain, Bridegroom to His Bride.
 find a voice ! Je - sus lives a - gain !

bonds in twain! Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! Earth and Heav'n pro-long the strain.

THE KING OF LOVE.

HENRY W. BAKER, 1857, ab.

J. HALLETT SHEPHERD.

1. The King of love my Shepherd is, Whose goodness fail-eth nev - er; I nothing lack if
2. Per - verse and fool - ish, oft I stray'd, But yet in love He sought me, And on His shoulder

I am His, And He is mine for ev - er.
gent-ly laid, And home, re - joic - ing, brought me.

3.
In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

4.
And so, thro all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.

JOSEPH HUMPHREYS, 1743.

CÆSAR MALAN, 1830.

1. { Bless-ed are the sons of God, They are bought with Je-sus' blood; }
 { They are ransom'd from the grave; Life e - ter - nal they shall have: } With them number'd may we be,

2. They are justified by grace,
 They enjoy the Saviour's peace;
 Here, and in e - ter-ni - ty! All their sins are washed away;
 They shall stand in God's great day;
 With them number'd may we be,
 Here, and in eternity!

3. They are lights upon the Earth,—
 Children of a heavenly birth,—
 One with God, with Jesus one:
 Glory is in them begun:
 With them number'd may we be,
 Here, and in eternity!

JESUS SAVIOUR, SON OF GOD.

Anon. 1833.

F. A. G. OUSELEY, 1867.

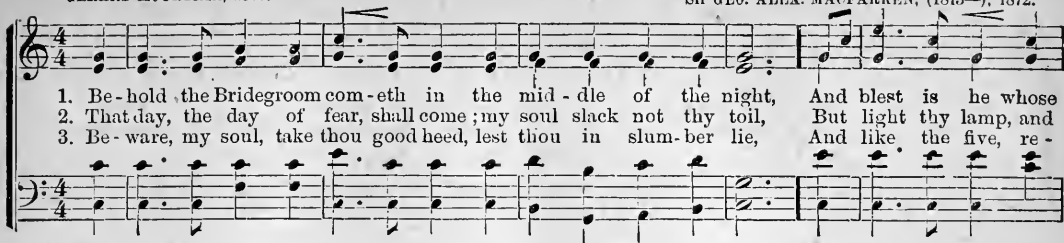
1. Je - sus, Saviour, Son of God, Who for me life's pathway trod, Who for me be-came a child, Make me humble, meek and mild.
 2. I Thy little Lamb would be, Je - sus, I would fol-low Thee; Samuel was Thy child of old Take me, too, with-in Thy fold.
 3. Teach me how to pray to Thee, Make me ho - ly, heaven - ly; Let me love what Thou dost love, Let me live with Thee above.

BEHOLD THE BRIDGROOM.

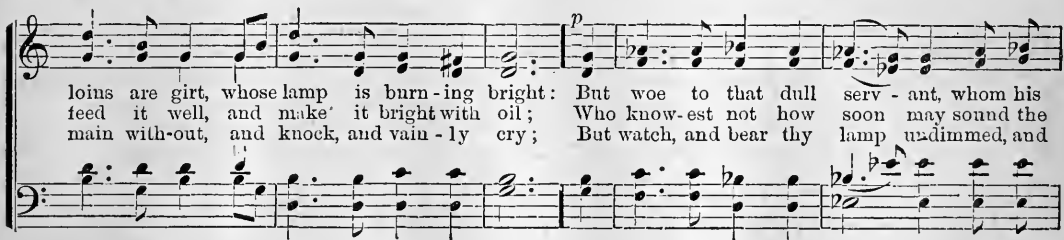
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GERARD MOULTRIE, 1867.

Sir GEO. ALEX. MACFARREN, (1813—), 1872.



1. Be-hold the Bridegroom com-eth in the mid-dle of the night, And blest is he whose
 2. That day, the day of fear, shall come; my soul slack not thy toil, But light thy lamp, and
 3. Be-ware, my soul, take thou good heed, lest thou in slum-ber lie, And like the five, re-



loins are girt, whose lamp is burn-ing bright: But woe to that dull serv-ant, whom his
 feed it well, and make it bright with oil; Who know-est not how soon may sound the
 main with-out, and knock, and vain-ly cry; But watch, and bear thy lamp undimmed, and



Mas-ter shall sur-prise With lamp untrimmed, unburn-ing, and with slum-ber in his eyes.
 cry at ev-en-tide, "Be-hold the Bridegroom comes. A-rise! go forth to meet the Bride."
 Christ shall gird thee on His own bright wedding-robe of light, the glo-ry of the Son.

HOSANNA WE SING.

GEORGE SAMUEL HODGES, 1874.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1874.

1. Ho-san - na we sing, like the children dear, In the old - en days when the Lord lived here; He
 2. Ho-san - na we sing, for He bends His ear, And re - joices the hymns of His own to hear; We

blest'd little children and smil'd on them, While they chanted His praise in Je - ru - sa - lem;
 know that His heart will never wax cold To the lambs that He feeds in His earth - ly fold.

Al - le - lu - ia we sing, like the children bright With their harps of gold and their rai - ment white,
 Al - le - lu - ia we sing in the church we love, Al - le - luia re - sounds in the church a - bove;

f *Rall.*

As they fol - low their Shepherd with lov - ing eyes, Thro the beauti - ful val - leys of Par - a - dise.
To Thy lit - tle ones, Lord, may such grace be given, That we lose not our part in the song of heaven.

JESUS! THY NAME I LOVE.

JAMES GEORGE DECK (1808—), 1842.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Je - sus! Thy name I love All oth - er names a - bove, Je - sus, my Lord! Oh! Thou art
2. When un - to Thee I flee Thou wilt my Ref - uge be, Je - sus, my Lord! What need I
3. Soon Thou wilt come a - gain; I shall be hap - py then, Je - sus, my Lord! Then Thine own

Rit.

all to me; Noth - ing to please I see, Noth - ing a - part from Thee, Je - sus, my Lord!
now to fear? What earthly grief or care? Since Thou art ev - er near, Je - sus, my Lord!
face I'll see, Then I shall like Thee be, Then ev - er - more with Thee, Je - sus, my Lord!

WHILE THE SUN IS SHINING.

THOMAS A. STOWELL, ab.

WILLIAM H. MONK, 1861.

1. While the sun is shin-ing Brightly in the sky, Ere his rays de-clin-ing Tell that night is nigh;
 2. Work, but not in sad-ness, For your Lord a-bove; He will make it glad-ness With His smile of love.
 3. Hap-py then the meeting, When you see His Face; Welcome then the greeting From the Throne of grace—

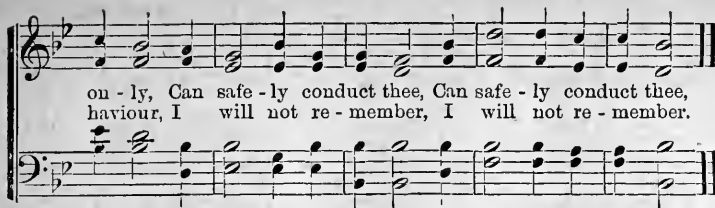
Ere the shadows fall-ing, Lengthen on our way, Hark! a voice is call-ing, "Work while it is day."
 When that Lord re-turn-ing Knocketh at the gate, Let your lights be burn-ing, Be like men who wait.
 "Good and faithful ser-vant, Of MY FATHER blest, Now your work is end-ed, En-ter in - to rest."

GIVE ME THY HAND.

Mrs. ELLEN M. H. GATES.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Give me thy hand, my child, Helpless and lone-ly; 'Thro' the drear and desert wild, 'Tis I, and I
 2. Give me thy hand, my child, I am thy Saviour, Per-fect and un-de-fil-ed, Thy sin-ful be-



3.

Give me thy hand, my child,
What can betide thee,
If the Saviour, meek and mild,
Is walking beside thee,
||: And loving thee always? :||

WHY DO WE SAY ?

CECIL F. ALEXANDER, 1848.

German. 1735, arr.



2 Because some hearts are cold and hard,
And some are traitors to His cause;
They do not honor the great King,
They will not keep His laws.

3 And we would see thro' all the Earth
His holy Name beloved alone,
And every knee in homage bowed
Before His kingly throne.

4 The happy dead who rest in Him,
Are ever praying the same prayer,
For when Christ's kingdom comes again
His saints will all be there.

5 But if we say those solemn words,
And hope to share His triumph hour,
Our hearts must be His kingdom now
Where He alone hath power.

6 They must be holy pure and true,
Obeying Christ in everything,
For they who own His gentle rule
Can have no other king.

7 So shall our souls be ready found,
When from the country far away
Our King returns in glory crowned,
To hail His sovereign sway!

FORTH TO THE FIGHT.

W. H. KIRBY.

JOHN HEYWOOD.

1. Forth to the fight, ye ransomed, Might-y in God's own might, Stemming the tide of
 2. Fight, for the Lord is o'er you, Fight, for He bids you fight; There where the fray is
 3. Fear not the din of bat-tle, Fol-low where He has trod Per-fect-ing strengthin

f Chorus.
 bat-tle, Rout-ing the hosts of night. Lift ye the Blood-red Ban-ner, Wield ye the Spir-it's
 thick-est Close with the hosts of night,
 weakness—Je-sus, In-car-nate God!

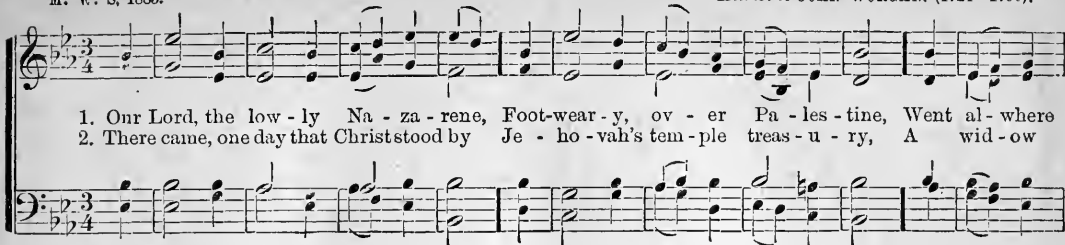
sword, Raise ye the Christian's war-cry— "The Cross of Christ the Lord!" A-men.

OUR LORD, THE LOWLY NAZARENE.

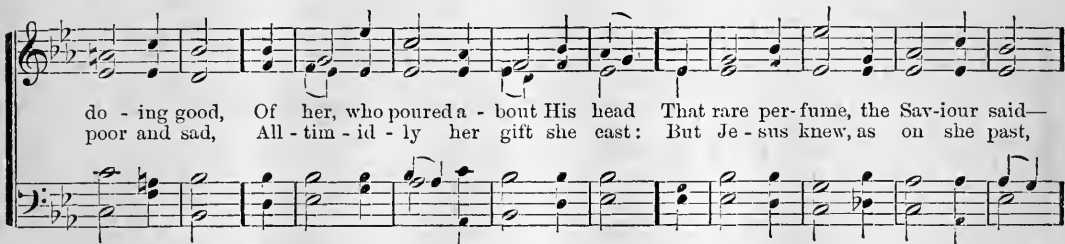
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M. W. S. 1885.

Attrib. to JOHN WORGAN. (1724—1790).



1. Our Lord, the low - ly Na - za - rene, Foot-wear - y, ov - er Pa - les - tine, Went al - where
2. There came, one day that Christ stood by Je - ho - vah's tem - ple treas - u - ry, A wid - ow



do - ing good, Of her, who poured a - bout His head That rare per - fume, the Sav - iour said—
poor and sad, All - tim - id - ly her gift she cast: But Je - sus knew, as on she past,



"She hath done what she could."
"Twas everything she had!

3.

Grant us, O God, no more to shirk,
But faithful, undertake that work
That lieth next to do;
Rememb'ring we are not our own,
But bought by Him, who, tho Thy Son,
Became a servant too!

4.

Lord, Thou hast cleansed the humblest task,
Where Thou say'st *Go!* no more we'll ask,
Bright shall the errand be;—
To speak a word to him that faints,—
To wash the feet of weary saints
And do it all for Thee!

SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD LEAD US.

DOROTHY ANN THRUPP, 1838, *arr.*

GEORGE F. HANDEL, (1685—1759) 1721.

1. Saviour, like a shepherd lead us; Much we need Thy tender care,
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy fold prepare.

2. Thou hast promised to receive us, Poor and sin-ful tho we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free,

We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,
Ear-ly let us seek Thy favor,

Be the guardian of our way, Keep Thy flock, from sin de-fend us, Seek us when we go a-stray.
Ear-ly help us do Thy will, Ho-ly Lord, our on-ly Saviour! With Thy grace our bosoms fill.

FATHER! IN THY MYSTERIOUS PRESENCE.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, (1822—) *abr.*

JOHN STAINER, (1840—) 1872.

1. Fa-ther, in Thy mys-terious presence kneeling, Fain would our souls feel all Thy kindling love.

2. Lord, we have wandered forth thro doubt and sorrow, And Thou hast made each step an on-ward one;

For we are weak, and need some deep re-veal-ing Of trust, and strength, and calmness from a - bove.
And we will ev - er trust each unknown mor-row, Thou wilt sus - tain us till our work is done!

COME, MY REDEEMER, COME!

ANDREW REED, 1817, *arr.*THOMAS GREATOREX' Coll., 1820, *arr.*

1. Come, my Re-deem-er, come! And deign to dwell with me. Come, make my heart Thy home, Bid
2. Why should the world presume To oc - cu - py Thy throne? Come, all Thy right as - sume; I
3. Rule Thou in ev - ery thought And pas - sion of my soul, Till all my powers are brought Be -

all Thy riv - als flee. Come, my Re-deem-er, quickly come, And make my heart Thy last - ing home.
would be Thine a - lone. Curb, by Thy might - y pow'r my sin, This hour bring all Thy grac - es in.
neath Thy full control. Then shall my heart and life be Thine, Thy joy and peace for - ev - er mine!

'TIS NOT FAR TO JESUS.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WILLIAM H. DOANE.

1. 'Tis not far to Je - sus, He is ev - ry - where, Watching o'er His children With a ten - der care.
 2. 'Tis not far to Je - sus, No, 'tis ver - y near; He is all a - round us, He is with us here.
 3. If we want to love Him, Let us go and pray; Then our hearts can find Him, Now this ver - y day.

Early if we seek Him, Ear - ly we shall find Him; 'Tis not far to Je - sus, He is ev - ery - where.

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FATHER, LEAD ME DAY BY DAY.

JOHN PAGE HOPPS, arr.

JOHN B. DYKES.

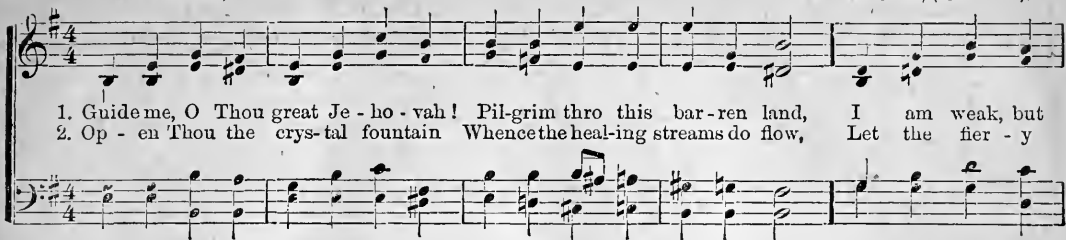
1. Fa - ther, lead me day by day, Ev - er in Thine own sweet way. Teach me to be pure and true, Show me what I ought to do.
 2. When in danger make me brave, Knowing that Thy hand can save. When I'm tempted to do wrong, Make me steadfast, wise, and [strong].
 3. Tho my task un - welcome be, May I press on sturd - i - ly. Let Thy grace my heart control, Guard the childhood of my soul.

GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH!

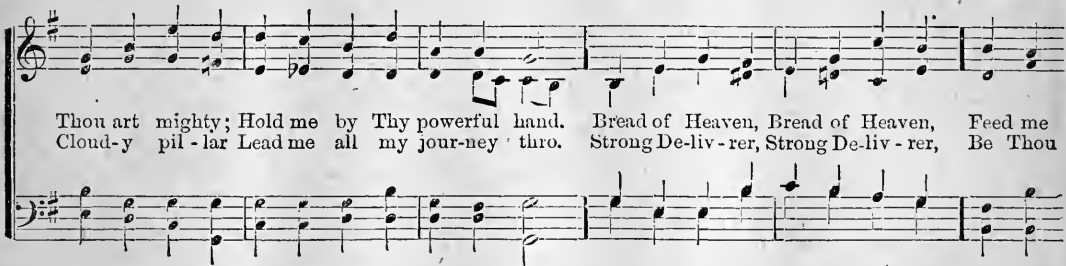
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WILLIAM WILLIAMS, 1771.


JOHN R. THOMAS, (1830—).



1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah! Pil - grim thro this bar - ren land, I am weak, but
2. Op - en Thou the crys - tal fountain Whence the heal - ing streams do flow, Let the fier - y



Thou art mighty; Hold me by Thy powerful hand. Bread of Heaven, Bread of Heaven, Feed me
Cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney thro. Strong De - liv - rer, Strong De - liv - rer, Be Thou



till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more.
still my strength and shield, Be Thou still my strength and shield.

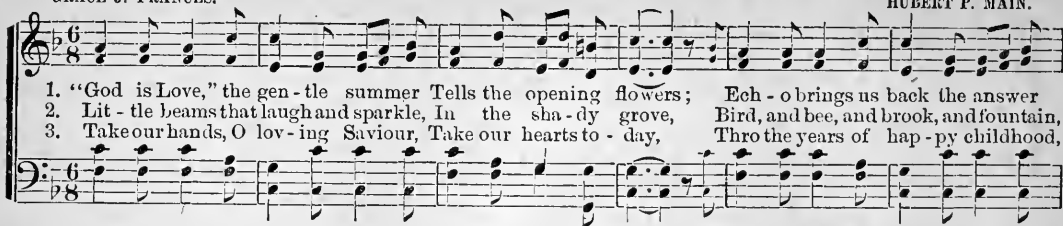
3.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death! and hell's Destruction!
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
||: Songs of praises :||
||: I will ever give to Thee :||

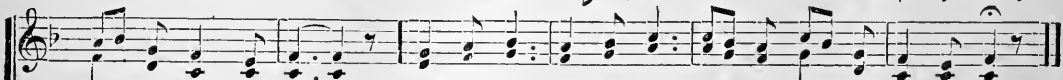
198 "GOD IS LOVE," THE GENTLE SUMMER TELLS.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

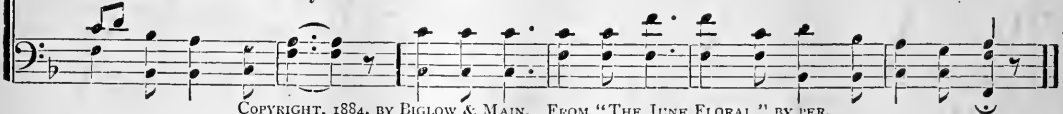
HUBERT P. MAIN.



1. "God is Love," the gen- tle summer Tells the opening flowers; Ech - o brings us back the answer
 2. Lit - tle beams that laugh and sparkle, In the sha - dy grove, Bird, and bee, and brook, and fountain,
 3. Take our hands, O lov - ing Saviour, Take our hearts to - day, Thro the years of hap - py childhood,



From the leaf - y bowers. "God is Love," "God is Love," Sweet - est cho - rus, "God is Love."
 Whis - per "God is Love."
 Lead us all the way.

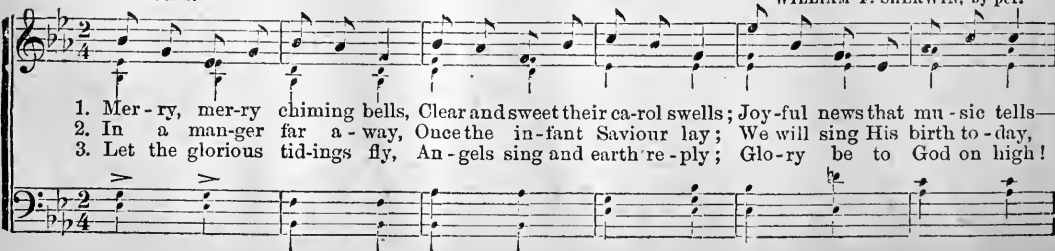


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MERRY, MERRY CHIMING BELLS.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WILLIAM F. SHERWIN, by per.



1. Mer - ry, mer - ry chiming bells, Clear and sweet their ca - rol swells; Joy - ful news that mu - sic tells -
 2. In a man - ger far a - way, Once the in - fant Saviour lay; We will sing His birth to - day,
 3. Let the glorious tid - ings fly, An - gels sing and earth re - ply; Glo - ry be to God on high!

ff

Glo - ry in the high - est. Glo - ry be to God on high, Glo - ry in the high - est!

This musical score is for a two-part setting. The upper part is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. It begins with a forte (*ff*) dynamic. The lower part is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

SAVIOUR! WHILE OUR HEARTS ARE TENDER.

Arr. 1885 from JOHN BURTON, (1773—1822).

ROBERT SCHUMANN, arr. B. C. BLODGETT, 1885.

1. Saviour! while our hearts are tender, We would yield them all to Thee. Thankfully our powers surrender,
2. Send us, Lord, where Thou wilt send us, Only do Thou guide our way. By Thy grace thro life attend us,
3. Write Thy name upon our foreheads, Write our names upon Thy hand. Marching onward with hosannas,

This musical score is for a two-part setting. The upper part is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower part is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

rit. *a tempo.*

Thine and only Thine to be.... O our Mas-ter and De-fend-er, We would serve Thee faithfully.
Gladly then shall we o-bey... With Thy constant love be-friend us All, as child-ren of the Day.
In Thine holy pilgrim-band... May we in that heavenly country, With Thy ransomed armies stand.

This musical score continues the two-part setting. The upper part is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower part is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the upper staff. The score includes tempo markings: *rit.* (ritardando) and *a tempo.* (return to tempo).

200 HOLY GOD, MY MAKER, I BELONG TO THEE.

Anon. 1885.

FRIEDERICH SILCHER, (1789-1860),

1. Ho-ly God, my Maker, I belong to Thee, Here am I, oh take me Thine alone to be,—Thine alone to be.
 2. O Cre-a-tor faithful, I am not my own: But by holy promise, namesake of Thy Son,—Namesake of Thy Son.
 3. O my King and Father, lead me by the hand Thro this world's temptations to Thy sinless land,—To Thy sinless land.

ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER, 1848. *abr.*

CHARLES FRANCOIS GOUNOD. (1818—) 1872.

1. Once in roy-al David's cit-y Stood a low-ly cat-tleshed, Where a mother laid her Ba-by,
 In a man-ger for His bed, Ma-ry was that moth-er mild, Je-sus Christher lit-tle Child.

2 And thro all His wondrous childhood
 He would honor and obey,
 Love and watch the lowly mother
 In whose gentle arms He lay,
 Christian children all must be
 Mild, obedient, good as He.

3 And our eyes at last shall see Him
 Thro His own redeeming love,
 For that Child, so dear and gentle,
 Is our Lord in Heaven above;
 And He leads His children on
 To the place where He is gone.

JESUS, FROM THY THRONE ON HIGH.

THOMAS B. POLLOCK, (1836—) abr.

From KARL REINECKE, arr. B. C. BLODGETT, 1885.

Lento.

1. Je - sus, from Thy throne on high, Far a - bove the bright blue sky, Look on us with
 2. Lit - tle lives may be di - vine, Lit - tle deeds of love may shine, Lit - tle ones be
 3. Lit - tle hearts may love Thee well, Lit - tle lips Thy love may tell, Lit - tle hymns Thy

lov - ing eye, Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus.
 whol - ly Thine. Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus.
 prais - es swell. Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus.

4. Once Thyself a child, so fair,
 Knowing want and toil and care,
 All that we may have to bear,
 Hear us, Holy Jesus.

5. Make us brave, without a fear:
 Make us happy, full of cheer;
 Sure that Thou art always near.
 Hear us, Holy Jesus.

6. May we prize our Christian name,
 May we guard it free from blame,
 Shunning all that causes shame.
 Hear us, Holy Jesus!

BY JESUS' GRAVE, ON EITHER HAND.

J. G. SMITH.

EDWARD H. THORNE, 1885.

p *m* *pp*

1. By Je-sus' grave, on eith-er hand, While night is brooding o'er the land. The sad and si-lent watch-ers stand.
2. At last the wea-ry life is o'er, The ag-o-ny and con-flict sore Of Him who all our suff-ering bore.

3 Deep in the rock's sepulchral shade,
The Lord, by whom the worlds were made,
'The Saviour of mankind is laid.

4 O hearts bereaved and sore distressed,
Here is for you a place of rest;
Here leave your griefs on Jesus' breast.

I AM BAPTIZED INTO THY NAME.

Ger. J. P. RAMBACH. 1720.

Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1858, *abr.*

JOHN B. DYKES, 1861.

I am baptized in - to Thy name, O Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost! Among Thy seed a place I claim,

Among Thy consecrated host; Buried with Christ and dead to sin, Thy Spirit now shall live within. A-men.

2 My loving Father, here dost Thou
 Proclaim me as Thy child and heir ;
 Thou, faithful Saviour, bidd'st me now
 The fruit of all Thy sorrows share ;
 Thou, Holy Ghost, wilt comfort me
 When darkest clouds around I see.

3 And never let me waver more,
 O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;
 Till at Thy will this life is o'er,
 Still keep me in Thy faithful host,
 So unto Thee I live and die,
 And praise Thee evermore on high. *Amen.*

SHEPHERD OF TENDER YOUTH.

GK. CLEMENS ALEXANDRINUS, A.D. 200.
 Tr. HENRY M. DEXTER (1821—), 1849, abr.

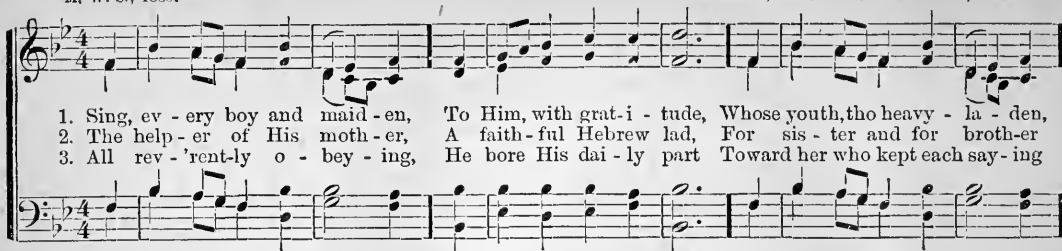
BENJAMIN C. BLODGETT, 1872.

1. Shepherd of ten - der youth, Guid-ing in love and truth, Thro de-vi-ous ways ; Christ our tri -
 2. Thou art our Ho - ly Lord, The all - sub - du - ing Word, Heal - er of strife ; Thou didst Thy -
 3. So, now and till we die, Sound we Thy prais-es high, And joy - ful sing. In-fants, and

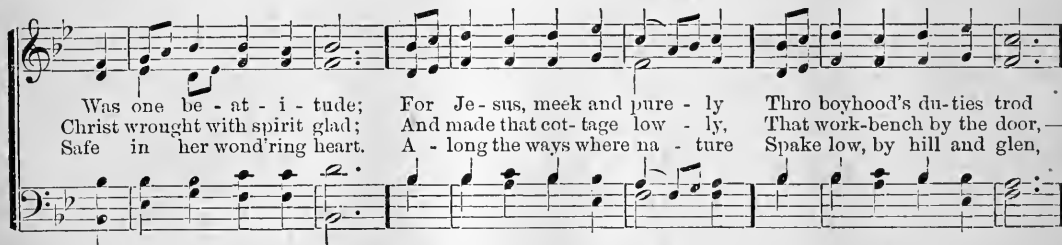
umphant King, We come Thy name to sing, And here our chil-dren bring, To shout Thy praise.
 self a - base, That from sin's deep disgrace Thou mightest save our race, And give us life.
 the glad throng Who to Thy Church belong, U - nite, and swell the song, To Christ our King !

M. W. S., 1885.

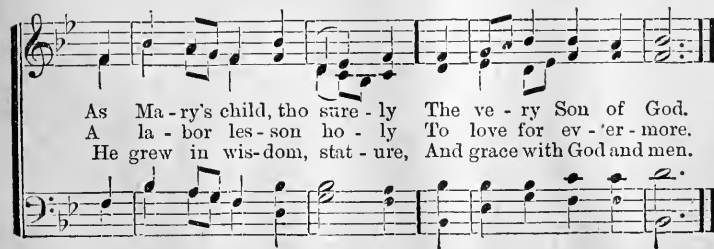
Old Choral, ST. GALL GESANGBUCH, 1851.



1. Sing, ev - ery boy and maid - en, To Him, with grat - i - tude, Whose youth, tho heavy - la - den,
 2. The help - er of His moth - er, A faith - ful Hebrew lad, For sis - ter and for broth - er
 3. All rev - 'rent - ly o - bey - ing, He bore His dai - ly part Toward her who kept each say - ing



Was one be - at - i - tude; For Je - sus, meek and pure - ly Thro boyhood's du - ties trod
 Christ wrought with spirit glad; And made that cot - tage low - ly, That work - bench by the door, -
 Safe in her wond'ring heart. A - long the ways where na - ture Spake low, by hill and glen,

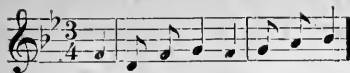


As Ma - ry's child, tho sure - ly The ve - ry Son of God.
 A la - bor les - son ho - ly To love for ev - 'er - more.
 He grew in wis - dom, stat - ure, And grace with God and men.

4.

O sing, ye tired and tearful,
 What this sweet story saith;
 For all that's brave and cheerful
 Comes out of Nazareth!
 Let serving hands fly faster—
 New years new burdens bring, —
 Enough! if like your Master,
 The Carpenter and King!

HEBRON. L. M.



1 Be still, my heart, these anxious
cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and
snares:

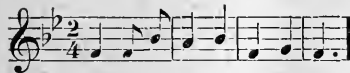
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,
And contradict His gracious word.

2 Brought safely by His hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want, if He provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide?

3 The rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home apace to God;
Then count thy present trials small,
For Heaven will make amends for all.

John Newton, 1799.

WARD. L. M.



1 O Lord, my heart would fain retreat,
Confiding, to Thy mercy-seat.
And when I come before Thee there,
Thy grace must still inspire my prayer.

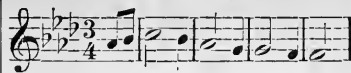
2 Thy grace must give the heart to
pray,

And Thou must teach me what to say;
I cannot seek Thee as I ought,
Till by Thy Spirit I am taught.

3 But Thou hast bid me seek Thee still;
Dear Lord, Thy promises fulfill;
The bruised reed Thou wilt not break,
O save me, for Thy mercy's sake.

Geo. B. Cheever (1807—), 1867.

MANOAH. C. M.



1 Thy mercy-gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin;
Oh, shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in.

2 We need not to confess our fault,
For surely Thou canst tell;
What we have done, and what we are,
Thou knowest very well;

3 Wherefore, to beg and to entreat,
With tears we come to Thee,
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee!

Anon.

ARLINGTON. C. M.



1 The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not
want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the path of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.

3 Yea, tho I walk in death's dark vale;
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff will comfort still.

4 My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life,
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling place shall be.
"Rouse's Version," 1643.

OLIVET. 6s, 4s.



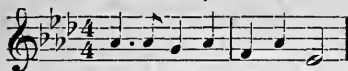
1 My faith looks up to Thee
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh! let me from this day,
Be wholly thine!

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my failing heart;
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh! may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

Rev. Ray Palmer (1808—), 1830

SPANISH HYMN. 7s. 6 lines.



1 Chosen, not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified,
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.

2 When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunder to the ear,
Loud as many water's noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

Robert Murray M'Cheyne,
(1813—1843), 1837.

HUNSLEY, L. M.

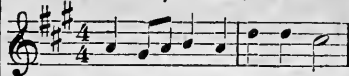


1 Thou hast not, dearest Lord, forgot
Thy wrestlings on Judea's hills;
And still Thou lov'st the quiet spot
Where praise the lowly spirit fills.

2 Oft Thou Thyself didst steal away,
At eventide, from labor done,
In some still, peaceful shade to pray
Till morning watches were begun.

3 Now to our souls, withdrawn awhile
From Earth's rude noise, Thy face reveal;
And as we worship, kindly smile,
And for Thine own our spirits seal.
Ray Palmer, *abr.*

Dix. 7s. 6 lines.



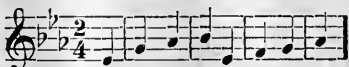
1 Jesus, when a little child,
Taught us what we ought to be,
Holy, harmless, undefiled,
Was the Saviour's infancy.
All the Father's glory shone
In the person of His Son.

2 As in age and strength He grew,
Heavenly wisdom filled His breast,
Crowds attentive round Him drew,
Wondering at His infant guest;—
Gazed upon His lovely face,
Saw Him full of truth and grace.

3 In His heavenly Father's house
Jesus spent His early days:
There He paid His solemn vows,
There proclaim'd His Father's praise.
Thus it was His lot to gain
Favor both with God and man.

4 Father, guide our steps aright
In the way that Jesus trod!
May it be our great delight
To obey Thy will, O God!
Then to us shall soon be given
Endless bliss with Christ in Heaven.
Anon, 1835.

DUNDEE. C. M.



1 O Gracious Lord, as I confess,
Do Thou forgive my sin.

Cleanse me from all unrighteousness
And make me pure within!

2 Create within me a clean heart,
A constant spirit give;
Nor let me ever from Thee part:
But in Thy presence live.

3 Upon Thine altar now I bind
Thine own sweet sacrifice.
The broken heart, the contrite mind,
Thou, Lord, wilt not despise.
Edwin P. Parker, 1835.

Tune.—DUNDEE.

1 Lord! when we bend before Thy
And our confessions pour, [throned
Oh, may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore!

2 When we disclose our wants in
May we our wills resign; [prayer,
Nor let a thought our bosoms share
Which is not wholly Thine.
Joseph D. Carlyle, 1805. *abr.*

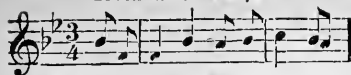
GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s & 4s.



Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Welcome to this heart of mine.
Lord I make a full surrender,
Every power and thought is Thine;
Thine entirely,—
Thro eternal ages Thine!

William Mason, 1794, *abr.*

STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s.



1 Where the Cross, God's love reveal—
Sets the fettered spirit free, [sing,
Where it sheds its wondrous healing,
There, my soul, thy rest shall be!

2 Oh, may I no longer, dreaming,
Idly waste my golden day,
But, each precious hour redeeming,
Upward, onward press my way!

Horatius Bonar, *abr.*

Tune.—page 178.

1 Oh, would, my God, that I could
praise Thee,
With thousand tongues, by day and
night!

How many a song my lips should raise
Thee,
Who orderest all things here aright.
O all ye powers that He implanted,
Arise, keep silence thus no more,
Put forth the strength that God hath
granted,
Your noblest work is to adore!

2 Ye forest leaves so green and tender,
That dance for joy in summer air;
Ye meadow-grasses bright and slender,
Ye, flowers so wondrous sweet and
fair;—

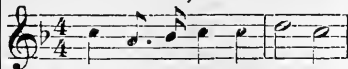
O all things that have breath and mo-
tion,
That throng with life earth, sea and
sky,
Now join me in my heart's devotion,
Help me to raise His glories high!

3 Lord, I will tell, while I am living,
Thy goodness forth with every
breath;

And greet each morning with thanks-
giving,
Until my heart is still in death.
O Father, deign Thou, I beseech Thee,
To listen to my earthly lays;
A nobler strain in Heaven shall reach
Thee,
When I with angels hymn Thy praise.

J. Mentzer, 1704.
Tr. Cath. Winkworth, 1863, *arr.*

WORK. 7s & 6s.

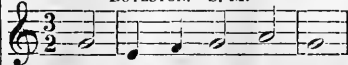


1 Work! for the night is coming,
Work thro the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work! for the night is coming,
Work in the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

Annie L. Walker, 1860.

BOVLSTON. S. M.



1 My spirit on Thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For Thou art love divine.

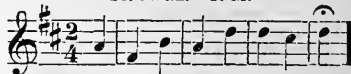
2 In Thee I place my trust;
On Thee I calmly rest:
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.

3 What'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me,—
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee.

Henry F. Lyte, 1834.

ST. ANNE. C. M.



1 Break, new-born year, on glad eyes
Melodious voices move! [break!
On, rolling Time! thou canst not make
The Father cease to love.

2 The parted year had wingéd feet;
The Saviour still doth stay:
The New Year comes; but, Spirit sweet,
Thou goest not away.

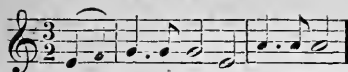
3 Our hearts in tears may oft run o'er;
But, Lord, Thy smile still beams;
Our sins are swelling evermore;
But pardoning grace still streams.

4 Lord! from this year more service
More glory, more delight! [win,
O make its hours less sad with sin,
Its days with Thee more bright!

5 Then we may bless its precious things,
If earthly cheer should come;
Or gladsome mount on angel wings,
If Thou shouldst take us home.

Thomas H. Gill.

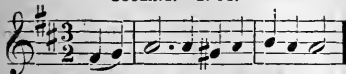
HEBER. C. M.



- 1 A mother may forgetful be,
For human love is frail;
But thy Creator's love to thee,
O Zion, cannot fail.
- 2 No, thy dear name engraven stands,
In characters of love,
On thine almighty Father's hands;
And never shall remove.
- 3 Before His ever-watchful eye
Thy mournful state appears,
And every groan, and every sigh,
Divine compassion hears.
- 4 O Zion, learn to doubt no more,
Be every fear suppressed;
Unchanging truth, and love, and power,
Dwell in thy Saviour's breast.

Anna Steele. 1760.

COOLING. C. M.

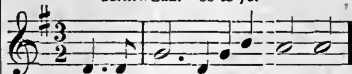


- 1 All that I was,—my sin,—my guilt,—
My death, was all my own;
All that I am, I owe to Thee,
My gracious God! alone.
- 2 The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine;
The good in which I now rejoice,
Is Thine, and only Thine.

- 3 All that I am, even here on earth,
All that I hope to be
When Jesus comes, and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord! to Thee.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1850.

HARWELL. 8s & 7s.

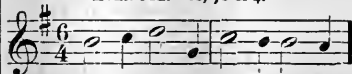


- 1 Hark!—ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above,
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;—
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See! He sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen.

- 2 Saviour! hasten Thine appearing;
Bring—Oh! bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;—
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,—
"Glory, glory to our King."
Hallelujah! &c.

Rev. Thos. Kelly, 1804.

EVEN ME. 8s, 7s & 4.



- 1 Lord! I hear of showers of blessing,
Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me.
Even me,—even me!
Let some droppings fall on me.

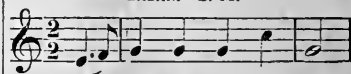
- 2 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,—
Even me, &c.

- 3 Have I long in sin been sleeping.
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping!
Oh! forgive and rescue me,—
Even me, &c.

- 4 Love of God, so pure and changeless,—
Blood of God, so rich and free,—
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,—
Magnify them all in me,—
Even me, &c.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner, 1860.

LABAN. S. M.



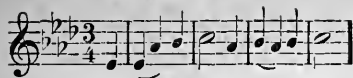
- 1 My soul, be on thy guard!
Ten thousand foes arise;
And hosts of sins are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

- 2 Oh! watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er:
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thine arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain thy crown.

George Heath, 1787.

LOUVAN. L. M.



1 Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thine erring children, lost and lone.

2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

3 O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the rock and strong in Thee
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4 O teach me Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart
And wing my words that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

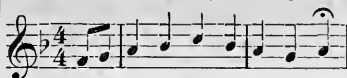
5 O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones, in needful hour.

6 O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

7 O use me, Lord, use even me
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share,

Frances R. Havergal, 1872.

DECIVS' CHORAL, 8s & 7s, P. (see p. 22.)



1 Across the sky the shades of night
This winter's eve are fleeting,
We come to Thee, the Life and Light,
In solemn worship meeting.
And, as the year's last hours go by,
We lift to Thee our earnest cry,
Once more Thy love intreating.

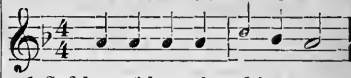
2 And while we kneel, we lift our eyes
To dear ones gone before us.
Safe housed with Thee in Paradise,
Their spirits hovering o'er us;
And beg of Thee, when life is past,
To re-unite us all, at last,
And to our lost restore us.

3 We gather up, in this brief hour,
The memory of Thy mercies,
Thy wondrous goodness love and power,
Our grateful song rehearses;
For Thou hast been our strength and stay
In many a dark and dreary day
Of sorrow and reverses.

4 Then, O great God, in years to come,
Whatever fate betide us,
Right onward thro' our journey home
Be Thou at hand to guide us;
Nor leave us till, at close of life
Safe from all perils, toil, and strife,
Heav'n shall unfold and hide us!

James Hamilton, (1819—), *abr.*

DEPTH OF MERCY. 7s, D. (see p. 28.)

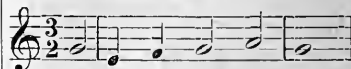


1 Safely, safely gathered in,
No more sorrow, no more sin,
No more childish griefs nor fears,
No more sadness, no more tears;
For the life so young and fair,
Now hath past from earthly care,
Past beyond all cry and pain
Past by Death to heavenly gain!

2 For our loss we must not weep,
Nor the loved one long to keep
From that home of rest and peace
Where all sin and sorrow cease.
God has saved from weary strife
In its dawn, this young fresh life,
Which awaits us now above
Resting in the Saviour's love!

Henrietta O. Dobree, (1831—), *arr.*

BOYLSTON. S. M.



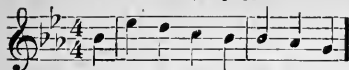
1 Blest are the pure in heart;
For they shall see their God,
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.

2 He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart,
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

3 Lord! we Thy presence seek,
May ours this blessing be,
Oh, give the pure and lowly heart,—
A temple meet for Thee.

John Keble, 1827, *abr.*

ST. PETER. (see p. 55.)



1 Light up this house with glory, Lord;
and entering claim Thine own,
Receive the homage of our souls;
erect Thy temple throne.

2 We rear no altar,—Thou hast died,
we deck no priestly shrine,
What need have we of creature aid?
the power to save is Thine.

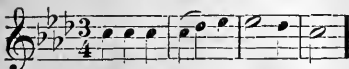
3 We ask no bright shekinah-cloud
to glorify the place:
Give, Lord, the substance of that sign
a plenitude of grace.

4 No rushing, mighty wind, we ask;
no tongues of flame desire:
Grant us the spirit's quick'ning light,
His purifying fire.

5 Light up this house with glory, Lord,—
the glory of that love
Which forms and saves a Church
below,
and makes a Heaven above.

John Harris, (1802—1856.)

ROSE HILL. L. M.



1 Behold! a Stranger's at the door!
He gently knocks,—has knocked be-
fore;
Has waited long—is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

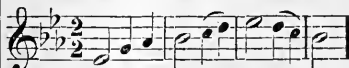
2 Oh! lovely attitude!—He stands
With melting heart, and laden hands:
Oh! matchless kindness!—and He
shows

This matchless kindness to His foes.

3 Admit Him, ere His anger burn;
His feet departed ne'er return;
Admit Him,—or the hour's at hand,
When, at His door, denied you'll stand.

Rev. Joseph Grigg, (—1768), 1765.

DUKE STREET. L. M.



1 We'll crowd Thy gates with thank-
ful songs,

High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand
tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding
praise.

2 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to
move.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

MIRIAM. 75 & 68.



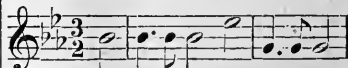
1 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
They take such hold on me,
I am not able to look up,
Save only, Christ, to Thee;

In Thee is all forgiveness,
In Thee abundant grace,
My shadow and my sunshine,
The brightness of Thy face.

2 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
How sad on Thee they fall!
Seen thro' Thy gentle patience,
Tenfold I feel them all;
I know they are forgiven,
But still their pain to me,
Is all the grief and anguish
They laid, my Lord, on Thee.

Rev. Jno. Samuel Bewley Monsell,
(1811—1875), 1863.

VARINA. C. M.

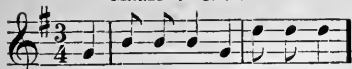


1 Nor eye has seen, nor ear has heard,
Nor sense, nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepared,
For those that love the Son,
But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory, in His word,
Allure and guide us home.

2 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.
Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

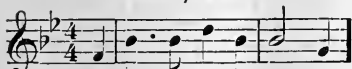
MARLOW. C. M.



- 1 With joy we hail the sacred day,
Which God hath called His own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at His throne.
- 2 Thy chosen temple, Lord! how fair!
Where willing votaries throng,
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the choral song.
- 3 Spirit of grace! Oh! deign to dwell
Within Thy church below
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.
- 4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite.
To spread with grateful zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

Harriet Auber, (1773—1862), 1829.

WEBB. 7s & 6s.



- 1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross!
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead.
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

- 2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;

Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men! now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

- 3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus;
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

- 4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus;
The strife will not be long;
This day, the noise of battle,—
The next, the victor's song:
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He, with the King of glory,
Shall reign eternally.

Rev. George Duffield, Jr., (1818—), 1858.

SHINING SHORE. 8s & 7s.



- 1 The tribes of faith, from all the Earth.
Press up to Thee, O Zion!
For God hath broke our captive yoke,
And burst the gates of iron!
Within thy land our feet shall stand;
In spite of Satan's malice,
Our conqu'ring King His Church shall bring,
Triumphant to His palace.

- 2 Our thirsty hearts cry out to God,—
The living Rock is risen!
Our hungry souls believe the Word,
And eat the bread of Heaven!
Sun shall not smite, nor moon by night;
The Lord doth stand beside us;
'Tis He that keeps. Who never sleeps,
And home His hand shall guide us.
- 3 We shout for joy as on we march,
With Christ our Captain glorious;
In Him the promise is Amen
That we shall be victorious:
'Mid flame and flood, 'neath calm and
Thro wilderness and river, [cloud,
We tread the road that leads to God,
To dwell with Him forever.

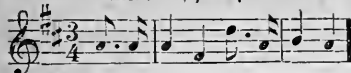
M. Woolsey Stryker, (1851—), 1881.

Tune.—"Gospel Hymns Combined," page 76.

- 1 Sowing the seed by the daylight fair,
Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night;
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
- Sown in the darkness, or sown in the light,
Sown in our weakness, or sown in our might,
Gathered in time or eternity,
Sure, ah, sure, will the harvest be.
- 2 Sowing the seed with an aching heart,
Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,
Sowing in hope till the reapers come,
Gladly to gather the harvest home;
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
- Sown in the darkness, or sown in the light, &c.

Miss Emily S. Oakey, 1850.

ZION. Es, 75 & 4.



- 1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,—
Zion, long in hostile lands:
||: Mourning captive!
God Himself will loose thy bands.:||
- 2 While the Foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
God, the Saviour, is preparing
Means to spread His truth abroad:
||: Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.:||
- 3 God of Jacob, high and glorious!
Let Thy people see Thy hand;
Let the gospel be victorious,
Thro' the world in every land;
||: Let the idols
Perish, Lord! at Thy command.:||
Thos. Kelly, 1806. 1809.

Tune—ZION.

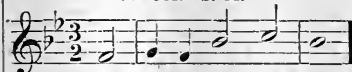
- 1 Thou hast promised by the prophets!
Glorious light in latter days;
Come, and bless bewildered nations;
Change our prayers and tears to
praise.
||: Promised Spirit!
Round the world diffuse Thy rays.:||
- 2 All our hopes, and prayers, and
labors,
Must be vain without Thine aid;
But Thou wilt not disappoint us;
All is true that Thou hast said:
||: Gracious Spirit!
O'er the world Thine influence shed.:||
Eriphas, 1821.

Tune—GERMANY, page 98.

- 1 O Spirit of the living God!
In all Thy plentitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.
- 2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of
love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and wisdom from above.
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion—order, in Thy path:
Souls without strength inspire with
might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 Baptize the nations far and nigh;
The triumph of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify.
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

James Montgomery, 1825.

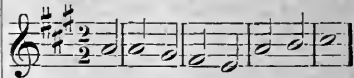
OLMUTZ. S. M.



- 1 O thou whom we adore!
To bless our Earth again,
Assume Thine own almighty power,
And o'er the nations reign.
- 2 The world's Desire and Hope,
All power to Thee is given:
Now set the last great empire up,
Eternal Lord of heaven!
- 3 A gracious Saviour, Thou
Wilt all Thy creatures bless:
And every knee to Thee shall bow,
And every tongue confess.

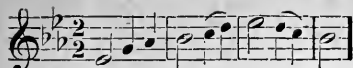
- 4 According to Thy word,
Now be Thy grace revealed;
And with the knowledge of the Lord,
Let all the Earth be filled.
Charles Wesley.

THE OLD HUNDREDTH. L. M.



- 1 Again amid the summer air,
Our deep dependence to declare,
We bare our brows and bend to Thee,
Who only makest nations free.
- 2 Thou hast, O God, done all things
well,
Thy mercies are unsearchable,
With goodness' cup flowed o'er the
brim,
We sound to Heaven our happy hymn.
- 3 We thank Thee for our history,
And for to-days tranquillity,
And what shall come we humbly dare,
Safe in the affluence of Thy care.
- 4 Let many a shining sun be sent
To our bright flag's blue firmament.
Thou clustered Pleiads firmly bind,—
A central light for all mankind.
- 5 And while that constellation grows,
And all its astral splendor throws,
Still guide Thou us, from that pure
throne
Where liberty and law are one!
- 6 Save the Republic! BE OUR GOD!
O holy ground, with feet unshod,
We stand to learn Thy full decrees,
And bear Thy world-wide messages.
M. W. S. 1885.

DUKE STREET. L. M.



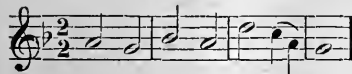
1 Earth has a joy unknown to heaven,
The new-born peace of sins forgiven;
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels, never dimmed your sight.

2 Loud is the song, the heavenly plain
Is shaken with the choral strain;
And dying echoes, floating far,
Draw music from each chiming star.

3 But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge shall be mine;
Ye on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear.

Abraham Lucas Hillhouse, (1792—1859), 1822.

SEYMOUR. 7S.



1 Come, my soul! thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray.
Therefore will not say thee nay.

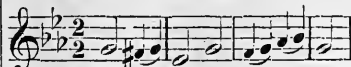
2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin,
Lord! remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord! I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

Rev. John Newton, 1799.

HOLLEY. 7S.



1 Softly now the light of day,
Fades upon my sight away:
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee.

2 Soon for me the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then from sin and sorrow free,
Take me Lord, to dwell with Thee.

Rev. Geo. Washington Doane,
(1799—1859), 1824.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.



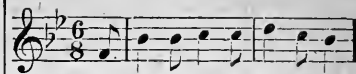
1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee—
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro endless days!

2 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

3 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

Rev. Joseph Grigg, 1765.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.



1 Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

2 Thro many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

Rev John Newton, (1725—1807), 1779.

ALL SAINTS. L. M.



1 Go, labor on; spend, and be spent,—
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

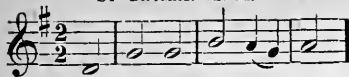
2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee
not,
The Master praises;—what are men?

3 Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil, comes rest, for exile, home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's
voice,

The midnight peal!—"Behold! I come!"
Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1857.

ST THOMAS. S. M.

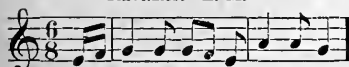


1 I love Thy kingdom, Lord!
The house of Thine abode,
The church, our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
Rev. Timothy Dwight, (1759—1816), 1800.

RETREAT. L. M.



1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;—
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

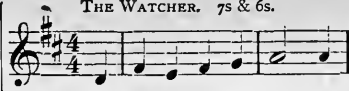
2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place, than all besides, more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a place where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with
friend;

Tho sundered far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy-seat.

Rev. Hugh Stowell, (1799—1863), 1830.

THE WATCHER. 7s & 6s.

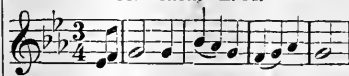


1 I want to be like Jesus,
All gentle, pure, and mild;
His seal upon my forehead,
And owned as His dear child.
My heart so weak and sinful,
All changed by grace divine,
And all my life to serve Him,
And ever call Him mine.

2 I want to live like Jesus,
Whose words with love were fraught;
I want to find His favor,
By Him be truly taught.
Oh, then I'm sure that ever
His hand will guide me on,
Until the heavenly portals
And glory shall be won.

Anon.

WOODWORTH. L. M.



1 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot:
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
spot,

O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

2 Just as I am, tho tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears, within—without:

O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

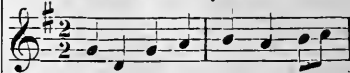
3 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,

Because Thy promise I believe:
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

4 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down:
Now to be Thine, yea, *Thine alone*,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Miss Charlotte Elliott, (1789—1871), 1836.

AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s.



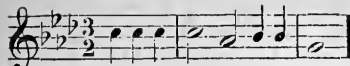
1 Meet and right it is to sing,
In every time and place,
Glory to our heavenly King,—
The God of truth and grace:
Join we then, with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join:
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Eternal praise be Thine.

2 Thee the first-born sons of light,
In choral symphonies,
Praise by day, day without night,
And never, never cease:
Angels, and archangels, all
Praise the mystic Three in One,
Sing, and stop, and gaze and fall,
O'erwhelmed before Thy throne.

3 Father, God! Thy love we praise,
Which gave Thy Son to die:
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Alike we glorify:
Spirit, Comforter Divine!
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Till we in full chorus join,
And earth is turned to heaven.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1749.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.



1 Soon may the last glad song arise
Thro all the millions of the skies.
That song of triumph, which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2 Let thrones, and powers, and king-
doms be
Obedient, mighty God! to Thee;
And, over land, and stream, and main,
Wave Thou the sceptre of Thy reign.

3 Oh! that the anthem now might swell,
And host to host the triumph tell,—
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns!
Mrs. Voke, 1816.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY. 7s & 6s.



1 I love to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.

I love to tell the story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else can do.

CR.—I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love.

2 I love to tell the story,
'Tis precious to repeat.
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderful and sweet.
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me,
And that is just the reason,
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story:
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
'Twill be the Old, Old Story
That I have loved so long!
Miss Kate Hankey, 1867.

ENTREATY. 6s & 4s.



1 Child of sin and sorrow,
Filled with dismay:
Wait not for to-morrow,
Yield thee, to-day.
Heaven bids thee come
While yet there's room,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Hear and obey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow!
Why wilt thou die?
Come while thou canst borrow
Help from on high:
Grieve not that love
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.

3 Child of sin and sorrow!
Thy moments glide,
Like the flitting arrow,
Or the rushing tide;
Ere time is o'er,
Heaven's grace implore!
Child of sin and sorrow,
In Christ confide.
Thomas Hastings, (1784—1872), 1832.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.

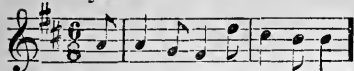


1 Awake, awake, O Zion,
Put on thy strength divine,
Thy garments bright in beauty,
The bridal dress be thine:
Jerusalem the holy,
To purity restored;
Meek Bride, all fair and lowly,
Go forth to meet thy Lord.

2 The Lamb who bore our sorrows,
Comes down to earth again;
No Sufferer now, but Victor,
For evermore to reign;
To reign in every nation,
To rule in every zone:
O wide-world coronation,
In every heart a throne.

3 Awake, awake, O Zion,
The bridal day draws nigh,
The day of signs and wonders,
And marvels from on high:
Thy sun uprises slowly,
But keep thou watch and ward;
Fair Bride, all pure and lowly,
Go forth to meet thy Lord.
Benjamin Gough, (1805—), 1865.

JERUSALEM. C. M. D.



1 Oh, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb!
Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

2 Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet Messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.
So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper. (1731-1800), 1779.

Tune.—DALSTON.

1 O Lord, to Thee I call!
Thou art my all in all,
My Life, my Strength, my Light, my
Day,
And when Thy face I seek,
The clouds around me break,
And doubt and darkness flee away.

2 All good desires I owe,
And mercies here below,
And thoughts of grace, and hopes of
heaven.

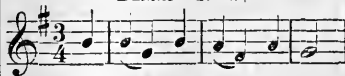
3 ~~To Him~~ Whose suffering breath
Still prayed for me in death,—
Whose precious blood for me was given.

3 Then to Thy mercy-seat
My soul would fain retreat,
And there present my powerful plea—
The night of His dear name,
Who bore my sin and shame,—
The dying Lamb once slain for me.

4 Lord, bind me to Thy sway,
And keep me, every day,
Weaned from the world by Thy dear
cross
May I, redeemed by grace,
Behold Thy glorious face,
And count all other things but loss.

George B. Cheever, 1867.

DENNIS. S. M.



1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky:—

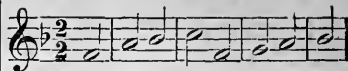
2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,—
Oh! may it all my powers engage,—
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And, Oh! Thy servant, Lord! prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

Rev. Chas. Wesley, 1762.

DUNDIE. C. M.

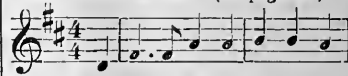


1 Enthroned on high, almighty Lord!
Thy Holy Ghost send down;
Fulfil in us Thy faithful word,
And all Thy mercies crown.

2 Tho' on our heads no tongues of fire,
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour! what we more desire,
Thy Spirit in our heart.

Rev. Thos. Haweis, (1732-1820), 1792.

MELITA. L. M. 6lines. (See page 202.)



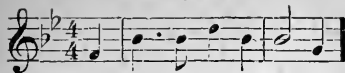
1 Surrounded by unnumbered foes,
Against my soul the battle goes!
Yet tho' I weary, sore distressed
I know that I shall reach my rest,
*I lift my tearful eyes above,—
His banner over me is love!*

2 Her sword my spirit will not yield,
Tho' flesh may faint upon the field,
He waves before my fading sight
The branch of palm, the crown of light.
*I lift my brightening eyes above,—
His banner over me is love!*

3 My cloud of battle-dust may dim,
His vail of splendor curtain, Him!
And in the midnight of my fear
I may not feel Him standing near:
*But as I lift mine eyes above,—
His banner over me is love!*

Gerald Massey, 1869.

WEBB. 7s & 6s.



1 Our country's voice is pleading,
Ye men of God arise!
His providence is leading,
The land before you lies;
Day-gleams are o'er it bright'ning,
And promise clothes the soil.
Wide fields, for harvest whit'ning,
Invite the reaper's toil.

2 Go where the waves are breaking
On California's shore,
Christ's precious gospel taking,
More rich than golden ore;
On Alleghany's mountains,
Thro' all the western vale,
Beside Missouri's fountains,
Rehearse the wondrous tale.

3 The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all His cross beholding,
In Him are fully blest.
Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy sceptre shall obey!
Mrs. Maria Frances Anderson, (1819—), 1848.

Tune—RATHBUN. 8s & 7s.

1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

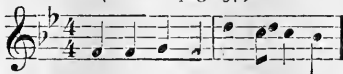
3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that thro' all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
John Bowring, 1826.

LOVE DIVINE. 8s & 7s.

(Tune on page 34.)



1 From thy broad Atlantic harbors
Where the thronging thousands wait,
To the West, whose sunset glories,
Flood Pacific's "Golden Gate,"
O'er thy blooming plains and prairies,
O'er thy mountain summits grand,
Every breeze the message carries,
"This shall be Immanuel's land!"

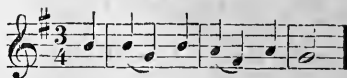
2 In thy heritage rejoicing,
Guard, O Land, thy sacred trust;
Faithful to thy glorious mission,
Win the blessing of the just;

Thro' thy spreading towns and hamlets,
Shed the light of Truth divine;
Over forest-glade and bayou,
Let its kindling radiance shine.

3 God of Nations! our Defender
In the paths of peril trod,
Thro' the century our Leader—
Guide us still, our father's God!
Lead the nation by Thy Spirit,
Down the ages, strong and free—
Lead—till Shiloh lift His banner,
And to Him the gathering be!

Anon.

DENNIS. S. M.



1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind His precepts are!
"Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust His constant care."

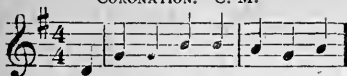
2 Beneath His watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That Hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guide His children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day:
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

Philip Doddridge, 1755, 2

CORONATION. C. M.



1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
And, as they tune it, fall
Before His face who tunes their choir,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call:
The God Incarnate, Man Divine;
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget
The worn-out and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 Let every tribe and every tongue,
That bound Creation's call,
Now shout, in universal song,
The crown'd Lord of all.

Edward Perronet, 1779, *abr.*

Tune.—GEER, page 127.

1 Oh, speak that gracious word again,
And cheer my broken heart!
No voice but Thine can soothe my pain,
Or bid my fears depart.

2 Oh, then, let saints and angels join,
And help me to proclaim
The grace that healed a soul like mine,
And put my foes to shame!

3 My Saviour, by His powerful word,
Has turned my night to day;
And all those heavenly joys restored,
Which I had sinned away.

4 Dear Lord, I wonder and adore!
Thy grace is all divine:
Oh, keep me, that I sin no more
Against such love as Thine!

John Newton, 1779.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.



1 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

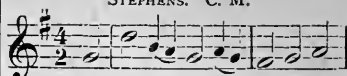
2 No mortal can with Him compare,
Among the sons of men:
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

4 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be Thine.

Samuel Stennett, 1782.

STEPHENS. C. M.



1 One prayer I have—all prayers in
When I am wholly Thine; [one—
Thy will, my God, Thy will be done,
And let that will be mine.

2 All-wise, Almighty, and All-good,
In Thee I firmly trust;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.

3 May I remember that to Thee
Whate'er I have I owe;
And back, in gratitude, from me
May all Thy bounties flow.

4 And tho' Thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign Thy will?
No, let me bless Thy name, and say,
"The Lord is gracious still."

5 A pilgrim thro' the Earth I roam,
Of nothing long possess;
And all must fail when I go home,
For this is not my rest.

James Montgomery.

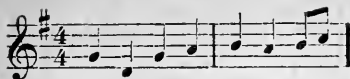
Tune.—STEPHENS. C. M.

1 Joined in one Body may we be;
One inward life partake;
One be our heart, one heavenly hope
In every bosom wake.

2 In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,
One Wisdom be our guide;
Taught by one Spirit from above,
In Thee may we abide.

S. F. Smith, *abr.*

AMSTERDAM. 75 & 68.



1 Thon, O Lord, in tender love,
Dost all my burdens bear:
Lift my heart to things above,
And fix it ever there!
Calm in tumult's whirl I sit,
Midst the multitudes alone;
Sweetly waiting at Thy feet,
Till all Thy will be done.

2 Careful without care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil!
Kept in peace by Jesus' name,
Supported by His smile.
Joyful thus my faith to show,
Finding service my reward;
Every work I do below,
I do it to the Lord.

3 To the desert or the cell,
Let others blindly fly,
In this evil world I dwell,
Unhurt, unspotted, I
Here I find a house of prayer,
Where I inwardly retire;
Walking unconcerned in care,
And unconsumed in fire.

Charles Wesley.

Tune.—AMSTERDAM.

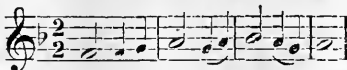
1 Full of weakness and of sin,
We look to Thee for life,
Lord, Thy gracious work begin,
And calm the inward strife.

Tho our hearts are prone to stray,
Be Thou still a constant Friend.
Tho we know not how to pray,
Thy saving mercy send.

2 Let Thy Spirit, gracious Lord,
Our souls with love inspire.
Strength and confidence afford,
And breathe celestial fire.
Teach us first to feel our need,
Then that need Thyself supply,
When we hunger deign to feed,
And hear us when we cry.

William H. Bathurst, 1831, *abr.*

HAMBURG. L. M.



1 Father of Heaven, Whose love pro-
found

A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son—Incarnate Word—
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit! by Whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death—
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah!—Father, Spirit, Son!—
Mysterious Godhead!—Three in One!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

J. Cooper, (—1833), 1810.

Tune.—Page 175.



1 The morning bright,
With rosy light,
Has waked me from my sleep;
Father, I own
Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

2 All thro the day,
I humbly pray,
Be Thou my guard and guide;
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
Blest Jesus, near Thy side.

3 Oh make Thy rest
Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
Make me like Thee,
Then shall I be
Prepared to see Thy face.
Thomas O. Summers, 1846.

Tune.—Page 63.



The songs of glory here begun
Let heavenly songs complete,
To Holy Father, Holy Son,
And Holy Paraclete.
We are as all Thy servants were,
And as they are shall be.—
Creator, Saviour, Comforter.—
Forever one in Thee!

M. W. S., 1834.

TUNE, page 35.

The radiant morn. hath past away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

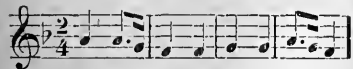
Our life is but an autumn day,
Its glorious noon how quickly past;—
Lead us, O Christ, Thon Living Way!
Safe home at last;—

Where light, and life, and joy, and
peace,
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;—

Where saints are clothed in spotless
white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all.

Godfrey Thring, (1823—), *abr.*

GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s & 4s.



1 Lord! dismiss us with Thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:

Oh, refresh us,
Traveling thro this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound,
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May Thy presence

With us evermore be found.

John Fawcett, (1774, *abr.*)

MORNINGTON. S. M. p. 182.

1 Jesus, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us, all our grief to tell,
To pray and never faint.

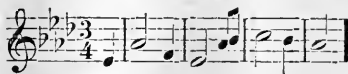
2 He bows His gracious ear,—
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till He appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, tho He may a while forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

4 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer;
He sees, He hears, and, from on high,
Will make our cause His care.

John Newton, 1779.

AVON. C. M.



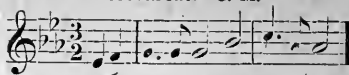
1 Searcher of hearts! from mine erase
All thoughts that should not be,
And in its deep recesses trace
My gratitude to Thee!

2 Hearer of prayer! oh, guide aright
Each word and deed of mine;
Life's battle teach me how to fight,
And be the victory Thine.

3 Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost!
Thou glorious Three in One!
Thou knowest best what I need most,
And let Thy will be done.

George P. Morris.

SOUTHPORT. C. M.



1 Thy heavenly grace to each impart;
All evil far remove;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting love.

2 Thus elastened, cleansed, entirely
Thine,
A flock by Jesus led,
The Sun of holiness shall shine
In glory on our head.

3 And Thou wilt turn our wandering
feet,
And Thou wilt bless our way,
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall
greet
The dawn of lasting day.

Tune—St. PETER, page 55.

1 Robbed, bruised, and dying, once I lay,
Upon a lonely road;
When One came journeying on His way,
And wondrous mercy showed!

2 He saw me, pitied, came and bound,
And bore me to an inn;
Cared wisely for my every wound,
As He were very kin.

3 He watched beside me all the night,
Till dawn did comfort bring;
Went only when 'twas fully light,
And paid my reckoning.

4 And now, to keep the vows I made
Beneath those glowing eyes,
I would my fallen fellow aid,
And go, and do likewise.

M. W. S. 1886.

THOU TRUE GOD ALONE.

221

Ger. JOACHIM NEANDER, 1674.
Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1869, arr.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1875.



1. Thou true God a - lone, Great and Ho - ly. One, Thou Good no creature soul can com - pre - hend;
2. All things join with me, Earth, and sky, and sea, To tell Thy prais-es and Thy fame a - broad;



My heart sings in me, My voice praises Thee, Thou art the Lord whose wonders nev-er end.
Voic-es pure and clear, Sounding far and near, Proclaim how great the glo-ry of the Lord.

3 Lo, the crystal light,
Flooding outer sight,
Of Thy most stainless sunshine here is mine;
Ah, let me discern
Thee, where'er I turn,
And see Thy power thro all Thy creature shine!

4 How the cloudless dome,
Day's appointed home,
Like to a clear and dazzling mirror gleams;
Oh, transform my heart,
Till, in every part,
It answers back, undimmed, Thy golden beams!

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